

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MARCH, 1833.

We ask the attention of our readers to the Article on the Radical Poets, as abounding in matter of much value. The Quarterly's Review of Dr. Chalmers on Political Economy treats an important subject with great ability. It is very severe upon Malthus. We hope the *title* of this article may not cause it to be passed over,—a fate to which we are aware it is likely to be exposed, 1. By those who eschew the whole subject of Political Economy—and 2. By those who consider the Quarterly Review as too entirely devoted to the support of existing abuses to be recognized as good authority.

The "Conscript and his Dog" will console many persons who have seen a spirited French lithograph of a soldier kneeling ready to receive the fire of his executioners—and who have not known of his reprieve.

From the Quarterly Review of December, we have not been able to copy for this number a single article; but in the next month we shall have a large portion of it. We have marked Zohrab, The Philosophy of Apparitions, Public Carriages, Salt, Ouseley on the United States, and some others. If the Monthly Journals continue to be so dull as they have been of late, we shall soon bring up our arrears with the Westminster Review.

The new number of the Westminster has furnished us with a good article for this number, and we shall return to it again largely in our next.

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE INFANT ANNUAL.*

This is a charming little book for the youngest of our readers; and for friends to give them in holyday or any other times. It

* The Infant Annual; or, a Mother's Offering: principally intended for children from five to seven years of age. Edinburgh, 1833. Waugh and Innes; Dublin, Time, Curry and Co.; London, Whittaker and Co. Museum.—Vol. XXII.

is prettily embellished with nice juvenile subjects; and the best affections of the heart in children are likely to be awakened to virtue and deterred from vice by the well-written stories. Though not often our custom to quote from productions of this class, we will copy the "Angry Child" as a specimen, and for the sake of the anecdote on which it is founded.

"Little Harriet M— was between four and five years old; she was in many respects a very good little girl. She was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind; but she had a very violent temper. When any thing teased or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury, and tear and strike whatever was in her way. One day her mamma was passing the nursery door, she heard a great noise within, and her little Harriet's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was bad; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriet, with her little face swelled and distorted with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants, and crying out, 'I don't love you, Mary, I don't love you; I hate you.' She stopped when she saw her mamma. 'What is the meaning of all this?' said Mrs. M. to the servant. 'It is just this, ma'am,' said the servant, 'that Miss Harriet kept throwing water about the room, out of her little new jug; when I forbade her, she threw the water that was in the jug in my face, and when I attempted to take hold of her to carry her to you, as you desired, when she did wrong, she flew at me and struck me as you have seen.' Mrs. M. looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriet in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sobs had almost ceased. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice told her to repeat after her the following words: 'Oh,

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my heavenly Father, look down in mercy, with pardoning mercy, on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such dreadfully bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could put into it: oh, my heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon me the evil I have done this day, for Christ Jesus' sake. Amen.' Harriet trembled exceedingly; but she repeated the words after her mother, and, as she did so, in her heart she wished that God might hear them. Her mamma again placed her on her lap, and asked if her rage was away. Harriet answered in a soft voice, 'Not quite, mamma; but its better.' 'Very well,' said her mother, 'until it is quite away, I shall tell you a story that I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind, my poor child, as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check your bad and furious temper.' 'Lord and Lady—were very great and rich people. They had only one child, and it was a daughter. They were very, very fond of this child, and she was in truth a very fine little creature, very lively, and merry and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful: but like you, Harriet, she had a bad, bad temper; like you, she got into transports of rage, when any thing vexed her, and like you, would turn at, or strike, whoever provoked her; like you, after every fit of rage she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again; but the next temptation all that was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever. When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son—a sweet, sweet little tender baby. Her papa and mamma were glad, glad—and little Eveline would have been glad too, but the servants very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her, by telling her that papa and mamma would not care for her now; all their love and pleasure would be this little brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly. 'You are a wicked woman to say so; mamma will always love me, I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her, I will;' and she darted out of the nursery and flew to her mamma's room, the servant in the nursery calling after her, 'Come, come, miss, you needn't go to your mamma's room; she won't see you now.' Eveline burst open the door of her mamma's room, but was instantly caught hold of by a stranger woman she had never seen before. 'My dear,' said this person, 'you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now;' she would have said more; she would have told Eveline that the reason she could not see her mamma then, was because she was very sick, and must not be disturbed. But Eveline was too angry to listen; she screamed and

kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and carrying her into the nursery, put her down, and said to the servant there, as she was going away, 'that she must prevent miss coming to her mamma's room.' Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage; and then this wicked servant burst out a laughing, and said, 'I told you that miss; you see mamma doesn't love you now!' The poor child became mad with fury; she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent new-born baby. The maid, whose duty it was to watch over it, was lying asleep upon her chair; and oh, Harriet, Harriet! like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it on the little tender head—it gave one feeble struggling cry, and breathed no more.' 'Why, mamma, mamma,' cried Harriet, bursting into tears, 'why did it breathe no more?' 'It was dead—killed by its own sister.' 'Oh, mamma, mamma! what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl! Oh, mamma! I am not so wicked as her; I never killed a little baby,' sobbed Harriet, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and clung to her neck. 'My dear child,' said Mrs. M. solemnly, 'how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline! You are more wicked; and, but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this moment as miserable. Were you not in as great a rage when I came to the nursery as she was? Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows! and had Mary been like the object of Eveline's rage, a little baby, you would have killed her. It was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself that you did not actually do so; and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation poor Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed, Mary gave you none—you were wrong, and she was right; whereas, no one can wonder Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid. Yet you may observe, that had she not got into such ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she saw in her mamma's room, she would then have heard, that it was from no change in her mamma's love that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to bed.' 'And, mamma, what did Eveline's poor mamma say to her for killing the baby?' 'Eveline never again saw her dear and beautiful young mamma; she died that night of grief and horror on hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered—and by whom.' 'Oh, dear, O dear mamma—was Eveline sorry?' 'My love, how can you ask such a question?' 'But, mamma, I mean how sorry was she? what way was she sorry enough?' 'Indeed, Harriet it is not easy to know or to tell how she could

'be sorry enough. All I know is, that she lived to be a big lady—she lived to be herself a mother—and in her whole life no one ever saw her smile.' 'And, mamma, was it a quite true story? it is so dreadful, mamma.' 'Yes, my child, it is a quite true story; that unfortunate child was the great-grandmother of the present Earl of E—l.' 'My dearest mamma,' said Harriet, once more bursting into tears, 'let me go upon my knees again, and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest I too become so miserable.' 'Yes, my love, pray to him for that, and he will hear and bless you; but also thank him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage.'

This, we believe, is perfectly true. The unfortunate angry child was Anna, countess of Livingston. She was also Countess of Crawford; and, in her right, her son succeeded to the Earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing-iron which, in her paroxysm of rage and terror, she snatched up and flung into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow, and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family; and the poor girl grew up, fully informed of the fatal deed by which she had attained so many deplorable honours. She was most amiable, and highly esteemed; but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young, she was married to the unfortunate William, earl of Kilmarnock—beheaded in 1746—who, whatever might be the motives of his loyalty to his king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding this, his excellent, unhappy lady hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is known.

From the Spectator.

REVUE ENCYCLOPEDIQUE.

It has long been a prevalent idea, that the French were incapable of a Critical Review, not only in England, but in France itself, where in truth they are not exceedingly prone to make self-depreciating concessions. We have long had our *Edinburgh Review* and other similar works, articles in which made a sensation in spite of being written in a language very partially known over large districts of Europe; while the possessors of the really European language have, in this form, been able to make no impression upon opinion. We have heard Frenchmen, when acknowledging the power of the English and German Reviews, and the inferiority of French attempts, endeavour to account for it by averring, that the Anonymous was impossible in France,—that what-

ever might be the motives of secrecy, if an article became talked of, such was the French love of glory, that the author must avow himself. The avowal of *Ego* is the annihilation of *Nos*: the imposing plural becomes henceforth a farce; the Secret Tribunal, an idea of awful effect, is instantly scattered by such declarations; and a party of reviewers, openly and individually known, resemble a cave of bats with the light suddenly let in upon them by some catastrophe of nature. The Anonymous is, however, neither necessary to good papers nor to good collective periodicals; though the tendency of it certainly is to sharpen the pungency of criticism, in the present state of the press. It may, however, be questioned, whether this said pungency is a valuable ingredient in literature: the pungency may be possessed, perhaps, in an equal degree we will say with the early numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*, have equal force, and yet possess none of those redeeming qualities which certainly distinguished that publication. Under the system of avowed criticism, there is no such thing as a man reviewing his own work with praise, and that of his near friend with abuse. But a modest man may, on the old plan, write impudently, and an impudent man may be screened from all the consequences of conceit. There is also on the Anonymous plan a convenient shade thrown over all the labours of a literary kind, which exempts a man from the nervousness and anxiety of authorship; and frequently, perhaps, permits certain descriptions of temperament to expand and flower, which, had the light been always full upon them, must have withered up and died of the scorching effect of a too great sensitiveness of publicity. It is a great thing that truth should be told; and it becomes a question, whether the English plan of Reviews, and generally, periodical writing, shelters most truth or falsehood. There is no doubt that it greatly encourages the style called *personal*,—just as the existence of forests and convenient shelters, whether of wood or stone, encourage sharp shooters and rifle-practice. But picking off the general enemy is quite fair in one war—why not in another? The Anonymous in periodicals is something like the ballot in politics—it exempts the giver of an opinion from any fear of worldly risk; on the other hand, it permits a certain degree of treachery, which, in the exercise of a bounden duty in the face of an enemy, is justifiable in the ballot; but in the case of literature and publication generally, is more questionable, for every writer is a volunteer. But in this, and every other question of the kind, we must look to public utility, and by the interests of the many decide. We are for a universal expression of a sincere opinion in all things that concern the public; if that opinion may

be more conveniently expressed through an anonymous corporation with a recognized editor, let it be so; but whenever there comes a question which concerns the honour or the integrity of an individual, on such being challenged and disputed by the parties concerned, the masque ought to fall, as far at least as regards them.

In France there is no Anonyme: there is no critical review of eminence. There is, however, a great deal of able criticism in the newspapers; but it is certainly not of an offensive description. When parties run high and there is much general excitement, individuals care less about the anonymous; they are mostly at open defiance, herd together in bodies, and party becomes almost as effective in giving courage as total secrecy itself. This is the state of things in France at present; and it is possible this may account for a very considerable improvement that may have been observed of late in the French periodical writings. The tone is bolder, the matter more abundant, and the jurisdiction exercised far more extensive. In none of the periodicals is the improvement so marked as in the *Revue Encyclopédique*; a circumstance, however, which may be attributed by some to the change of editorship, by which two men of the present age have been substituted for one of the last. The *Revue*, in its present state, deserves the attention of every one interested in either French literature or politics. It not only represents pretty vividly the state of French feeling, but contains a very good digest of literary and critical information. It would be difficult to point out any English Review conducted with the same judgment and spirit, and addressed to objects of equal utility.

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE CONSCRIPT AND HIS DOG.

"The sergeant and the priest advanced: the two friends embraced and kissed each other: Reaumer retired to a spot where the other soldier was standing; and, kneeling on one knee, leant his face on his hands, still convulsively and unconsciously grasping the spade, as if for a support: the other twelve men had formed a double line, about fourteen paces to the front of Jean, who was between them and the embankment, his white-clothed figure, thus set in relief by the dark ground beyond, presenting a clear aim to their muskets. He knelt down on his right knee, resting on the other his left arm: he said in a firm voice—'I am ready.' The priest was about to bind a handkerchief about his eyes; but he said, 'No—I pray I may be spared that:—let me see my death; I am not afraid of it.' The priest, after consulting the sergeant's looks, withdrew the

handkerchief: Colon retired to the place where Reaumer and the other soldier were: and the priest, after having received from his penitent the assurance that he died 'in charity with all mankind,' and having bestowed on him a last benediction, and laid on his lips the kiss of Christian love, also retired on one side. Colon gave the word of command—'Prepare!'—the twelve muskets were brought forward:—'Present!'—they were levelled. The sergeant was raising his cane as the last signal, to spare the victim even the short pang of hearing the fatal word 'Fire!' when Rollo, with a loud yell, sprang to his master's side. He had been startled from his slumber by the roll of the drum; and, looking up at what was going on, perceiving Jean left kneeling all alone, and all so silent, except Reaumer's faintly-heard sobs, his instinct seemed to tell him his master was in some danger: his whining was unheard, or unheeded; he felt this too, and ceased it, but made a desperate effort to break the rope that held him, which, weakened as it was by his late gnawing and tugging at it when in the outhouse at Charolle, soon gave way, and, as above mentioned, he sprang with a yell to his master's side. But Jean's thoughts at that moment were too seriously engaged to heed even Rollo: he only raised his right arm, and gently put the dog aside, his own mild unflinching gaze still fixed on the soldiers before him. But the dog was not checked by the movement of his master; still whining, and with his ears beseechingly laid back, he struggled hard to get nearer to him. Colon felt for Jean's situation, and made a sign to Reaumer, (who, wondering at the pause since the last word of command, had raised his eyes,) that he should try to coax the dog off: he did so by whistling and calling, but, of course, quite in vain. It will be at once seen that, though this has taken some time in the telling, all that passed from the time of Rollo's arrival was little more than the transaction of a moment. Still it was a delay; and the men were ready to fire: and Colon, not thinking the incident of sufficient weight to authorise a suspension of the execution, however temporary, muttered, 'Great pity—the poor fellow will die too!'—He turned his face again to his men; and was again about to give the signal, when he was a second time interrupted by hearing loud shouts from behind him, accompanied by the discharge of a park of cannon. He glanced towards the opposite hill at his back, whereon the village stood, and there he saw all was confusion and bustle—officers galloping to and fro, and the men forming hurriedly into a line, he hastily gave the word, 'As you were;' for along a line of road to the north-east of the hill he saw a thick cloud of dust, from which quickly plunged out a group of horse-

men, evidently officers; the foremost not so tall as most of them, nor so graceful a rider as many of them, though he sat firmly too, was recognised by Colon and his men (long before he was near enough for them to distinguish a single feature of his face) by his gray frock coat, and small flat three-cornered cocked hat. Colon gave the word of command; the soldiers shouldered their muskets, and prepared to salute; and, in another minute, Napoleon, at the head of his staff, reined up on the top of the hill. He had left the march of the grand army some leagues behind, and ridden on towards Labarre, in order, with his wonted watchfulness, to take the detachment by surprise, and see what they were about. His eagle-eye, whose glance saw every thing like another's gaze, had at once detected the party on the hill, and he had ridden from the road at full speed up the slope to discover what the object of the meeting was: a glance, too, told him that; and while he was yet returning the salute of the men and their sergeant, he said, in a voice panting after his hard gallop, 'Hey! what's this!—a desertion?' 'Yes, sire,—no, sire; not exactly.' 'What then?' asked Napoleon, in a rather peevish tone, his face assuming more than its usual sternness; for hardly any thing more provoked him than hesitation on the part of those he addressed. 'Absence against orders, sire,' replied Colon. 'Aha! for how long? Is that his dog?' 'Yes, sire: only a few hours.' 'A few hours! Who gave this order, then?' 'General S—, sire.' 'What character does the man bear?' 'He is a brave man, sire.' 'He is a Frenchman,' retorted Napoleon, proudly; 'but is he honest, and sober, and generally obedient?' 'Yes, sire; this is his first fault.' 'M! how long has he served?' 'Three years last March, sire.' A louder and higher toned 'M!' escaped Napoleon; and his attention was at the same moment attracted by Reaumer, who, with a timid step, had approached the emperor; and, kneeling on one knee, with clasped hands and broken voice, cried, 'Oh! sire, if you—if you would spare his life—he is innocent of—any intention to desert—that I can'—'Are you his brother?' interrupted the emperor. 'No, sire,' answered Reaumer; 'his friend—his dear friend.' 'And how know you what his intentions were?' 'He told them me, sire; he only went last night to see his friends, and would have returned the same night, but that I—I advised him to meet the regiment at Labarre; and I know—' 'And what business hadst thou to advise a comrade in a breach of duty? Stand back to thy place.' And Reaumer retired, covered with shame. Napoleon beckoned Jean to him; he came, and Rollo with him; and the latter, as though understanding the power and authority of the man his master

thus obeyed, put his fore-paws against his stirrup, and whimpered imploringly up to him. Jean looked for a moment in the emperor's face, but his gaze drooped, though without quailing, beneath that of the piercing large gray eyes that were fixed on him. After a short pause, Napoleon asked, 'Thine age? Lie down—down, good dog!' for Rollo was getting importunate. 'Twenty-five years, sire,' Jean answered. 'Why hast thou disobeyed orders?' 'I could not help it, sire.' 'Couldn't help it! How dost thou mean?' 'I was so near my friends, and so longed to see them, that indeed I could not help it, sire.' 'Tis a strange excuse. Down! I say, good brute!' but at the same moment that he said so, he ungloved his hand, and gave it Rollo to lick: then, after a short pause, added, 'And thou sawest thy parents?' 'Yes, sire; and I was returning to the regiment, when—' 'Ah! this is true, sergeant!' turning to Colon. 'Yes, sire, 'tis true,' answered he: 'we met him about three quarters of a league from—' 'I need not have asked, though,' interrupted Napoleon; 'the man's face looks true. Thy name?' again addressing Jean. 'Jean Gavard, sire.—Down, Rollo! I fear he is troublesome to your highness.' Napoleon smiled—perhaps at the title—and answered, 'No, no; poor Rollo, he is a fine dog. I shall inquire into this affair, Gavard; for the present I respite thee.' Jean knelt on his knee, and seized the emperor's hand to kiss it; but Napoleon said, 'Stay, stay; thy dog has been licking it.' But this made no difference to poor Jean, who kissed it eagerly; and when Napoleon drew it away, it was wet with tears. He looked on the back of his hand a moment, and his lips compressed themselves as he did so. 'They are the tears of a brave man, sir,' said he, turning to a young officer at his side, on whose features the emperor's side-glance had caught a nascent smile: 'Forward!' And at full gallop the party left the ground. Jean's feelings at this sudden escape from death, were like those of a man wakened from a frightful dream, before his senses are yet enough gathered together to remember all its circumstances. Jean had little time, however, to gather them on this occasion, for Reaumer's arms were, in a moment, around his neck; and the hands of his comrades—those very hands that a minute before were about to deal him death—were now gladly grasping his; and their many congratulations on his escape ended in one loud shout of 'Live the Emperor!'

From the Spectator.

THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC.

In discussing, last week, Mr. Bulwer's idea of a Literary Union, we accused the Masters of the Press generally (that is to

say, the conductors of Newspapers and other periodicals) of being ill qualified to perform their duties, and of having been appointed to them rather from a combination of accidents than from any regard to aptitude. This is a charge subject to some very distinguished exceptions, and is capable of being met half way at least by another. If the Public Instructors are ill qualified, would the public listen to more enlightened ones? Does it not frequently happen that writers are compelled to write, not what they would wish to teach, but what they would wish to be read? For if an editor does not get his paper circulated, there is an end to both teaching and writing; and, what comes home exceedingly close both to business and bosom, there is an end—alas, that we should be reduced to so earth-born an expression!—there is an end to pot-boiling. In inveighing against the press, it is frequently altogether forgotten, that the establishment of a newspaper is an affair of the capitalist, like any other establishment,—as much so, indeed, as the manufactory of the paper on which it is printed. What does the capitalist look to?—*percentage*; and how is *percentage* to come, but by sale; and sale, unless by attracting the attention of the public and gratifying their tastes? What these tastes are, may be learned by considering the quality of the papers in the greatest circulation. There are capitalists, it is true, who would be content with small returns, provided they had the satisfaction of contributing to the instruction or improvement of mankind. Unfortunately, however, newspapers—from the odium incurred by the manner in which they have been conducted, also from the novelty of their power and the prejudices against its exercise—are little likely to become the recipients of the benefits of such capitalists,—unless, indeed, they happen to be rich visionaries, the creatures of a crotchet, who are glad to pay any money for the privilege of boring the world with their peculiar notions. But the world will not be bored; not all the capital in the world would make a paper carried on for such persons read; and as it would be established for private, not public purposes, it forms no exception to our case,—which is, that unless a paper returns an ordinary profit on capital, it will drop, or change its character, just as a Manchester man, when he cannot sell high-priced cambrics, takes to manufacturing coarse prints. If the enlightened portion of the public want for themselves, and for the general benefit of their countrymen, newspaper-reading of a superior class, they must pay for it, or they will never secure any long continuance of such a benefit. For let it be remembered, that not only has superior writing fewer readers, but the cost of production is increased manifold. There is nothing cheaper

or easier than to get up a paper of mere gossip—few things dearer or more laborious than a large paper of instruction and rational amusement. Literary and political men, aspiring after such objects as raising the character of the Press, instructing the public in public duties, and perhaps in a vain hope of finding a sufficient mass of intelligence and enlightenment in the country to support them, may keep up the struggle for a time: but it cannot last. They fall martyrs in the end; and if they get any pity, it is very nearly allied to contempt. But, what is most of all singular, their partisans only seem to come to their sense of obligation when the case is beyond remedy: when a favourite journal is stopped because it has not pandered to base appetites, to frivolous pursuits, to the passion for slander—there is an outcry of “Had I but known! had I had notice! I would rather have given this, that, or the other, than have been deprived of my favourite journal.” And yet, miserable folly! this same individual may have been grumbling, day after day, week after week, for years, at the excessive price of his “favourite journal,” and perhaps, in the whole course of his life, never procured an additional subscriber, or did his favourite journal one iota of good since it was born.

Of the relative duties of Public and Press we have lately had a shining example in the *True Sun*. The paper was on the point of ruin, and nobody seemed either to know or care: but when the fact was broadly stated that the journal was on the eve of destruction, then there came an outcry, that this was the only People's Paper—that in the event of its demise, the Operatives would have neither daily instructor nor representative—and that they were suffering their advocate to be put down *because* he had advocated their interests. The Public—that section of the Public to which the appeal was made, namely, the Working Classes—were somehow or other brought to a right understanding of what was to be done: they combined to keep up that which could not stand without their aid. In this imperfect essay towards an understanding between the Public and the Press, perhaps may be discerned the germ of much future good. The power of the Press no one denies; the direction of that power rests with the Public: they must appreciate the higher endeavours of writers; and if they who do appreciate them are now few, they must combine, and by union and activity make up for deficiency of numbers. Hitherto we have seen good taste progressive, and we are firm believers in the general tendency to improvement: but then, models must not only be started, but kept up—successive standards not only raised, but maintained: and they who are conscious of being in the right road, should not only hurry forward, but get about them as many

followers as their efforts can collect. As it is, we fear that many of the pretenders to superior refinement and better morals are but rotten at the core: we know which papers these persons praise, but which do they buy!

The objects of newspapers are twofold,—the communication of information, and of mere amusement. Both the information and the amusement are usually of the lowest character, with the exception of mere news communicated by the daily papers, and the comments upon it from the pens of the more able coadjutors in the management of the paper. The matters of amusement, where such occur, are ordinarily spoiled altogether by unskilfulness, or spun out to an inordinate length, from the absurd system of payment. This last is also a cause of the want of dependence to be placed on the intelligence of newspapers; which is generally erroneous in three circumstances out of four, and yet, from the wideness of its circulation, has all the effect of truth. Scandal and slander, occupying the place of satire, may perhaps be classed under the head of amusement: it is, however, that sort of sport which, if it be fun for some, is death to others; and which, as it is only to be put down by the Public, the Public ought to rise up and extinguish. The Public must, however, be much better informed before they take interest in higher things. And this brings us back to our main proposition, which at this moment we have greatly at heart to urge. Those journals which the readers consider to be *nationally* beneficial, let them be supported *nationally*. We could point out more than one publication, the talent and wisdom and activity of which are, we may say, universally appreciated, and which are yet languishing in a state of miserable *betweenity*, alike destructive of the energies of the conductors and injurious to the interests of the body politic. Times of great pregnancy are coming; and yet the public journals best supported are those who will blink all matters of importance, or turn the vast questions of the day into topics of vulgar clamour, personal slander, or more wretched attempts at humour and wit,—or, what is not quite so bad, will abstract their attention from matters of vital concern to every man's welfare (for the discussion of which they are certainly unqualified,) to the report of a boxing match or the record of a horse race. Now, then, is the time for a grand effort—it is as essential as electing good members—for seeing to the support and establishment of good Papers. Let no man say this Paper is too clever, too able, too witty, too industrious, too informing, to want subscribers: let such persons now learn once for all, that these are qualities which appeal to the Few—that noisy appeals to gross prejudices, a rhetorical handling of

commonplaces, or the yet more vulgar resources of bloody murder, rotten scandal, or filthy exploit, are more to the taste of the general, than the most pointed or most efficient piece of writing that can leave the pen of the most accomplished writer of the age. Let each man take up the cause of his favourite paper (the favourite he *dares* avow) as if it were his own,—for it is his own; and by inquiring into its wants, by the aid of his services, by the contribution of his active exertions, do all that within him lies for the propagation and establishment of the opinions he approves and joins in. The duty of a subscriber is not done when he has paid his sevenpence or his shilling, or perhaps only contributed his centesimal fraction to the club or reading-room; for if he be one of the *élite*, let him look around him, and see how few there are like him, and whether or not, of those few, the most have not been drawn into some other and less worthy channel, or have never had their attention awakened to the great point of the duty of the Public to a good Journal.

From the Athenæum.

GOSSIP ON LITERATURE, ART, &c.

We hear from Italy, that Niccolini, the admired author of "Antonio Foscarini," and "John of Procida," is on the eve of setting the finishing hand to his new tragedy of "Lodovico il Moro"—an episode in the history of the contentions and restless seign of the house of the Sforzas, Dukes of Milan, who raised the whole of Italy against the encroachments of the French and Imperialists, at the close of the fifteenth century. Independently of this venture in poetry, Niccolini has been long engaged on a "History of the Sicilian Vespers," in which much original information may be expected, from the author's access to a variety of Sicilian MSS. and chronicles, many of which have never before been consulted. The Italian literati too are expecting with some impatience, a new commentary on the "Divina Commedia," from the pen of Tommaseo, a young scholar of proven fitness for the task; and Professor Ciampi, one of the most learned Hellenists and virtuosi of Italy, is occupied in bringing out a very ancient codex of Albertano's Moral Essays, which will show how much is yet to be done towards the study and illustration of the olden dialect of Italy. With a view to throw light on the origin of the Italian language, and its progress to the present times, Toselli, of Bologna, is publishing, in occasional parts, his "Origine della Lingua Italiana," which, in spite of many fanciful speculations, contains disquisitions of no mean value.

The announcements of new works at home—now we have seen the reviews and magazines—are not so numerous as we were led to believe. The great men of the Row and elsewhere, are almost idle. It is the young beginners only that are stirring. Moxon in a week or so, will publish Mad. d'Arblay's "Memoirs of Dr. Burney;" they contain, we hear, anecdotes and sketches of Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, Bruce, Boswell, Johnson, Reynolds, and other eminent men of the days of Burney: also an account of the publication of Mad. d'Arblay's first novel "Evelina." The *Quarterly Review* contains some capital articles; one on the Greek poetry, is remarkable for a peculiar feeling in matters of verse, as well as for research and learning: there are also some hits—not gentle ones—respecting the monopoly of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Wash-

ington Irving, we are told, is at the head of an American Mission, to regulate the affairs of the Indians; he is looked for in London sometime in spring.

Allan proposes to publish, by subscription, a print from his fine painting of Sir Walter Scott in his study at Abbotsford; the size of the engraving will be sixteen by thirteen inches, and it is to be executed by one every way competent for the task, John Burnet. There is so much character in the work, that we are convinced it will engrave well—much better, indeed, than a picture which depended for attraction on its gaudy colours.

And now for a word of caution to the prudent; let them draw tight their purse strings, for it will require more than common forbearance to withstand Turner's forthcoming Annual. The engravings are splendid. We have been favoured with a sight of many of the proof plates, and know nothing in the way of book illustration that comes up to their promise. Of the "Book of Beauty" we have also seen several proofs; they are exquisitely delicate, and not unworthy the bold title of the work.

Campbell, we hear, has awakened from his dream about the Poles, finished his life of Mrs. Siddons, and sent it to the press. He has not, hitherto, made his appearance as a biographer—much is expected from his genius, and much is due to the subject. With Southey it is different; he has written, in the Life of Nelson, one of the most successful biographies of modern time; his Lives of the British Admirals, now in progress, are said to be in the same spirit. The sixth and last volume of Allan Cunningham's Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, is now nearly finished: it contains, amongst others, the polished Lawrence, and the sarcastic Northcote.

The subscription for Abbotsford goes on prosperously. It has been proposed, that each member of the Committee, of two hundred noblemen and gentlemen, shall be furnished with a little book, neatly ruled, and of a pocket size, and noted as coming from the Committee of Management: into this, each subscriber's name, with the amount of donation, is to be inserted; the members to have more than one copy at their disposal, for the purpose of sending them abroad to trustworthy and influential persons, so that the British Colonies may have an opportunity of joining with the mother-land in this national matter. The King, we see, has given three hundred pounds to the Edinburgh Monument to Scott; the Duchess of Buccleuch has given one hundred, and her lord will make his hundred five, as soon as the money comes to be paid. We trust that the people of Edinburgh and Glasgow, in short, of Scotland, will unite with the people of England, in rendering Abbotsford the monument to his memory: it was raised by the poet's own hand, and its treasures were collected by his taste and industry.

Regarding art, we hear but little. Roberts is making a tour in Spain, in search of the picturesque: a Spanish Annual will make his fortune: we are well nigh wearied of Italy. The plates for Rogers's second illustrated volume, are in great forwardness; they are spoken of as eminently beautiful; the publication, when complete, will contain all the poems of the author.

Ireland.—Hans Finsten, a native of this remote quarter of Europe, has lately published an interesting pamphlet on the diminution of the population of Ireland, owing to unfavourable years. He observes, that, previously to the fourteenth century, the number of inhabitants was computed at 120,000, but that, at present it does not exceed 54,000. Hopes of a renewed increase are derived from the declining violence of volcanic eruptions, the lava and ashes of which have acted very prejudicially, both on the health of individuals and animals, as well as from the extension of horticulture and fisheries, the latter of which are no longer prosecuted in fragile barks, but in stout seaworthy vessels.

The Sublime.—Our German friends are in the habit of publicly announcing the demise of their near relatives

with a tribute to their memory. In how poetical a fashion this is sometimes done, take the following, which we have pilfered to the very letter from a Rhemish paper, in proof:—"The inmost feelings of my adored husband went to sleep, quietly and happily, on the 10th instant. The extent of my suffering none know better than myself: nor my present condition, nor the stagnation of business, much less the dead weight, which altogether strains my loins. He, the dear departed, Frederick M—, was my husband, every inch of him; he was partner in all the afflictions of life with myself; and I wish, therefore, every one as speedy and happy an end as his. To enjoy the folly of life with gloaming of the Spirit, this is what I call virtue and understanding; patience and wakefulness, and melancholy and ecstasy, and to build the mansion of peace in one's own bosom, are ten thousand times more costly possessions than gold or virtue. Our business will not hitch; and I will do my utmost as a widow."

Such, of late years, has been the rage for memoirs in France, that they have almost superseded every other kind of literature. Since the appearance of the voluminous "Memoires d'une Contemporaine," in which a certain Madame de Sainte-Elme comes forward, and lays before the public a disgusting account of intrigues with eminent individuals, which for the most part are pure fictions, the mania for private biography has increased. We have seen successively appear, Memoirs of Cardinal Dubois, the Duc de Richelieu, Madame Dubarry, Robespierre, and many others, all got up by the Parisian booksellers, to satisfy the craving appetite of the public. Almost the only genuine Memoirs we know of, that have appeared in France within the last six or eight years, are those of Ouvrard, and the Duchess of Abrantes; both filled with interesting and original matter—both containing excellent materials for history.

On the death of Louis XVIII., several volumes of Memoirs were published under the name of Madame la Comtesse du C—, evidently leading the public to infer that they were written by the too celebrated Comtesse Du Cayla, whose intimacy with the voluptuous old monarch was known to every body. As Madame du Cayla meddled with state affairs, and actually brought the Villele administration into office, much interesting information was anticipated from this work; and so doubt it would have had an extensive sale, had not the lady published a statement disclaiming all knowledge of it.

The "Memoirs de Louis XVIII." have been manufactured after the same fashion; and the author has taken good care to leave off at the French revolution, lest he should involve himself in statements, upon the accuracy of which many persons still alive might throw doubt. These Memoirs purport to be collected and put into order by the Duke de D—; the four stars being introduced to mislead the public into the belief that the work was compiled by the Duke de Duras, an intimate friend of the monarch. Thus, in the French edition, it is not even asserted that these Memoirs were actually written by Louis XVIII., although, as in all such productions, the first person is used throughout. But we can positively state that the Duke de Duras had nothing to do with the composition of these volumes; and we will add, that we should have very little difficulty in naming the person—a man of considerable talent, though not much known as a writer—who got up the work for Mame-Delaunay and Thoisnier Desplaces, the publishers at Paris. We received the original, immediately on its publication, but as we were acquainted with the fact which we now state, we did not notice the work.

We have thought it our duty to expose this attempt at deception, and we must further observe, that the translation ventures even beyond the original, and the English work is called "Memoirs of Louis XVIII., written by himself." Now, the French title runs thus: "Memoires de Louis XVIII., recueillis et mis en ordre par M. Duc de D—."

The work itself, like the Memoirs of Cardinal Dubois,

Kiebelieu, and Madame Dubarry, is cleverly written. It is, like its predecessors, a romance built upon historical authorities; but it contains no information to which every reading man could not have had access. The facts which it relates are authentic, but the personal feelings of the pretended narrator, and the incidents to which they lead, are pure fictions. The most interesting parts of the life of Louis XVIII. are omitted; namely, the period of his exile, during which he was involved in political intrigues, some of a very singular kind—and the interval between the restoration and his death, connected with very important state secrets, and with curious particulars, of which we ourselves know something, relative to the return from Elba, the execution of Ney, the murder of the Duke de Berry, the return of the Jesuits to France, and the secret of their connexion with the Ville administration.

We must, however, in justice, state that the work before us is entertaining and full of valuable information, to such English readers as have not had leisure to study the immediate causes and the progress of the French revolution; and the translation is excellent.

"*Tales of Animals*, by Peter Parley."—This is a republication of a very successful American work; but we incline to believe, from our knowledge of American typography and wood engraving, that Peter Parley will hardly recognize himself in his beautiful costume. We have not seen a work better suited for a Christmas present.

Amongst our political pamphlets and writings, M. de Raumer's article on the "Downfall of Poland," inserted in the *Historical Almanack*, published at Leipsic, has made a great noise. The *Algemeine Zeitung* contains a very severe criticism upon it; and it is indeed, to be wondered at, how M. de Raumer, being a professor of a Prussian university, can have ventured to write such things. The academical senate of the Berlin University having chosen him to be a rector of this university for the present year, his Majesty has not been pleased to confirm this choice, so that Professor Weiss, the mineralogist, has been chosen in his stead.

This year teems with great undertakings in the way of literature, embellished by art. Mr. Murray is preparing for publication, *Landscape Illustrations of the Old and New Testament*: they are to consist of views of the chief places mentioned in Scripture, and will appear in February next, and be continued monthly. They will be copied from original and authentic sources, by the hand of Turner, engraved by the Findens, and sold at a price which almost all the lovers of Scripture can reach. A detailed account will soon be issued, we hear, of this splendid undertaking. As the Holy Land is one of the most picturesque countries under the sun—as Turner is one of the most exquisite landscape painters of the age—we look for something which all can applaud, and all safely buy.

Brockedon, so well known to every lover of art and literature, proposes to dispose of his original drawings of "The Passes of the Alps," by a kind of ingenious lottery, which he has described to the public. There will be one hundred and fifty tickets at 10 guineas each:—

"This collection consists of the drawings, and a copy of the work published from them, in its finest state, in four volumes folio, handsomely bound in morocco, in a case. The first two contain the original drawings, ninety-six in number, mounted, and fitted into cases like volumes, which are peculiarly adapted for the convenient display of the drawings. The third volume consists of the etchings, and a selected set of engravers' proofs from the drawings; and the fourth volume contains the texts and maps of the work. The estimated value of this set is 500 guineas.

"It is proposed to add to this, nine other copies of the work, containing proof sets of the engravings before the letters, viz. three in colomblor folio, proofs and etchings, value sixty guineas each; three in colomblor 4to.

proofs and etchings, forty guineas each; and three in colomblor 4to. proofs, thirty guineas each; forming ten prizes."

We have seen the engravings for Major's fourth number of the Cabinet Gallery of Pictures; they are equal to the best he has yet sent forth; one, a landscape by Gainsborough, has all the light and shade of the original painting; and a "Dutch Lady with a Basket of Fruit," may be compared, for graceful action and clear elegance of workmanship, with heads at double the price.

A Mr. Percy Heath has discovered a mode of re-biting steel plates, by which he can bring up to colour, those tints which are usually considered incapable of profiting by that process. This method promises to be useful in restoring worn plates, or such as merit to be repaired.

We hear, from Dublin, that two new magazines are to appear on the 1st of January, both originating in the College. One monthly, to be called the *Dublin University Magazine*, a literary and political journal, on conservative principles—the other, quarterly, to be called the *University Review*, to be supported exclusively by contributions from the members of Trinity College.

Little is yet stirring in the musical world. The Philharmonic Concerts are to take place in the Hanover Square Rooms, which are now being thoroughly purified and beautified. The orchestra is to be enlarged under the direction of a Committee. We would hint to the gentlemen of this Committee, that the great elevation of our concert orchestras is an error—much of the effect is, in consequence, lost to the audience. Mendelssohn, J. Cramer, Potter, Bishop, Moscheles, and Neukomm, are to be engaged, to produce each an original composition for the Concerts of the ensuing season—this looks like a spirited commencement. We presume there will be trial nights for new compositions. We hear, that the new Society of Vocalists have had some rehearsals; we hope to learn more of their intentions, and that their Concerts may succeed. Little is known concerning the Opera season: Seguin, according to report, has engaged Cinti, Tamburini, Donzelli, Rubini, and Madame Pasta; we hope most sincerely that this report will turn out to be true: with an additional bass singer the company would be formed of nearly all the leading vocal talent in Europe: Taglioni is engaged for the Ballets. Mons. Chelard, the Director of the German Operas in this country, is now actively employed in adapting his German Opera, "Mitter nach" (midnight,) with some additional Music, for the Drury Lane stage.

A letter was read at the Royal Society of Literature from the Rev. Henry Clissold, on a daily prayer, in the hand-writing of King Charles I., discovered in His Majesty's State Paper Office, a copy of which was likewise read.

This original MS. of the king—for such it is declared by competent judges, undoubtedly to be, furnishes no additional evidence in favour of the authenticity of the Eikon Basilike, being characterized by none of the peculiarities in which that work, the subject of a protracted controversy, now at rest, abounds. It shows, however, that the devotional feelings of the unfortunate sovereign were not the result of adversity; his confession of sin, and prayer for pardon, being proved, from some particulars in this interesting composition, to have been a daily habit, long before the rebellion.

The Secretary likewise read a part of the contents of a manuscript, relating to the escape of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester. From a comparison of the several tracts existing* on this subject, it will be found that the minuteness of detail which they furnish, in regard to the earlier and more considerable portion of the interval between the king's escape from the scene of that decisive action, to his embarkation at Shoreham, is wanting in the account of the few days preceding the latter event. The historical inquirer is, however, at

* See "Roseobel Tracts," edited by J. Hughes, Esq. 1825.

length, supplied with the deficient link in the chain of this romantic narrative.

The principal and most active agent during this period, in providing for the safety of the unfortunate sovereign, was Colonel Gunter, of Racton, Sussex. This gentleman, at his death, left in his family a manuscript, containing a minute relation of every particular, in regard to the escape of the king, in which he was personally concerned; this document has lately come into the possession of the British Museum, and has been copied for the Society's use. From the portion read on this occasion, it seems rather to confirm the narratives previously made public, by the addition of many minute concurrent particulars, than to disclose any important fact, hitherto concealed; still, sufficient interest attaches to it, to render its illustration and publication desirable.

The evening illustrations of the Society of Arts, which gave so much satisfaction last season, have been resumed; and the first of the course was given by Mr. Faraday on the theory of Flame. The lecturer commenced by explaining, that gaseous bodies when heated, even to a very high degree, become scarcely, if at all luminous; while solid bodies become luminous, at comparatively low temperatures. This was illustrated by a flame of pure hydrogen, which gave out scarcely any light, though it was sufficiently hot to render a coil of platinum wire, which was put into it, intensely luminous. The true nature of our common luminous flames was afterwards considered; and it was shown that their luminosity always depended upon the perfect ignition of the free and minutely divided carbon, in the solid state, produced by the decomposition of the fuel in the interior and less heated part of the flame. This point was further illustrated, by comparing the flame of hydrogen with that of phosphorus; in the latter case, the product of combustion being entirely solid, the light was extremely intense; while the former, whose product is only water, burnt with a very feeble flame. To corroborate these views, two particularly striking experiments were adduced; among many others: in the first, phosphorus was burned, and the fumes produced by the combustion were transmitted by a glass tube, so as to pass through a previously invisible flame of hydrogen, which instantly became very luminous; in the second, the same thing was very beautifully shown, by sending up a tube, in the same way, the carbonaceous fumes of a common gas lamp, obtained by cooling the flame by holding a piece of wire gauze in it. Mr. Faraday then noticed the various contrivances used to ensure perfect combustion, and to obtain the greatest quantity of light. Towards the end of the lecture, he took occasion to explain the principle upon which Sir H. Davy's safety lamp is constructed, and regretted that its application was not more general; he observed, that if the *Kent* East Indian had been furnished with one of these lamps, the fire which destroyed it would not have occurred; the accident having arisen from examining with a naked light a cask of spirits, which had been staved in the hold; with a Davy lamp, the examination might have been made with perfect safety. In the course of the lecture, whilst speaking of coloured flames, Mr. Faraday exhibited the curious alterations of hue, produced by illuminating objects with a perfectly homogeneous yellow light.

This lecture on the philosophical theory of flame, was intended as introductory to a practical course, to be delivered by the secretary, on the solid, liquid, and gaseous substances, used for artificial light.

The meeting was very fully attended, and many interesting specimens of mechanical art were exhibited in the rooms, during the conversation which succeeded the lecture.

The Ettrick Shepherd, we hear, is busied on a Life of Burns, the poet. A Glasgow bookseller, with some hundred and odd pounds in his hand, made an inroad into the vale of Yarrow, and persuaded Hogg to undertake the task of delineating anew the man and the poet. We know not what new matter the Bard of Ettrick has

obtained to aid him in a Memoir of the Bard of Ayr—we know, that many letters, hitherto unseen and unpublished, still exist: and it is but lately that we saw poems by Burns of considerable length, which have not yet been printed. We wish Hogg much success in his undertaking.

We have taken a ten minutes dip into the pages of the last number of the *North American Review*. It contains but eight articles in all: the first is on Washington Irving's "Alhambra."—a fair and equitable critique—the second relates to language and dialects: the third, is Wheaton's "History of the North-men," and is replete with research and old bardic lore: the fourth touches on American forest trees, and rebukes Mrs. Trollope in these fair and candid words:—

"The fact is that these must be the monuments of our country. Mrs. Trollope, disappointed at not meeting with Parisian manners in our western steam-boats, looked out for baronial castles upon the Alleghany mountains, and was indignant to find that no such vestiges of civilization appeared. Doubtless we should rejoice to have them; but since the privilege is denied us, we do as well as we can without them. But this defect, great and serious as we confess it is, cannot reasonably be charged upon popular institutions; and the pious thankfulness which she expresses at being delivered from republicanism, is like that of a soldier in our late war, who, when set through his high military cap, remarked, that he was devoutly grateful that he had not a low-crowned hat on, as in that case the ball would have gone directly through his head. These things are evidently chargeable to circumstances over which we have no control. And yet, had we such ornaments on every height, we fear the too many who regard comfort more than taste, would remark, like her countrymen at Rome, that 'the ruins were much in need of repair.' But we must endeavor to prepare ourselves against the coming of all future Trollopes, by providing such monuments as our *fiction* condition admits,—not such as the elements of nature waste, but such as they strengthen and restore. Almost all other monuments leave us in doubt whether to regard them as memorials of glory, or of shame. The Chinese wall is a monument of the cowardice and weakness of those who raised it; they built walls, because they wanted hearts to defend their country. The Pyramids of Egypt are monuments certainly of the ignorance, and not probably of the superstition of their builders; the cathedrals are monuments of a corrupt religion, and the same baronial castles, the want of which we never deplore till now, are monuments of a state of society in which everything was barbarous, and are witnesses by their still existing, that the art of war, the only science thought worth regarding, was but wretchedly understood. To us it seems that Chaucer's oak and Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, the oak of Alfred at Oxford, and the one in Torwood forest, under which Wallace first gathered his followers in arms, are as worthy and enduring memorials of great names and deeds, as any that can be hewn from the rock and built by the hands of men. The tower, as soon as it is completed, begins to decay; the tree, from the moment when it is planted, grows firmer and stronger for many an age to come."

The article which we like least, is that on Sir James Mackintosh: not that it is wanting in merit and information, but we think it overstates that gentleman's talents. He was eloquent and well-informed, but diffuse beyond all endurance, and had no more notion of keeping the subject to which he addressed himself in view when he spoke in the House of Commons, than he had of the "History of England," when he printed under that name a series of splendid disquisitions. We are afraid that the *North American Review* is erring like others near home: some of the articles are much too long; we miss those livelier, keener, and shorter papers which distinguished the *Edinburgh* in its early days.

Trinity College, Dublin.—Dr. Longfield, the new Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dub-

he, will commence his lectures (we understand) in Easter Term. The examination of the Professorship took place last Midsummer, and was conducted by Doctor Lloyd, Provost of Trinity, and Doctor Phipps, Registrar. We have seen the questions proposed to the candidates, who were nine in number, and shall give some specimens of them. Definitions of Rent, Wages, Profit, Value, &c.—Sources of Rent, Wages, and Profit.—Qualities essential to a thing's possessing value.—What determines the quantity of money necessary for the circulation of a country?—Use of Credit?—Define Money, and its Uses.—Effects of War and Slavery with respect to Political Economy.—State the Distinction, and the reasons for and against adopting it, between Productive and unproductive Labourers.—Causes of the vast difference in the Price of Labour in different countries.—Suppose, in a given district, a great fall of snow to block up the roads, or, again, a vein of coal to be discovered between these two events, (considered in reference to Political economy,) what is the resemblance, and what is the difference in respect to their effects on the Labouring Classes?—Have the improvements in Machinery and the application of Steam Power, promoted the prosperity of Great Britain or Ireland, or the contrary?—If (as is supposed,) Gold Mines exist in these countries, do you advise the pursuit of mining for gold, or the contrary? and state your reasons.—Are very small farms to Labourers, gratis, or nearly so, advantageous?—To what do you attribute the very great distress of late, among the working tradesmen of England?—and how do you propose to remedy it?—Give a Syllabus of the Lectures which you would deliver if appointed to this Professorship.—(The answers to these questions were sent in under fictitious signatures.)

Steam Voyage from Naples to Greece and Turkey.—The particulars of a proposed steam voyage from Naples to Greece and Turkey, have been sent to us, and will no doubt interest many of our readers. It is proposed to start in January, should a sufficient number of persons subscribe their names with the agents before the 31st of January. The following is a list of the ports where the ship will anchor:—Naples, Messina, Corfu, Patras, Zante, Navarino, Modone, Cerigo, (or some port in the Morca,) Napoli di Romania, Specia, Hydra, Poros, Egina, Corinth, Porto Leone or Piræus, Cape Colonna, Zen, Eubœa, or Negroponte, Lemnos, Marmora, and Constantinople; here one day will be employed in visiting the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, and then the return will be to Koumkele, Tenedos, Mitylene, Smyrna, Scio, Naxos, Paros and Antiparos, Delos, Melos, Zante, Messina, and Naples or Leghorn, as may be determined on. The time occupied in the voyage will be about three months; but some days may perhaps be added to those calculated on, for visiting the more remarkable objects of interest and curiosity on shore, which however will be without additional cost to the passengers. The rate of charge, varying of course according to berth, is from 60 to 85 guineas, provisions included so long as the ship is at sea; and the arrangements seem to us made with reference to general convenience, and to be reasonable and just. Names, we may observe, may be registered at Hammersley's.

Various new works are talked of. A *Life of Cowper* is promised, with a full delineation of the man and his works: it will require no little talent as well as considerable delicacy to do this well. He is one of the most natural and unaffected of our latter poets: his 'Task' is as sure of going down to posterity, as any single poem since the days of Thomson's Seasons; and his noble translation of Homer is but beginning to be felt by his country. We have not observed lately a repetition of the announcement of Goldsmith's *Life* by Prior; these times, it is true, are not very genial for such works; but we should regret to hear that the *Life* is withheld for want of due encouragement.

The *Altrive Tales*, by the Ettrick Shepherd, of which one volume only was published, will, we hear, be con-

tinued. There is so much fine fancy and original nature in all Hogg's works, that we have no doubt a few more volumes, as good or better than the first, will be made welcome: we would, however, advise him to go over all his prose compositions with a strict eye and unsparing hand: he will find something to lop, for the tree of his genius is luxuriant, and runs, as the gardeners word it, to wood.

Turner and Calcott have, we hear, united to render the embellished edition of the Bible, promised by Mr. Murray, as worthy of public approbation as possible. The proprietor is in possession of many original drawings of Babylon, Tyre, Jerusalem, and other cities and scenes mentioned in the Scriptures—accuracy may, therefore, be depended on.

Among all the advertisements of the Quarterly Review, there are but few announcements of new books. The elections of members for the reformed Parliament engage the attention of the three kingdoms at present, and nothing will be regarded which is unconnected with politics. There is one passage, however, in the Quarterly, which we read with more than common pleasure. "The present Chancellor of England," says the Reviewer, "has placed the patronage of all his livings below the value of 200l. per annum at the disposal of the bishops in their respective dioceses. When one of the richest pieces of preferment in his gift, a prebendal stall at Bristol, worth, perhaps, 500l. per annum, became vacant, he sought out an humble, learned, pious man, without birth or interest, a man whom all other ministers and chancellors had overlooked, and permitted to remain in obscurity and indigence—a man, nevertheless, whom all Europe had long delighted to honour—Professor Lee; and on him he bestowed it. Dr. Croly, too, so eminent, among his multifarious accomplishments, for theological learning, has received, we are told, in his fiftieth year, his first benefice at the same hand." Well may the Quarterly eulogize a man so little of a self-seeker. There is, however, one, a learned and a worthy man, Cary, the translator of Dante, whose genius would not dishonour preferment.

From the Examiner.

The Tories have, for the last two or three years, paid Lord Brougham and Mr. Stanley the peculiar compliment of supposing that they were ready to apostatize, and in the character of traitors have reckoned upon them as the strength and ornament of a Conservative Ministry. Mr. Stanley has given colour to these speculations by his conduct; but it were hard to subject the Chancellor's character to suspicious examination because he is extolled by the Quarterly Review and the Tory cliques. Yet the Chronicle gives his Lordship a hint which we hope will not be thrown away:—

"See what it is to play a separate game. Lord Brougham, by his abandonment of the patronage of the livings under 200l. to the bishops—that is, to the deadliest enemies of Reform—threw the clergy to a man, into the hands of the Anti-Reformers, and placed the Reform Bill in the greatest jeopardy. But therefore is he lauded in the Quarterly Review, while the 'declaration made by Colonel Grey, the son and private secretary of the prime minister, to the electors of High Wycombe, 'that a bill for a full and efficient Church Reform was already drawn up by government; not a bit by bit Reform, like the Pluralities Bill of last session, but a measure that will be full, and efficient, and final,' " exposes his Lordship to the sarcastic observation from the Reviewer, that such a bill "may once again cause that venerable friend of his, Mr. Thelwall, to declare, with tears of gratitude, that the performances of Lord Grey in his old age have surpassed the promise of his youth."

The enormity of a treachery having no equal since the time of Judas is itself an argument against suspicion of Lord Brougham.

The "Hop, Step, and Jump" of Reform.—The *Standard* charges us with dispensing hard measure to Lords John Russel and Althorp, because they will not do every thing at a "hop, step, and jump" gait. When certain rubbishy ground is to be got over, perhaps the hop, step, and jump gait is as good as any other. But we found no fault with the gait, nor wished to prescribe its form: we only objected to the hop as a final position. When we saw Lord Althorp standing on one leg in Northamptonshire, and declaring he would resist any attempt made to put down the other,—more especially when it was understood he had only begun the hop, by way of taking the step,—we certainly were grieved to perceive that he was destroying all his capacity for usefulness. Mr. Stanley is taken under the especial protection of the *Standard*, because he too has particularly sworn never to set down the other foot. He will have it that the "hop" position is that to which the Ministry is pledged; and if any of them should be hardy enough to proceed to the step, the country is threatened with Mr. Stanley's and Lord Brougham's (Lord Brougham, whose "sentiments are known to coincide more nearly with those of Mr. Stanley than with the sentiments of any other member of the Cabinet.") hopping off altogether. This, says the *Standard*, would at once sink the Administration. The thing likely to overturn this or any other Administration, is the resolve to stand or move on one leg, when all the rest of the world are pushing them to the "step and jump,"—except a few Conservatives, who are hauling them in the opposite direction.

Madame Swinton Belloc has translated some of Miss Edgeworth's *Early Lessons*, and the first part of *Harry and Lucy*, into French. We are only surprised that the task has not been previously executed.

The Legislature of South Carolina have determined, by a large majority, no longer to submit to the authority of the General Government; but have declared the Tariff Bill, by which the whole foreign commerce of the country was regulated, to be null and void. Thus has the first blow been struck at the permanency of the great Federal Republic. We have no doubt as to the perfect right of South Carolina to act in the manner she has done. She has given fair warning of her intention to protect her citizens from the ruin which the Tariff was fast bringing upon them. Her statesmen and her merchants have exhausted every argument in trying to persuade her Northern and Eastern oppressors to recur to a sound and liberal policy in their intercourse with foreign countries. They have not taken this last decided step without due consideration.

It is well known, that rice and cotton form the staple articles of South Carolina commerce. The country is altogether agricultural; we are not aware of any manufactures at all being carried on there. Their cotton bagging, hoes, flannels, and Negro clothing—the absolute necessities of life to a Carolinian—are all imported, and principally imported from England. Now, by the American Tariff, these articles are charged with duties varying from thirty to forty per cent. *ad valorem*. But this gives an inadequate idea of the actual addition to the prime cost of the article, which must be made before it can reach the consumer in Carolina. The expenses of importation, the adverse course of exchange, the interest of capital, and the profits of the merchant, and afterwards those of the retail trader, swell up the price of the article to at least 125 per cent. over the cost of it at Birmingham, Manchester, or Sheffield. In addition to this, the Carolinian planter knows full well, that he cannot long continue to sell, if he is unable to buy from his customers in return. He fears, and with reason, the competition of the Brazilian and East Indian and Egyptian grower. He perceives already that the passing necessity, aggravated by the new Tariff, which the British manufacturer lies under, to obtain the raw material at the lowest possible rate, has already greatly reduced the price which he, the planter, formerly obtained for his

produce. Thus he gets less for his cotton and pays double for hardware and clothing. If no change takes place, his district of the country must be beggared. These are the reasons which have induced the Carolinians to declare the Tariff null and void in their state; these are the wrongs which have stung them into rebellion—for rebellion it unquestionably is. What measures the General Government will take to correct them, if it takes any, remain to be seen. The United States have a navy, and South Carolina has not a gunboat. It would therefore be easy to blockade her ports. But we question whether the officers or men could be trusted on such a service.—*Spectator*.

From the London Literary Gazette.

The Famous Sayings of Jemshedd.

The first was, "God has no partner in his wisdom: doubt not, therefore, though thou understandest not." The second, "Gratness followeth no man, but goeth before him; and he that is assiduous shall overtake fortune." The third was written, "Hope is always much better than fear, as courage is superior to cowardice." The fourth was, "Seek not so much to know thine enemies as thy friends; for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by sequitances." The fifth, "He that telleth thee that thou art always wrong, may be deceived; but he that saith thou art always right, is surely a liar." The sixth, "Justice came from God's wisdom, but mercy from his love; therefore, as thou hast not his wisdom, be pitiful, to merit his affection." The seventh, "Man is mixed of virtues and of vices; love his virtues in others, but abhor his vices in himself." The eighth, "Seek not for faults, but search diligently for beauties; for the thorns are easily found after the roses are faded."

Old Oak.

The oak, a thousand years old, (*Le Cercle* tells us) at Skarsine, Breslau, was destroyed by fire on the 1st of September. It burnt from six till eleven o'clock with great brilliancy, and at last fell with a terrible crash, crushing to death one of the inhabitants of Krakow, whom curiosity had attracted too near this flaming monarch of the wood. Only a trunk of thirty feet in height remains to mark where this prodigy of the vegetable world was the admiration of so many ages.

China.

The present Emperor of China, who employs his leisure hours in literary pursuits, is now superintending the printing of a familiar, or conversational dictionary, in the Chinese language, which it is calculated will extend to the enormous number of 168 thousand volumes; 2,708 persons are constantly employed in editing the work. An old Chinese Encyclopædia is extant, consisting of 6000 volumes, of which 68 alone are devoted to music.

Iron Rail Roads in France.

The projects for these modern improvements embrace railways from the capital to Rouen and Havre; to Lille, with branches to Calais, Dunkirk, and Valenciennes; to Strasburgh, with a branch to Metz; to Lyons and Marseilles, with a branch to Grenoble; to Bordeaux; and to Tours and Nantes. We know not whether this magnificent and important scheme is likely to be carried into execution.

Scott and Cuvier.

It is rather a remarkable coincidence, that these great men were born in the same year; and that public feeling in England and France is now engaged at the same time in raising subscriptions for monuments to their memory.

From the British Critic.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MUSSULMAUNS OF INDIA.*

These are precisely the books from which information, on matters of ordinary occurrence in India, may be most agreeably derived; and, although differing from each other in many respects, both as to object and to character, they have quite enough similarity to justify us in classing them together. Each of the writers honestly disclaims every pretension to literature and science: the lady modestly introduces herself as "a very humble scribe;" the gentleman more boldly affirms that it is "a fortunate default in his education" which has left him "totally unskilled in Botany and Geology;" and we are by no means inclined to dispute the validity of his reasons for considering this deficiency to be a piece of good luck. *Per contra*, both of them evidently possess great quickness of observation, much good sense, and abundance of well-directed feeling; both, moreover, have had more than common opportunities of closely inspecting the habits which they have described. Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali is, perhaps, the only Englishwoman who, by braving the chance of Polygamy, has entitled herself to entire acquaintance with the mysteries of the *Muganee*, or first matrimonial contract, and of the *Sarchuck*, the *Mayndhie*, and the *Baarnat*, the three days of nuptial ceremony; and, if we may judge from the cheerful tone of her volumes, and from the affection with which she speaks of many of the kinsfolk whom she acquired by marriage, she has not had reason to regret the morning on which she somewhat stealthily plighted her vows to a bearded spouse at an English altar. Captain Mundy, by his close attachment to the person of the Commander-in-chief, enjoyed facilities of access to the Native Powers rarely to be attained in more subordinate stations; and he was received with distinction by the King of Oude, in the *Dil Koosha* at Lucknow, and by the descendant of Aurungzebe, in the *Dewanee Khâs* of Delhi. To this knowledge of Courts, for which he was indebted to the accident of military rank, his own peculiar tastes have added an intimate acquaintance with the sporting amusements of the natives; and from the mouth of the Ganges to the very gorge of the *Shattool Pass*, in the Himalaya Mountains, snakes, hogs, tigers, antelopes, alligators,

and other such "small gear," were doomed to fall beneath his unerring Manton. No embryo out-and-outer, in his first Melton season, ever tallyhoed from the cover-side with half the ardour which animated this Oriental Nimrod at the entrance of a jungle; and his spirited pencil, aided by the inimitable burin of Landseer, has presented a series of "Ideas" and "Symptoms" on Indian Hunting which may claim fair companionship with the similar moving accidents of English flood and field immortalized by Aiken.

Our first extracts will exhibit the two writers in contrast on the same subject; and we shall afterwards take each of them at hazard, as they happen to strike our fancy. The following passages contain the impressions produced upon Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali and Captain Mundy respectively, by interviews with the same person, and *that* no less a person than the Great Mogul. The sole difference is, that the one was admitted to a public and stately audience; the other enjoyed a private and, if we may so express ourselves, a friendly conversation. The young soldier writes, as he does throughout, in a light, playful, careless, off-hand, and *degagé* manner; the matron, as will be perceived, is somewhat more staid and sententious:—

"The palace occupies an immense space of ground, enclosed by high walls, and entered by a gateway of grand architecture. On either side the entrance I noticed lines of compact buildings, occupied by the military, reaching to the second gateway, which is but little inferior in style and strength to the grand entrance; and here again appear long lines of buildings similarly occupied. I passed through several of these formidable barriers before I reached the marble hall, where the king holds his *darbar* (court) at stated times; but as mine was a mere unceremonious visit to the king and queen, it was not at the usual hour of *darbar*, and I passed through the hall without making any particular observations, although I could perceive it was not deficient in the costliness and splendour suited to the former greatness of the Indian empire.

"After being conveyed through several splendid apartments, I was conducted to the queen's *mahul*, (palace for females,) where his majesty and the queen were waiting my arrival. I found on my entrance the king seated in the open air in an arm chair, enjoying his *hookha*; the queen's musnud was on the ground, close by the side of her venerable husband. Being accustomed to native society, I knew how to render the respect due from an humble individual to personages of their exalted rank. After having left my shoes at the entrance and advanced towards them, my salaams were tendered, and then the usual offering of *nuzzas*, first to the

* Observations on the Mussulmauns of India; descriptive of their Manners, Customs, Habits, and Religious Opinions. Made during a Twelve Years' Residence in their immediate Society. By Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali. 2 vols. London. Parbury, Allan and Co.

Pen and Pencil Sketches; being the Journal of a Tour in India. By Captain Mundy, late Aid-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. 2 vols. London. Murray.

king and then to the queen, who invited me to a seat on her own carpet,—an honour I knew how to appreciate from my acquaintance with the etiquette observed on such occasions.

"The whole period of my visit was occupied in very interesting conversation; eager inquiries were made respecting England, the government, the manners of the court, the habits of the people, my own family affairs, my husband's views in travelling, and his adventures in England, my own satisfaction as regarded climate, and the people with whom I was so immediately connected by marriage; the conversation, indeed, never flagged an instant, for the condescending courtesy of their majesties encouraged me to add to their entertainment, by details which seemed to interest and delight them greatly.

"On taking leave his majesty very cordially shook me by the hand, and the queen embraced me with warmth. Both appeared, and expressed themselves, highly gratified with the visit of an English lady who could explain herself in their language without embarrassment, or the assistance of an interpreter, and who was the more interesting to them from the circumstance of being the wife of a Syaad; the queen, indeed, was particular in reminding me that 'the Syaads were, in a religious point of view, the nobles of the Mussulmauns, and revered as such far more than those titled characters who receive their distinction from their fellow mortals.'

"I was grieved to be obliged to accept the queen's parting present of an embroidered scarf, because I knew her means were exceedingly limited compared with the demands upon her bounty; but I could not refuse that which was intended to do me honour at the risk of wounding those feelings I so greatly respected. A small ring, of trifling value, was then placed by the queen on my finger, as she remarked, 'to remind me of the giver.'

"The king's countenance, dignified by age, possesses traces of extreme beauty; he is much fairer than Asiatics usually are; his features are still fine, his hair silvery white; intelligence beams upon his brow, his conversation gentle and refined, and his condescending manners hardly to be surpassed by the most refined gentleman of Europe. I am told by those who have been long intimate with his habits in private, that he leads a life of strict piety and temperance, equal to that of a durweish of his faith, whom he imitates in expending his income on others without indulging in a single luxury himself.

"The queen's manners are very amiable and condescending; she is reported to be as highly gifted with intellectual endowments as I can affirm she is with genuine politeness."—vol. ii. pp. 155—159.

Captain Mundy, as in duty bound, accompanied the Commander-in-chief:—

"On entering the precincts of the royal abode, we filed through sundry narrow and dirty alleys, until we arrived at an arched gate, too low to admit our elephants. We were therefore obliged to dismount, and proceed on foot. Lord Combermere, however, balked the evident intention of the prince to make him walk, by getting into his palankeen. We shortly arrived at the archway leading into the quadrangle, in which the Dewanee Khâs, or hall of audience, is situated, where the Commander-in-chief was required to dismiss his palankeen.

"On passing the Lâl Purdar, or great red curtain which veils the entrance, the whole of our party, English and native, made a low salaam, in honour of the august majesty of which we were as yet not in sight."—vol. i. pp. 77, 78.

"At the entrance of the corridor leading to the presence, the Resident and his assistants were required to take off shoes and hats; but according to previous agreement, Lord Combermere and his suite retained both boots and hats during the whole ceremony.

"The Dewanee Khâs is a beautiful open edifice, supported on white marble columns, the whole elegantly inlaid and gilt. The roof is said to have been vaulted with silver in the more prosperous days of the Delhi empire, but it was spoiled by those common devastators of India, the Mahrattas. Around the cornice still remains the (now, at least, inapplicable) inscription, 'If there be a Paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.' The throne, occupying the centre of the building, is raised about three feet from the floor, and shaded by a canopy of gold tissue and seed-pearl. There are no steps to the front of the throne, the entrance being in the rear. Seated cross-legged upon it, and supported by surrounding cushions, we found the present representative of the Great Mogul. He is a fine-looking old man, his countenance dignified, and his white beard descending upon his breast. On his right hand stood his youngest and favourite son, Selim, and on the left the heir-apparent, a mean-looking personage, and shabbily attired in comparison with his younger brother. It was impossible to contemplate without feelings of respect, mingled with compassion, the descendant of Baber, Acbar, Shah Jehan, and Aurungzebe, reduced, as he is now, to the mere shadow of a monarch; especially when one reflected that, had it not been for European intrigues and interference, this man, instead of being the dependant pensioner of a handful of merchants, might perhaps still, like his ancestors, have been wielding the sceptre of the richest and most extensive dominions in the world. Whilst employed in these cogi-

tations, a provoking wag whispered in my ear, 'Do you trace any resemblance to the Mogul on the cover of a pack of cards?' and I with great difficulty *hemmed* away a violent burst of laughter in the presence of 'the Asylum of the Universe.'

"The old monarch, mindful of his dignity, scarcely deigned to notice, even by a look, the Commander-in-chief as he approached to present his 'nuzzar' of fifty gold mohurs. He did not even condescend to raise his eyes towards the rest of the party, as we advanced one by one, salaamed, and offered our three gold mohurs. His air, however, was not haughty, but he affected a sleepy, dignified indifference, as he scraped the money from our hands, and handed it to his treasurer. The staff presented likewise a nuzzar of two gold mohurs to the heir-apparent.

"On receiving Lord Combermere's offering, the King placed a turban, similar to his own, upon his head, and his lordship was conducted, retiring with his face sedulously turned towards the throne, to an outer apartment, to be invested with a khillât, or dress of honour. In about five minutes he returned to the presence, attired in a spangled muslin robe and tunic; salaamed, and presented another nuzzar. The staff were then led across the quadrangle by the 'grooms of the robes' to the 'green room,' where a quarter of an hour was sufficiently disagreeably employed by us in arraying ourselves, with the aid of the grooms, in silver muslin robes, and sir-peaches or fillets, of the same material, tastily bound round our cocked-hats. Never did I behold a group so ludicrous as we presented when our toilette was accomplished; we wanted nothing but a 'Jack i' the Green' to qualify us for a May-day exhibition of the most exaggerated order. In my gravest moments the recollection of this scene provokes an irresistible fit of laughter. As soon as we had been decked out in this satisfactory guise, we were marched back again through the Lâl Purdar and crowds of spectators, and re-conducted to the Dewânee Khâs, where we again separately approached his Majesty to receive from him a tiara of gold and false stones, which he placed with his own hands on our hats. As we got not even 'the estimation of a hair' without paying for it, we again presented a gold mohur each. The Honourable Company, of course, 'paid for all,' and our gold mohurs were handed to us by the resident. It was a fine pay-day for the impoverished old Sultan, whose 'pay and allowances' are only twelve lacs of rupees, or £120,000 a-year. His ancestor, the Emperor Acbar's revenue was somewhat better; including presents, and estates of officers of the crown falling in, it amounted to about fifty-two millions sterling.

"As we retired from the presence, the

heralds, with stentorian voices, proclaimed the titles of honour which had been conferred by the Emperor on his Excellency the Commander-in-chief. Among other high-sounding appendages to his name, he received the following:—Ghezeffer al Douleh, or Champion of the State; Sipeh Salah, Commander-in-chief; Saif al Moolook, Sword of the Empire; Khan Jehan, Lord of the World; Khan Behâder; and Rastum Jung, which latter might be translated the Hercules of Battles. In addition to these titular honours, his lordship was presented with a palankeen of state, and the nowbut, or royal kettle-drum, which, if I mistake not, infers the power of life and death. The audience being concluded, we retired, still practising the *chassée en arriere*, and all gave the Great Mogul a parting salaam ere we passed the Lâl Purdar. The ceremony, though interesting and novel, was irksome and fatiguing."—*Captain Mundy*, vol. i. pp. 79—84.

The Syaads, to whom the Queen of the Moguls alluded above, and from her connection with whom Mrs. Hassan Ali, by right of her husband, derives the honourable title *Meer*, are descendants from Mohammed, and as such form the Mussulmaun aristocracy. Their genealogy is most carefully preserved; and every child born to Syaad parents is taught, as soon as it can speak intelligibly and before it quits the Zeenahnah, to recount its lineage up to Hassan or Hosein, the two sons of Ali by his cousin Fatima, daughter of the Prophet. The daughters, who by birth are hereditary Begums, or Ladies, are rarely matched out of their own race, whatever may be the wealth of the suitor; and many therefore, in consequence of this unbending pride of family, are condemned to celibacy and poverty. Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali speaks of three Syaad ladies with whom she was intimately acquainted, young women "remarkable for their industrious habits, morality, and strict observance of their religious duties, handsome, well-formed, polite and sensible," and possessing, in addition, an accomplishment by no means common among the females of Hindostan, that of being able to read the Koran in Arabic and its commentary in Persian. These ladies had refused numerous offers from persons of great wealth but of defective pedigree; and they preferred the scanty subsistence which they could procure by the hard labour of their hands to the degradation of a *mesalliance*. "I have known them to be employed in working the *jaullie* (netting) for *courties* (a part of the female dress) which after six days close application, at the utmost could not realize three shillings each; yet I never saw them other than contented, happy and cheerful; a family of love and patterns of sincere piety.

Much of the insight which Mrs. Meer

Hassan Ali obtained into the recondite parts of Mussulmaun doctrine was derived from her father-in-law, Meer Hadjee Shah, a venerable octogenarian, who had thrice achieved the pilgrimage to Mecca, and who still hoped to perform it a fourth time in company with his son's wife, albeit she was a Christian, and to lay his bones in the consecrated soil of the holy district. A mania for accommodating prophecy to passing events, and a belief in the approach of a season, resembling the supposed Millennium, in which there shall be perfect peace and happiness over all the world, appears to be no less prevalent among the Oriental devotees of the present day, than it is among some of our own fanatics; and the cause is probably the same in both cases—namely, superabundant *animal* piety operating upon half knowledge and unsound judgment. The contest between the Greeks and Turks, of which, after all, the Indian Mussulmauns possess but very incorrect knowledge, is referred by them to a prophecy which declares that "when Mecca is filled with Christian people, Emaum Mhidhie will appear to draw men to the true Faith, and then also Jesus Christ will descend from heaven to Mecca; there will be great slaughter among men, after which there will be but one Faith;" and the period of universal *earthly* beatitude will commence. This Emaum Mhidhie, between whom and the prophetic Elias a resemblance in some respects may be discerned, is in others a most ambiguous and mystic personage, admirably adapted to the use of Apocalyptic *Cedipi*. He is called "the standing proof," and all parties agree that he is to visit the earth at a future period. Some, however, maintain that he is yet to be born, others that he is only to re-appear. One sect affirms that he is still on earth, dwelling in wilds and forests; and many believe that he annually visits the Holy House (Caaba) of Mecca, on the great day of sacrifice, *without being recognised*.

"There is but little more to finish"—"the time draws near," are common Mussulmaun expressions when speaking of those which, for the sake of convenience, we shall call Millenarian prophecies. Meer Hadjee Shah, through his daughter-in-law, had become intimately acquainted with the Bible; he acknowledged its divine origin, and he admitted it and the Koran to be the "two witnesses" of God. No slight proof of the benevolent and tolerant spirit of the amiable old man is afforded by the pleasure with which he frequently recalled two favourite texts—"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd;"—and again, "In my Father's house are many mansions." In his last serious conversation

with Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, which occurred but a few days before his death, and which, she says, contains "the real sentiments of most, if not of every religious, reflecting, true Mussulmaun of his sect in India," he thus expressed himself:—

"We had been talking of the time when peace on earth should be universal; 'My time, dear battie, (daughter,) is drawing to a quick conclusion. You may live to see the events foretold, I shall be in my grave; but remember, I tell you now, though I am dead, yet when Jesus Christ returns to earth, at his coming, I shall rise again from my grave; and I shall be with him, and with Emaum Mhidhie also.'—*Meer Hassan*, vol. i. p. 145.

The life of Meer Hadjee Shah was strongly tinctured with Eastern adventure. Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali intends, at some future time, to write a detailed biographical memoir of her father-in-law, and we shall here abridge her present abridgment. Meer Hadjee Shah was the eldest son of a Kauty, or judge, in the city of Loodeeanah, the capital of the Punjab territory, and he was destined by his father for his own profession. An uncontrollable spirit of enterprise, however, directed the youth's course to another path, and this spirit was strikingly manifested by an incident of his boyhood. On one occasion, during his play hours, he attempted, in company with some school-fellow, to possess himself of a flock of wild pigeons which lodged in an old wall without the town; and on account of his well-known courage he was selected as the hero who was to descend, seated on a piece of board, to snare the birds, by groping for them in a hole which gave them refuge. He had already deposited several of these prizes in a bag slung round him for the purpose, when something met his grasp which he felt assured was *not* a bird; and which, on extricating his arm from the hole, he discovered to be a large and living snake.

With great presence of mind, he determined not to alarm his play-fellows, who in their terror might have let go the rope and precipitated him to the abyss below; but calling out to them to draw him up quickly, he continued to grasp the snake firmly behind the head, so that it could neither extricate itself nor injure him, unless by the severe pressure of its coiling. During his ascent he rubbed the venomous animal's head against the side-wall, and after he had borne it triumphantly to the summit, the other boys despatched it with stones. Yet so violent had been the snake's struggles and so powerful its compression, that the skin peeled entirely off the boy's arm, which was useless for many months afterwards.

At seventeen, he determined to engage himself in the military service of a neighbouring Rajah who was levying troops; and

on presenting himself at the Durbar he was accepted and enrolled among the chief's immediate followers. During several years he accompanied his master to the field, and obtained considerable distinction by the prowess which he exhibited against the Sikhs. He was yet in very early youth when he undertook his first pilgrimage to Mecca; and while in Arabia his funds were wholly exhausted without his possessing acquaintance with a single individual by whom they could be replenished. From this fearful difficulty he was extricated by a lucky incident, which might have happened either to Sinbad or to one of the monocular Calenders; and in the recital of which some allowance perhaps must be made for the romantic colouring which is, for the most part, thrown over Oriental histories. A rich Arabian widow, who had been long tormented with a grievous disease which medical art had failed to relieve, dreamed one night that a certain Syaad pilgrim from India, then abiding at the Serai without the town of her residence, possessed an infallible remedy. Meer Hadjee Shah answered the description of the dream; he was summoned to the Begum's presence, and there disavowed all acquaintance with medicine, but offered a powder which he had about him, and which had greatly benefited a brother pilgrim. Such a testimonial for the efficacy of his drug was quite sufficient to justify an Arabian she-dreamer in swallowing it; and either her own faith or Meer Hadjee Shah's physic entirely cured the sick Begum's complaint, and as a consequence replenished the pocket of her *Médecin malgré lui-même*.

We pass over the rout of a pack of wolves by the Hadjee's staff; and the sabring a tiger by a weapon, which having, in the hands of his grandsire, severed the head from the carcass of a like animal, at a single blow, was preserved as a proud family memorial. These are little more than every day events in Indian life; and where Captain Mundy is in reserve, it would be most unjust to anticipate tigers. A dream once saved Meer Hadjee Shah from the plague. In the night-season it was whispered to him, "Go not to Shiraz, where thou shalt not find profit or pleasure, but bend thy steps towards Kraaballah." He obeyed, in spite of the sneers of his comrades, and escaped the contagion, which they afterwards learned was raging at Shiraz. Once was he captured by Arab pirates, but he harangued them so pathetically in their own language, that they not only released him and his whole ship's crew, but even forced presents upon them in compensation for their inconvenient detention. It would have been remarkable, indeed, if the marriage of such a personage as we are describing had been the result of common-place courtship;

and one of his brides, Fatima, was thrown into his arms by a train of circumstances in full accordance with the remaining tenor of Meer Hadjee Shah's adventures. Fatima, the orphan daughter of an Arab chief of Yemen, when in her sixteenth year, in order to escape ill treatment from some of the relations under whose protection she had been left, sought refuge among other kinsfolk in her neighbourhood. In her passage to the new roof she was intercepted by some Bedouin robbers, and carried to their strong hold; where, during her first night's abode with them, she overheard a conversation, by which she learned that in order to prevent detection, they had resolved to put her to death. The intercession of a female among the tribe saved her life, and she was carried a day's journey on a swift camel, and sold to a slave-merchant at Mocha. One of the singular privileges of the anomalous state of slavery in Arabia entitles the captive to a veto on her sale; and Fatima, who was nobly born, resolved to exercise her right to the utmost, and not permit herself to be transferred unless to a proprietor whom she fully approved. A fisherman, accordingly, who tendered a large price, and who would have married her, was scornfully refused; and many subsequent chapmen encountered the same fate. It happened that Meer Hadjee Shah, who had promised to carry home a slave for his wife, was passing through Mocha on his return home. Fatima was satisfied by his appearance at the first glance, and was yet more pleased when she learned that he was a Syaad of India, and although not rich, a descendant of the Emaums. The merchant also was heartily glad to dispose of so difficult a piece of goods at a very moderate profit, and the bargain therefore was easily completed. No sooner, however, had Meer Hadjee Shah learned the history of his new acquisition, than he informed Fatima that she was free, and that he would appropriate half the sum which he had with him for his own journey, to restore her under safe convoy to Yemen. The captive heard him with gratitude and astonishment; and weighing the difficulties of return and the chance of an evil reception by her family, against the protection which she felt assured of receiving from so benevolent a master, she declined the proffered boon, and earnestly begged that she might be conveyed to India in his service. Meer Hadjee Shah was at first a little perplexed at this unexpected proposition, and he whispered something about his wife and children; but when Fatima persisted, the accommodating nature of the Mohammedan law stood him greatly in stead.

"After maturely weighing all the circumstances of the voyage by sea, and the long journey by land from Bombay to Lucknow,

he came to the determination of giving Fatima a legal claim to his protection, and thereby a security also from slanderous imputations either against her or himself, by marrying her before they embarked at Mocha; and on their arrival at Lucknow, Fatima was presented to his first wife as worthy her sympathy and kindness, by whom she was received and cherished as a dear sister. The whole family were sincerely attached to the amiable lady during the many years she lived with them in Hindoostan. Her days were passed in piety and peace, leaving not an instance to call forth the regrets of Meer Hadjee Shah, that he had complied with her entreaties in giving her his permanent protection. Her removal from this life to a better was mourned by every member of the family with equal sorrow as when their dearest relative ceased to live."—*Observations, &c.*, vol. ii. pp. 417, 418.

Of the severity of the Mussulmaun's Fast during Rumzaun it is probable that very inadequate notions are in general entertained. As it is moveable it sometimes occurs during the hottest and longest days of the year, and it lasts from the moment at which the first streak of light borders the east, till the stars are clearly discerned. During that interval not one particle of food nor drop of liquid passes the lips, and even the hookla, a great antidote to hunger, is rigidly forbidden. It is usually broken by a cooling draught called *tundhie*, composed of the seeds of lettuces, cucumbers, melons and coriander, pounded in water, strained, and flavoured with rose-water, sugar, syrup of pomegranate and *kurah*, a pleasant water distilled from the blossoms of a species of aloe. Without some such preparatory beverage, which varies according to taste, age, constitution and pocket, the immediate relief of hunger by solids would be attended with danger. The novice fast of children is a great family event, and often productive of very distressing consequences. Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali mentions the death of a son and daughter of respectable parents in Lucknow, which occurred within her own knowledge, during their attempt to perform this most painful duty. The unhappy victims of superstition were respectively thirteen and eleven years of age. Encouraged by their mother, they persevered with constancy till three of the four watches into which the Mussulmaun day is divided had passed. They then fainted from exhaustion; every attempt to force water down their swollen throats failed, and they died within a few minutes of each other.

Custom renders the seclusion to which females are condemned in the Zeenahnah, far less irksome than is imagined by a European habituated to freedom. The com-

monest operations of nature, even in the processes of the garden, are unknown to them; and when they received a *dhaullie* or basket of fruit, vegetables and flowers, they frequently inquired from Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, "How do they grow? How do they look in the ground?" Yet of their resignation to this ignorance she offers the following remarkable example:—

"A lady whose friendship I have enjoyed from my first arrival in India, heard me very often speak of the different places I had visited, and she fancied her happiness very much depended on seeing a river and a bridge. I undertook to gain permission from her husband and father, that the treat might be permitted; they, however, did not approve of the lady being gratified, and I was vexed to be obliged to convey the disappointment to my friend. She very mildly answered me, 'I was much to blame to request what I knew was improper for me to be indulged in; I hope my husband and family will not be displeased with me for my childish wish; pray make them understand how much I repent of my folly. I shall be ashamed to speak on the subject when we meet.'"—vol. i. pp. 315, 316.

We should willingly extract the interesting account which Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali has given of a Mussulmaun wedding, but its length forbids us; and we must confine ourselves to the first contract, or *Mugganee*, which succeeds the entertainment of a proposal. The suitor in the wooing described below was the son of an intimate friend of the writer.

"Being curious to know the whole business of a wedding ceremony amongst the Mussulmaun people, I was allowed to perform the part of 'officiating friend' on this occasion of celebrating the Mugganee. The parents of the young lady having been consulted, my visit was a source of solicitude to the whole family, who made every possible preparation to receive me with becoming respect; I went just in time to reach the gate at the moment the parade arrived. I was handed to the door of the zeenahnah by the girl's father, and was soon surrounded by the young members of the family, together with many lady-visitors, slaves, and women-servants of the establishment. They had never before seen an Englishwoman, and the novelty, I fancy, surprised the whole group; they examined my dress, my complexion, hair, hands, &c., and looked the wonder they could not express in words. The young Begum was not amongst the gazing throng; some preliminary customs detained her behind the purdah, where it may be supposed she endured all the agony of suspense and curiosity by her compliance with the prescribed forms.

"The lady of the mansion waited my approach to the dulhaun (great hall) with

all due etiquette, standing to receive and embrace me on my advancing towards her. This ceremony performed, I was invited to take a seat on the musnud-carpet with her on the ground; a chair had been provided for me, but I chose to respect the lady's preference, and the seat on the floor suited me for the time without much inconvenience.

"After some time had been passed in conversation on such subjects as suited the taste of the lady of the house, I was surprised at the servants entering with trays, which they placed immediately before me, containing a full-dress suit in the costume of Hindoostan. The hostess told me she had prepared this dress for me, and I must condescend to wear it. I would have declined the gaudy array, but one of her friends whispered me, 'The custom is of long standing; when the face of a stranger is first seen a dress is always presented; I should displease Sumdun Begum by my refusal; besides, it would be deemed an ill omen at the Mugganee of the young Bohue Begum if I did not put on the native dress before I saw the face of the bride elect.' These I found to be weighty arguments, and felt constrained to quiet their apprehensions of ill-luck by compliance; I therefore forced the gold dress and the glittering drapery over my other clothes, at the expense of some suffering from the heat, for it was at the very hottest season of the year, and the dulhaun was crowded with visitors.

"This important point conceded to them, I was led to a side hall, where the little girl was seated on her carpet of rich embroidery, her face resting on her knees in apparent bashfulness. I could not directly ascertain whether she was plain, or pretty, as the female agent had represented. I was allowed the privilege of decorating the young lady with the sweet jessamine guihahs, and placing the ring on the forefinger of the right hand; after which, the earrings, the gold-tissue dress, the deputtah were all in their turn put on, the offering of money presented, and then I had the first embrace before her mother. She looked very pretty, just turned twelve. If I could have prevailed on her to be cheerful, I should have been much gratified to have extended my visit in her apartment, but the poor child seemed ready to sink with timidity; and out of compassion to the dear girl, I hurried away from the hall, to relieve her from the burden my presence seemed to inflict, the moment I had accomplished my last duty, which was to feed her with my own hand, giving her seven pieces of sugar-candy; seven, on this occasion, is the lucky number, I presume, as I was particularly cautioned to feed her with exactly that number of pieces."—vol. i. pp. 359—362.

In the medical art, the Mussulmauns still

retain many superstitious practices, and sundry remnants of Astrology continue to find place in their Pharmacopœia. In nervous cases and for palpitations of the heart the patient is often recommended to "drink the moon at a draught," which remedy is thus administered; a silver basin filled with water is so held as to receive the reflection of the full moon; and the sick person after having looked steadfastly at the image, is to shut his eyes and to swallow the water at a draught. "I have seen this practised," says Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, adding with exquisite simplicity, "but I am not aware of any benefit derived by the patient from the prescription." We wish that in one or two other medical notices this lady would write *boils* instead of "*biles*;" and we must ask her forgiveness if we hesitate in granting immediate assent to the account of the gentleman who, commencing with a single grain of pure quicksilver, increased the quantity progressively "till his daily dose was the contents of a *large table spoon*." Once admitting the fact, we can feel little doubt (if we may be permitted so vile a pun) that the effects of the medicine were highly *mercurial*; and it is consequently without surprise that we learn "his appetite and spirits were those of a man of thirty when he had counted eighty years."

"But the most astounding story of all is one related by a Mussulmaun gentleman of his own achievements in exorcism. The conversation arose in consequence of an attack upon an old woman in the streets of Lucknow, who, as a reputed Witch, was declared to be "eating the heart" of a man and his child wasting away under her incantations. She was rescued after some difficulty, and not till her accuser had been permitted to pluck some hairs from her head as an antidote to her charms. A friend of Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, who had been the chief agent in this poor wretch's deliverance from the infuriated rabble, afterwards declared his implicit belief in the common practice of Witchcraft; and added that he himself had been a chosen instrument through which several women had been relieved from possession by Evil Spirits. Curiosity on this mysterious point had induced him, when a very young man, to apply to "a certain venerable personage who was willing to impart his knowledge;" and who recommended in the first instance two years seclusion from the world, in abstinence, prayer, and austerity. Thus prepared for practice, and having acquired a great reputation as a Dervise, his first experiment was tried on a respectable woman who fancied that she was visited by a Demon regularly, on every eighth day. The only apparatus with which the Fiend was attacked was fumigation; and no sooner was the drugs and flowers of the Exorcist sprinkled

on the chafing dish than the Demon became furious in the woman, and called out loudly for mercy. To an interrogation as to who and what it was, it replied that it was the Spirit of an Old Woman who once inhabited the same house; and that it had taken possession of the wife in order to torment the husband, who was the present owner of the premises. It may be remarked that few Ghosts, even in Europe, ever give more satisfactory reasons for their appearance than did this Imp of Hindūstan; insomuch that we might almost venture to pledge ourselves to a belief in the authenticity of any Spectre who could once prove on sound evidence that he came back to this world on other than a Fee-faw-fum errand. The exorcist threatened to destroy the Spirit in fire, and the poor woman's agony immediately became so terrific that instant death was apprehended. After two hours conversation, during which the Devil evinced the extent of his knowledge by twice informing the Dervise what was the substance which he had concealed in his clenched hand; and also avowed his belief in one God the Creator of all things; it agreed to a compromise, and on condition of being relieved from the fiery torment, it promised faithfully to quit the woman and to go out into the forests. During several months afterwards the freed energumen enjoyed health and tranquillity. But on the reappearance of some former symptoms the aid of the Dervise was again required; and then by destroying the "Evil Soul," he gave his patient permanent ease. It is but just to Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali to state that although convinced of the sincerity of the friend from whose lips she received this choice bit of autobiography, she plainly believes him to have laboured under delusion.

But it is high time to direct ourselves to Captain Mundy, with whom we shall commence in his first Tiger-hunt in the Dooab. The party consisted of ten sportsmen, each mounted on an Elephant, and twenty pad Elephants besides, to carry the guides and the game. On rousing the first tiger, every elephant but that of Lord Combermere turned about and made off expeditiously; the beast, however, was killed, and so, not long afterwards, was a second; a third sprang on the upper part of the tail of one of the elephants and clung to it with its teeth, within six inches of the unhappy Coolie, who stood behind the howdah; and it was not shot till the elephant had been so much injured that it died within ten days from the effect of its wounds.

The second essay in this agreeable pastime was attended with far more danger than the first, and the double fences and swollen brooks of Leicestershire sink into insignificance before the perils of the Jungle.

"On clearing the wood, we entered an

open space of marshy grass, not three feet high; a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was sitting, singing, under a bush—when, just as the former began to move before us, up sprang the very tiger to whom our visit was intended, and cantered off across a bare plain, dotted with small patches of bush-jungle. He took to the open country in a style which would have more become a fox than a tiger, who is expected by his pursuers to fight, and not to run; and, as he was flushed on the flank of the line, only one bullet was fired at him ere he cleared the thick grass. He was unhurt, and we pursued him at full speed. Twice he threw us out by stopping short in small strips of jungle, and then heading back after we had passed; and he had given us a very fast burst of about two miles, when Colonel Arnold, who led the field, at last reached him by a capital shot, his elephant being in full career. As soon as he felt himself wounded, the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and crouched. The two leading sportsmen overran the spot where he lay, and as I came up I saw him through an aperture rising to attempt a charge. My mahout had just before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his ankoos,* which I had refused to allow him to recover; and the elephant being notoriously savage, and further irritated by the goading he had undergone, became, consequently, unmanageable:—he appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot, when he suddenly rushed with the greatest fury into the thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his tusks to the ground. Such was the violence of the shock, that my servant, who sat behind in the kawas,† was thrown out, and one of my guns went overboard. The struggles of the elephant to crush his still resisting foe, who had fixed one paw on his eye, were so energetic, that I was obliged to hold on with all my strength, to keep myself in the howdah. The second barrel, too, of the gun, which I still retained in my hand, went off in the scuffle, the ball passing close to the mahout's ear, whose situation, poor fellow, was any thing but enviable. As soon as my elephant was prevailed upon to leave the killing part of the business to the sportsmen, they gave the roughly-used tiger the coup-de-grace. It was a very fine female, with the most beautiful skin I ever saw."—vol. i. pp. 160—163.

Nor was the sportsman's repose less hazardous than his situation in the field. On the night after these exploits he was awakened by the attack of a black robber in his tent, who escaped pursuit with no other

* Iron goad to drive the elephant.

† Hind-seat in the howdah.

booty than a razor, a pot of pomatum, and a pair of brass candlesticks.

A few days afterwards a brother officer was brought home, having marvellously escaped from the very jaws of a tiger. He was shooting in a jungle, the reputation of which would be deemed evil or good, according to the taste of its frequenters, for it abounded in wild beasts; and he had just fired both barrels at a deer, when a tiger sprung from a thicket and knocked him down. Fortunately, the animal, instead of seizing the sportsman's head, caught in his mouth the gun which he was carrying on his shoulder; and finding the morsel somewhat tough, he relinquished it and bounded on. The officer was much torn on the shoulders and breast, one cheek was pierced through, he found the fragment of a shivered tiger-tooth in his waistcoat pocket, and the barrel of his gun was distinctly marked by the whole range of tusks which had embraced it. Nevertheless, Captain Mundy, unappalled, was once more in the field a few days afterwards. A cub and its mother soon filled his bag, and a second cub was obliged to be knocked on the head after one of the party had failed to take it alive, by dismounting from his elephant and receiving the little Fury's charge with no other weapon than his mountain-dagger.

Captain Mundy's tour in the Surmour mountains will be read with great interest; the difficulties which he encountered, and the good humour with which he overcame them, are related with much spirit and vivacity. But we prefer offering our readers one or two specimens of living manners. The first shall be Anglo-Indian, the second, native. One of the most distinguished corps of irregular cavalry in Hindústan is commanded by Colonel Skinner, who served with high reputation under Lords Lake and Hastings, and was enrolled K. C. B. for his conduct at the siege of Bhurtpore. He is described as an amiable man and a gallant soldier, who has seen forty years of very chequered adventures; and who, in his youth, was partizan of more than one native Power.

"In this Cossack-like life he was joined by a near relation—since dead—who was as valiant a warrior as himself; but he was a man of wild and ungoverned passions, and the last scene of his life was Othello exaggerated! Having suspected his wife, a native lady, of infidelity to his bed, he surrendered himself to the bloody suggestions of the green-eyed monster; murdered her and her two female attendants, and concluded the tragedy by blowing out his own brains. His passion for the sex, and extravagance in expense knew no bounds; of which addictions the following anecdote, related to me this day, affords no bad instance.

"Being present at a grand entertainment given by some native prince at Delhi, he became desperately épris of a young and beautiful nautch-girl, a slave of the prince's wife; and at the close of the fete he seized her by force, and carried her off to Hansi. Being pursued by some troops from Delhi, he shut himself in his house, which was soon surrounded by a force that rendered resistance hopeless; when, rather than yield up his charmer, he offered to purchase her for her weight in silver. The bargain was struck, the scales produced, and the maiden being weighed against rupees, the ravisher retained his prize."—vol. i. pp. 341—343.

The Begum Sumroo, of whom we shall next speak, if her lot had been cast in Russia, might have rivalled the Empress Catherine.

"The history of her life, if properly known, would (according to Colonel Skinner, and others who have had opportunities of hearing of, and witnessing her exploits) form a series of scenes, such as, perhaps, no other female could have gone through.

"The above mentioned officer has often, during his service with the Mahrattas, seen her, then a beautiful young woman, leading on her troops to the attack in person, and displaying, in the midst of carnage, the greatest intrepidity and presence of mind. The Begum has been twice married, and both her husbands were Europeans. Her appellation of 'Sumroo' is a corruption of the French word *Sombre*, the nom de guerre of her first lord, Remaud, who *bought* her when a young and handsome dancing-girl; married, and converted her to the Roman Catholic religion. Her second husband—named *Le Vassu*—was an independent, roving adventurer, a sort of land pirate; became powerful in his own right, if right it can be called, and possessed a considerable army. It is of this man that the following anecdote is related, which is 'wondrous strange—if it be true;' it was the closing scene of his life, and the first in which our heroine played any very distinguished part. I have said that her husband had become possessed of wealth, power, and a numerous army; of these his ambitious wife coveted the undivided possession, and she thus accomplished her purpose.

"A mutinous disposition, on the subject of pay, having manifested itself among *Le Vassu's* body guard, the Begum, then about twenty-five, exaggerated the danger to her husband, and got intelligence conveyed to him that the rebels had formed a plan to seize and confine him, and to dishonour his wife. They, consequently, arranged to escape together from the fury of the soldiery; and at night started secretly from their palace in palankeens, with only a few devoted guards and attendants. The whole of the following scene was projected by the

ambitious and bloody-minded lady. Towards morning the attendants, in great alarm, announced that they were pursued; and our heroine, in well feigned despair, vowed that, if their escort was overcome and the palankeens stopped, she would stab herself to the heart. The devoted husband, as she expected, swore he would not survive her. Soon after, the pretended rebels came up, and, after a short skirmish, drove back the attendants, and forced the bearers to put down the palankeens. At this instant La Vassu heard a scream, and his wife's female slave rushed up to him, bearing a shawl drenched in blood, and exclaiming that her mistress had stabbed herself to death. The husband, true to his vow, instantly seized a pistol, and blew out his own brains. No sooner did the wily lady hear the welcome report, than she started from her palankeen, and, for the first time exposing herself to the gaze of men, claimed homage from the soldiery. This her beauty, and promises of speedy payment of arrears, soon obtained for her; and she assumed, in due form, the reins of government.

"Well knowing, however, that so considerable a state as her's could not exist long in those troublesome times without some formidable ally, she prudently threw herself under the protection of the Company, who confirmed her in the possession, with the condition that it should revert to the English government after her death. The old lady seems disposed to make the most of her life-lease. Her revenue is, I believe, one hundred thousand pounds sterling, and she has amassed considerable treasures. I never heard how her other husband was disposed of, but we will, in charity, suppose that he died a natural death. His tomb is at Agra.

"During her long life, many acts of inhuman cruelty towards her dependants have transpired; one of which is thus narrated:—The Begum, having discovered a slave-girl in an intrigue, condemned her to be buried alive. This cruel sentence was carried into execution; and the fate of the beautiful victim having excited strong feelings of compassion, the old tigress, to preclude all chance of a rescue, ordered her carpet to be spread over the vault, and smoked her houpah, and slept on the spot; thus making assurance doubly sure."—vol. i. pp. 370—374.

Captain Mundy pointedly affirms, respecting the Cholera, that "he never heard even so much as the possibility of its contagion canvassed." Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali expresses herself to the same purpose, but more intelligibly, when, in speaking of the close attendance paid to the sick, and the rigid observance of the ordinary duties to the dead, which the Mussulmauns never omit in these cases, she says, "no fears

were ever entertained, nor did I ever hear an opinion expressed among them, that it had been or could be conveyed from one person to another." Abstemiousness is the great Mussulmaun remedy; and as Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali administered with success a medicine, the character of which may be readily understood when we name brandy, oil of peppermint, and black pepper, to be the principal ingredients. Native children generally escaped the attack, and she never heard an instance of an infant being in the slightest degree visited by the malady. Saffron to the amount of twelve grains, moistened with rose-water (a very favourite vehicle) is used with great benefit for the relief of the sickness which accompanies this melancholy disease.

We cannot part from Captain Mundy without expressing the pleasure which we have derived from one minor characteristic of his pages, the keen remembrance of early associations with which they are imbued. The graceful figure of a Hindú girl bearing her water-vessel on her head, reminds him that she has not the rosy cheeks and elbows of his native Derbyshire milkmaids.* When the divers in the Bowlee at Delhi, plunged from their fearful height into the cold water of the tank below, the scenes present to Captain Mundy's imagination were *Lin's Leap*, *Bargeman's Bridge*, and *Deadman's Hole*, which (*si parva licet*) he had often, in like manner, dared at Eton. For the measurement of a small eminence, he refers to the barrow on Salt-hill; and in order to estimate a given space covered by public buildings at Mohim, he calls up to memory that which is overspread by the "sacred spires and antique towers" founded by the VIth Henry. These are instances of genuine kindness and good feeling; and, we may add, that in spite of a little occasional exuberance, Captain Mundy's overflowing animal spirits never in a single passage betray him into a violation of strict decorum. The pages of Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali herself are more grave, but pure as they are, they are not more pure than those of the young and rattling Aid-de-Camp.

From the British Critic.

SKETCHES FROM VENETIAN HISTORY.

This work does not profess to be a full and regular History of Venice, but, as its name implies, to consist only of Sketches

* On a reference to the passage itself we find we have been too picturesque. The images of the Derbyshire milkmaids were called up by seeing the tents of the British resident's cows at Lucknow rudely handled by the dervishes, "mustachioed and half naked natives."

of the most prominent and picturesque features that mark her annals. The different transactions, however, are so skilfully connected, that the reader goes on without being sensible of any *hiatus* in the story; and in the mean time those parts of the history which are chosen for the narrative, are related with so much fulness and particularity, that we seem to be reading the work rather of some contemporary chronicler, than of a professed systematic historian.

Now we do not wish to see all history written in this way: for it would not always be safe to trust either to the taste or the discretion of the historian for what was to be related and fully described, and what was to be slightly passed over or omitted. But the taste and discretion of the historian being supposed, this plan has many recommendations on the score of pleasure and amusement, at least, if not on that of more solid instruction. Some persons read history with one object in view and some with another. If the reader's object is to learn the causes of events, or to penetrate the abstract principles of human society, or to watch the effect of different laws on the wealth and happiness of communities, the dullest tracts of history, and those least marked by the influence of individual character or extraordinary achievement, will be found most to abound in instruction. But this is not commonly the object for which people in general take up history. The mass of readers and purchasers of books seek from them no other advantage than amusement for their leisure, or refreshment from the fatigue of business:—knowing at the same time that the pleasure derived from books, if they be tolerably chosen, is not a pleasure which ceases with the mere momentary enjoyment they afford, nor a pleasure wholly devoid of more important improvement. To the general reader, then, we think that the plan adopted by our author in these Venetian Sketches has many recommendations. So far as the advantage of the reader himself is concerned, there is no benefit he can receive from history, or indeed from books of any kind, so great as that he may derive from being made to sympathize with the feelings of the historian, (if he be such a person as an historian should be,) while describing those great transactions of past times, in which the passions of mankind, their good and bad qualities, are especially called forth; but, at all events, there can be no question, that a plan which professes only to relate such transactions at full length, and to pass over rapidly those times and actions which are not distinguished by any peculiar features, is a plan which promises more delight and pleasure, in a short compass, than could be afforded upon the ordinary plan of writing history. However, be this method good or

bad, it is the method which has been adopted in the work before us; and we run no risk in saying that, whatever advantages it possesses, the author has very successfully availed himself of them. His object plainly has been to do exactly what the name of his book implies, and which is so often accomplished by painters. It is not an abridgment of Venetian history (though his work has been brought within the compass of an abridgment) that we have before us; the author has transferred to history that which is the principle on which a good picture is composed, when all the inferior agents and circumstances are hinted at in the back ground, and only the principal action, and the two or three leading personages, put prominently forward and distinctly portrayed. It is an experiment perfectly new in the extent to which it is here tried; and the success of it, in our author's hands at least, has been so great, that we hope he will be induced to persevere in the attractive path which he has chalked out for himself with so much taste and skill.

Having made these general remarks upon the author, and his method of composition, we now come to the task which remains to us—of conveying to our reader some knowledge of the work itself.

Considering the important place which the Venetian state has occupied in the history of modern Europe, and the frequent allusions made to her city and people in poetry and romance, it is somewhat surprising that the work before us should be the only work in our language, which we are acquainted with, that pretends to be a history of this remarkable republic. The works of Paruka, Torcarini, Sanuti, and Contarini, have been “done into English;” but the translations are very old, and there are few readers of the present day who have probably met with them: both the translations themselves, and the names of the translators, have been forgotten, though one of them was a name of no less importance than that of an Earl of Monmouth. No nation of modern Europe, however, has been more rich in native historians, or affords a greater variety of original documents from which an authentic history may be formed. To say nothing of the abundant store of materials to be found in the collections of Muratori—most of them contemporary documents, and many of them the productions of persons who were eye-witnesses, and often sharers in the events they relate—the conquest of Venice by the French has put the public in possession of information upon many points which were before very imperfectly known, by opening an access to sources of knowledge, rich in materials, but which had up to that time been scrupulously guarded from the public eye. It is from these sources that Daro, in his valuable

history, has drawn so largely, to whose work and Sismondi's the author of these *Sketches* professes to be largely indebted. But though indebted to these writers for many facts not to be found in Venetian authors, yet still it is from these last that the thread of the narrative is drawn. The documents that have been brought to light from the archives of the ancient Venetian government, relate more to the motives of its rulers, and to the maxims and principles by which they were guided, than to the events themselves with which history is concerned. And it is the peculiar and characteristic merit of these "*Sketches*," that the writer always endeavours to place his reader in a situation to see and hear what was thought and felt by those who lived at the time, and who witnessed the facts which he describes. Many of the transactions are given in the very words of contemporary writers; and the reflections, commonly those of the persons who were present at the busy scenes which the historian endeavours to sketch. The effect of this is, that a conviction of truth is created in the mind of the reader beyond that which is produced by almost any history we are acquainted with; and at the same time a dramatic effect is given to the narrative as vivid and delightful as any that could be derived from the most skilful fiction. It is difficult to verify or exemplify the character which we are giving of the style of narrative adopted in these volumes, by a selection of extracts. The very merit of the style, and the effect we are speaking of, is produced by the minuteness and completeness of the description—by putting the scenes and actors before the reader:—all that was done and said, or believed to have been done and said at the time, so far as there is the authority of contemporary documents for supposing. Now although this is an admirable method for giving the reader a real and lively conception of the manners and opinions of the time, yet it supposes any quality rather than brevity; but if the reader wishes to understand and appreciate the characteristic merit of these admirable historical sketches, let him turn to the account which is given of the siege of Constantinople by the Crusaders, at the third chapter of the first volume.

We take this passage in preference to many others, because there is in Gibbon a description of the same event, which has been considered, and very justly, to possess extraordinary merit. If the reader will first read that description, and then turn to the same transaction related by our author, he will then better appreciate the skill and peculiar merit of the last.

After describing the election of Dandolo, a blind old man of eighty, to be Doge, the author proceeds to relate the embassy which was sent by the Crusaders of France, with

Geoffrey de Villehardouin, the Marshal of Champagne, at their head, to obtain the assistance of Venice towards this sacred attempt for the recovery of the Holy Land:

"The letters of credence with which the envoys had been intrusted required the doge and senate of Venice to place as entire confidence in these representatives, as in the barons themselves by whom they were deputed. Dandolo accordingly received them with distinguished honour, and acknowledging that, with the exception of crowned kings, the princes who had sent them were the most powerful in Christendom, he demanded their object. They answered by requesting an assembly of the council before which it might be declared; and, in an audience granted four days afterwards, they thus expressed themselves: 'Sir, we are come to thee from the most potent barons of France, who have put on the sign of the cross to avenge the wrongs of Jesus Christ, and to recover Jerusalem, if such be the will of God; and, because they know that no nation has the power of you and your people, they implore you, in God's name, to look with pity upon the Holy Land, and, by supplying them with ships and means for their passage thither, to join with them in avenging the shame of our Redeemer.' 'On what conditions?' demanded the doge. 'On any conditions,' replied the envoys, 'which you may think proper to impose, provided they are within our power.' 'Certes,' said the doge, 'the request is no slight one, and the enterprise itself is of vast magnitude; we will return you an answer in eight days; and wonder not that we ask so long a time, for a thing of this importance needs much deliberation.'

"At the expiration of the time appointed, the doge announced the conditions on which he would assent to the proposal: prefacing this declaration with a statement which proves that it was not yet considered safe to neglect the body of the people, in the decision of important questions of state. Provided he could obtain the concurrence of the great council and of the commons of the city, he agreed to furnish palanders for the transport of four thousand five hundred horses, and nine thousand esquires; ships for four thousand five hundred knights and twenty thousand serjeants on foot. Nine month's provisions were to be supplied to this armament, at the rate of four marks for every horse, two for every man. The engagements were to continue in force for one whole year, from the day of departure from the port of Venice, into whatever realms the service of God and Christendom might lead them; and the sum demanded for this assistance was eighty-five thousand marks. As an allurement to the completion of the bargain, Dandolo promised to equip, in addition, fifty galleys for the love of God, and

free of expense, but with this important reservation, that so long as the alliance continued, all conquests made by sea or land should be divided equally between the contracting parties.

"The ambassadors demanded a single night for the consideration of this truly mercantile offer; and on the morrow they assented to it. The proposition was then submitted to the different bodies whose consent was deemed necessary. In the end, the general assembly was convoked; and, in the presence of more than ten thousand citizens, the Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated in the cathedral of St. Mark, where God was implored to inspire them to do his pleasure in respect of the demands of the ambassadors. When the mass was over, the doge sent to the ambassadors, desiring that they would humbly move the people to the conclusion of the treaty. The ambassadors accordingly repaired to the church, and were eagerly regarded by those who had not yet beheld them; while Villehardouin spoke by consent for the rest, and said—'Signiors, the most high and powerful barons of France have sent us to Venice to implore you to look with pity on the Holy City which is in bondage to the Infidels, and for God's sake to join with them in avenging the wrongs of Jesus Christ. They turn to you because they know none others so powerful on the seas, and they have enjoined us to kneel at your feet until you have granted their prayers, and have compassion upon the land over the sea.' The six ambassadors then fell upon their knees, with many tears, and the doge and the people waved their hands and cried aloud with one voice, 'We consent, we consent.' The acclamations and tumult were so great that it seemed the earth shook; and when that great heart-moving cry, which exceeded all human experience, had subsided, the doge mounted the pulpit and spoke to the people as follows: 'Behold, signiors, the honour which the Lord has shown you, in disposing the bravest warriors upon earth to seek your alliance, in preference to that of all other nations, in so high an enterprise as the rescue of the tomb of our Lord.'—vol. i. pp. 86—89.

We shall pass over the intermediate events,—the capture of Zara, the dispute and affray among the Crusaders, the schism created among the leaders by the opposition of the pope to the enterprise against Zara, as well as to that against Constantinople, and pass on to the embarkation at Corfu, when the whole fleet set sail from the Adriatic to the Dardanelles:—

"This compact having been ratified and sworn to, they re-embarked, and quitted Corfu on the eve of Pentecost. The martial spirit of Villehardouin is kindled afresh upon the renewal of activity. 'The day,'

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he says, 'was bright and cheerful, and the winds were soft and favourable, as they spread their sails before them. And I, Geoffrey, the Marshal of Champagne, who have dictated this recital, having been present at the matters therein related, and conscious that it contains nothing but truth, bear witness that so glorious a sight had never been beheld before. Far as our view could extend, the sea was covered with the sails of ship and galley; our hearts were lifted up with joy, and we thought our armament might undertake the conquest of the whole world.' Nor was this the impression of such only as held command. While doubling the promontory of Malea, they fell in with two vessels filled with knights, pilgrims, and serjeants returning from the Holy Land. They were some of those who had departed from their agreement of meeting at Venice, and were now ashamed to declare themselves. The Count of Flanders sent his barge to inquire their destination and quality; and, as it approached the vessels, a serjeant, struck by the gallant bearing of the fleet before him, leaped on board, and cried out to his less enthusiastic comrades, 'Give me my baggage, for I shall join these people who appear certain of subduing the land!'

"Negropont, Andros, and Abydos received them as peaceably as Durazzo; and the Byzantine court, lost in sloth and luxury, either disbelieved or disregarded the news of their approach. No secrecy had been affected: both the measures taken by the exiled prince, and the consequent design of the Crusaders, had been long openly avowed; and it ought to have been easy for Greece, formed by nature a maritime power, and at that time sharing with Venice the dominion of the seas, to have made some great effort before her capital was besieged. It has been said that, but a few years before this invasion, the dock-yards of Constantinople could furnish one thousand six hundred vessels of war. Admitting the number to be exaggerated, the very exaggeration testifies the greatness of her naval resources. But the emperor, devoted to ease and sensuality, had entrusted his arsenals to a brother-in-law, by whose base cupidity the state was crippled. Stores, arms, equipments—the very hulks themselves—had been broken up and sold to swell the private wealth of Michael Stryphnus; and, when the rumour of impending danger prompted him to restore the navy which he had destroyed, he was forbidden to lift an axe in the forests, reserved, as he was informed by their guardian eunuchs, not for the lowly provision of ship-timber, but for the more exalted pleasures of the imperial chase.

"The huge and heavy-laden armament of the Crusaders proceeded through the intricate. No. 129.—2 D

cate navigation of the Archipelago, and threaded the narrow strait of the Dardanelles, without hindrance or interruption. As the sea of Marmora widened before them, its bosom, covered with sails, presented a sight of incomparable beauty; till, three leagues short of Constantinople, they neared the land, and obtained their first view of that great and gorgeous metropolis. Their feelings cannot be doubted; nor can they be better expressed than in the words of that eye-witness who so deeply shared them. 'When they contemplated the lofty walls and goodly towers that enclosed it around, the gay palaces and glittering churches that seemed innumerable, the immense dimensions of the city denoting it was the Queen of the Earth, they could hardly believe their senses; nor was there any man, however bold, whose heart did not tremble within him. This was no marvel; for never since the creation of the world had such an enterprise been attempted by such a handful of men.'

"The prudence of Dandolo saved them from destruction in the outset. The barons landed, and held a council in the Minster of St. Stephen's, a pleasant village, still known to us by its former name, and now chiefly distinguished by its immense powder magazines. It can be no matter of surprise that some impatience was expressed for an immediate general disembarkation; but, in opposition to this wish, the doge advanced his own former knowledge and experience of the country. The continent, he said, was of vast extent and thickly peopled, and the soldiers, being in want of provisions, would scatter themselves over it, in foraging parties, and be cut off in detail. Far better would it be to make for the islands in sight, and, having there refreshed themselves, to proceed at once to the attack of the city. This advice prevailed. They passed the night at anchor, and on the morrow, the Feast of St. John the Baptist, having displayed their banners and standards on the turrets, and fenced the sides of their vessels with a *pavissade* of shields close locked together, each man cast a glance upon his arms, well knowing that the time was at hand when he would need their assistance. As they set sail, the wind bore them within a bow-shot of Constantinople, and some of the ships were assailed with missiles from the throngs which clustered on its walls and towers. It is probable, although Villehardouin is far from confessing it, that a slight confusion ensued, for he admits that they abandoned their design on the islands as completely as if it had never been proposed; and, without loss of time, crossed over to the Asiatic shore, and anchored off Chalcedon, where one of the fairest palaces of the emperor received the generals, and the troops were disembarked and encamped.

On the following morning, the fleet sailed onward to Scutari, immediately opposite to Constantinople, and was followed thither by the army. The Greeks, on the European shore, made a corresponding movement, and encamped on the outskirts of Pera."—vol. i. pp. 109—113.

The history then goes on to relate the incidents that took place during the nine days passed at Scutari, and passes to the landing of the Crusaders at Galata, and the investment of Constantinople itself:

"On the tenth morning (July 6) after their arrival, it was resolved to attempt the passage of the Bosphorus; and the part selected was not far below the spot ennobled by the bridge of Darius. Before they addressed themselves to this dangerous enterprise, for such, previously to the event, it might justly be considered, mass was celebrated in the presence of the whole army. The bishops and clergy exhorted their people, instructing them that in this extremity, in which none could foresee what might be God's pleasure concerning him, it was the duty of every one to confess his sins and dispose of his worldly possessions. This counsel was received with fervent zeal and devotion. At length, the appointed moment having arrived, the vanguard embarked under the command of Count Baldwin, who was followed by more good lances, archers, and cross-bowmen than any other lord of the army. Four other divisions succeeded, respectively led by Henry, brother of the Count of Flanders, the Counts of St. Paul and Blois, and Matthew of Montmorency. In the last were enrolled Villehardouin himself and the flower of the Gallic chivalry. The largest band, Lombards, Tuscans, Germans, and Piedmontese, composed the rear, which was intrusted to the Marquis of Montferrat. The mass of soldiery crowded the heavy vessels under the guidance and protection of the galleys; and the knights, armed from head to foot, with their horses ready housed and saddled, entered the palanders. As the day advanced, the sun shone brightly, and displayed Alexius with his countless hosts awaiting the onset on the opposite shore. The trumpets sounded, and the galleys moved forward, each towing a heavier transport; none asked who was to be foremost, but every man pushed on with all his might to land. As they neared the western bank, the knights started up from the palanders, and, armed as they were, helm-laced, and lance in hand, leaped baldrick-deep into the sea. Nor were the archers, sergeants, and arbeliestriers less eager than their lords, each company forming on the spot where their vessels touched the ground; and the Greeks, after a faint show of resistance, fled before the lances crossed each other. As soon as the shore was cleared, the ports were opened, the bridges let down

from the palanders, and, the horses having disembarked, the knights mounted, and the six divisions formed according to preconcerted order. The van, under Count Baldwin, advanced to the camp from which Alexius had beheld their landing; it was already abandoned, and afforded a rich booty to the conquerors. For the night, they took post near the tower of Galata, in a quarter named Stenon, which was at that time, as it is now under its modern denomination *Hassa Kai*, allotted to the Jews. At dawn of the following day, they repulsed a sortie from the tower, and, gaining possession of its gate before the fugitives were able to close it, they stormed the castle with great slaughter, and established themselves within its walls. The possession of this fortress materially assisted the operations against the harbour, the mouth of which it commanded. A favourable breeze sprang up, and the Venetian galleys, setting all sail, bore down upon the huge chain, without molestation from the shore. For a while it resisted the shock, and the mariners endeavoured, but in vain, to sever its massive links with gigantic shears constructed for the purpose. At length, one vessel more fortunate than its mates, and realizing the good omen of its name, the *Eagle*, (*Faquila*), succeeded in breaking through the boom. The whole navy triumphantly followed, and the total destruction of the little squadron opposed to it ensued. Some of the vessels were instantly captured, some ran under the city walls and were sunk, after having been abandoned by their crews, many of whom clung to the fragments of the broken chain, still suspended from its palisades, and gained the land by swarming along them as on a rope."

"After four day's rest, the fleet moved up the harbour, and the land forces advanced at the same time along the shore, in order to round the head of the gulf, and take post under the walls. A march of about seven miles brought them to the extremity of the Golden Horn, where the little rivers Barbysis and Cydaris, uniting their beds, discharge themselves, by a single channel, into a small bay; which, from the purity of its waters and its abundant produce of fish, is known to modern ears as *Les Eaux douces*; a far more picturesque title than that given it by the Turks, *Kiat-hanè*, or by the present Greeks, *Kartaricos*, both of which names refer only to the paper-mills now deforming the beauty of the scene. The passage of these streams might have been easily defended; but the Greeks had been contented to break down the stone bridge which traversed them, and to retire within their walls. A day and a night completed its reparation, and though the besieged, at the lowest estimate, outnumbered the besiegers in the proportion of twenty to one,

they looked on without venturing to oppose. The six divisions passed the river in succession, and sat down before the city. Too few for a regular investment, it was but a single gate (probably that which is now known as *Egri Kapoussi*) against which they were able to direct their efforts. The position chosen for their camp was at the northwestern angle, between the Palace of Blachernæ and the Castle of Boemond, and here they were laboriously employed in bringing up their artillery, constructing their works, and planting their scorpions, catapults, mangonels, and perrieres. Few moments could be snatched for repose, for they were harassed by perpetual sallies, and they could not eat, nor rest, nor sleep, except in arms. The attacks were renewed six or seven times each day; and many of them, headed by Theodore Lascaris, a son-in-law of the emperor, who was destined to great subsequent distinction, occasioned severe loss. Often, however, did they chase back the Greeks under their very walls, till they were themselves forced to retreat from the volleys of stones hurled upon them by the garrison. The more effectually to secure their camp, they fortified it with stout barriers and palisades. But an enemy, carrying greater terror than the swords of the Greeks, threatened to commence its inroads, and their situation increased in peril every hour. They dared not forage beyond four bow-shots from their tents, and even then only in large parties. Their fresh provisions having been exhausted, they had recourse to their horses, and when these had been killed, and this resource failed also, a little meal and a little salted meat now constituted their whole store. Their supplies, even of this kind, at the commencement of this most extraordinary siege, had not been calculated for more than three weeks' consumption.

"Ten days out of that period had passed away; and their greatest hazard was exposure to farther delay. Their preparations were completed on the land side, and the Venetians were equally ready in the harbour; so that, on the morning of the 17th of July, four of the six divisions advanced from the camp, headed by the Count of Flanders and his brother, the Counts of Blois and of St. Paul, while the reserve of Champagners and Burgundians, under the Marquis of Montferrat and Matthew de Montmorency, kept guard over the camp. Much injury had already been suffered by the outer wall, against which the united force of not less than two hundred and fifty engines had been directed; and the ponderous stones which they were constructed to hurl had, in many instances, reached and destroyed parts of the splendid architecture within the city itself. Two ladders were successfully raised against a barbican, de-

fended chiefly by a band of Pisans whom hatred of Venice had attached to the emperor, and by a ruder and yet more formidable battalion, celebrated in Byzantine history as *Varangi*, and called by Villehardouin Danes and English. They were, probably, the descendants of Saxons or of Anglo-Danes, who had fled from England, nearly a century and a half before, to escape the tyranny consequent upon the Norman conquest, and who having tendered their services to the first Alexius, and given ample proofs of their strength and valour, were formed into an imperial body guard as early as the year 1081. Their weapon was a ponderous battle-axe, a more than equal match for even the double-handed sword of the Crusaders; yet, in spite of these barbarians, for such they were not unjustly considered, a gallant handful of fifteen warriors, all, except two of them, knights, gained the summit of the wall; but, before they could be supported, the defenders rallied and drove them back. Two, says Villehardouin, remained prisoners, and were carried before the emperor Alexius, to his singular gratification. He had not participated in the combat, but looked on from the summit of a lofty tower. Many other of the assailants were grievously hurt or wounded, and, the attack having entirely failed, the French retired to the camp, broken and dispirited.

"The Venetians had been far more successful. In their preparations they had displayed extraordinary skill, and exhausted every branch of military art then known. Their decks were crowded with warlike engines, and protected from the effects of fire by a thick covering of ox-hides; and, in order to gain the ramparts, they had framed rope-ladders, which could be let down, at will, from the extremities of the yard-arms, and which, from their great height, overtopped the city walls. These drawbridges, as they neared the shore, were lowered, and poured forth swarms of combatants upon the heads of the astonished garrison. But their triumph must be told in the dramatic words of Villehardouin. 'Their vessels, marshalled in a line which extended more than three bow-shots, began to approach the towers, and the wall which stretched along the shore. The mangonels were planted upon the decks, and the flights of arrows and quarrels were numberless, yet those within the city valiantly defended their posts. The ladders on the ships approached the walls so closely that in many places it became a combat of sword and lance, and the shouts were so great that they were enough to shake sea and earth; but the galleys, notwithstanding, could find no opportunity of reaching the land. Now you shall hear of the dauntless valour of the Duke of Venice; who, old and blind as he was, stood upon the prow of his galley,

with the standard of St. Mark spread before him, urging his people to push on to the shore on peril of his high displeasure. By wondrous exertions, they ran the galley ashore, and, leaping out, bore the banner of St. Mark before him on the land. When the Venetians saw the banner of St. Mark on the land, and that their duke's galley had been the first to touch the ground, they pushed on in shame and emulation; and the men of the palanders sprang to land, in rivalry with each other, and commenced a furious assault. And I, Geoffrey de Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne, the author of this work, affirm, that it was asserted by more than forty persons, that they beheld the banner of St. Mark planted upon one of the towers, and none could tell by what hand it was planted there; at which miraculous sight, the besieged fled and deserted the walls, while the invaders rushed in headlong, striving who should be foremost; seized upon twenty-five of the towers, and garrisoned them with their soldiers. And the Duke despatched a boat with the news of his success to the barons of the army, letting them know that he was in possession of twenty-five towers, and in no danger of being dislodged.'

"The invisible standard-bearer, who struck terror into the besieged and animated his comrades, was probably some gallant soldier, killed (like one of our own brave countrymen, under similar circumstances, on the ramparts of Seringapatam) in the very moment of his triumph. The Venetians, when once established, with characteristic prudence, secured their booty, and began to send the horses and palfreys which they had captured, in boats to the camp; and while they were thus employed a fresh body of Greeks returned to the charge. In order to maintain their ground, the Venetians set fire to the houses between themselves and the approaching enemy, against whom this terrible expedient proved an insurmountable barrier.

"To change their attack, and to press upon that portion of the besiegers which had been already repulsed, was the obvious policy of the Greeks; and Alexius, in spite of his unwarlike temperament, placed himself at the head of his myriads, and directed a sally from three gates at once, in the hope of overwhelming the camp. Each of the sixty battalions which the Greeks brought into the field outnumbered any of the six opposed to it; and the whole plain seemed alive with armed men, who advanced slowly and in good order. Had the Crusaders moved forward, they must have been surrounded and swept away; but forming before their palisades, which effectually guarded their rear, they placed their line so that its flanks also were protected. The crossbowmen and archers ranged in front, the horses

formed the second line, and, behind these, were drawn up the infantry. Two hundred knights, whose horses had been slaughtered, either for food or in battle, served that day on foot; and, thus arrayed, they awaited their enemies, already within bow-shot. At that fearful crisis, intelligence of the peril of his friends was conveyed to Dandolo, and the noble-minded veteran lost not a moment in abandoning the towers which he had so hardly won, and in hastening to share the fate of his brethren in arms. Declaring that he would live or die with the Pilgrims, and himself descending the first from the walls, he rushed to the camp, bearing with him every hand that could be spared from his fleet. Little, however, would this slender reinforcement have availed, if the courage of Alexius had equalled his overwhelming force. Whatever might have been his own loss (for there is no doubt that the Franks would have sold their lives most dearly,) the total destruction of his enemies must have been the result of repeated charges; and these were urged upon him by the ardour of Lascaris. Yet, for a long time, the opposed lines gazed on each other without a movement; the Greeks too timorous to advance, the Pilgrims too prudent to quit their barricades. At length, the emperor, despairing of success or apprehensive of disaster, gave the signal for retreat; and his steps were followed, slowly and cautiously, by the Latin knights, astonished at this unexpected good fortune. 'And indeed,' says the honest Villehardouin, 'God never delivered people from more imminent peril than that which this day threatened the Pilgrims, the boldest of whom rejoiced when it was passed.' Worn with toil and fatigue, they put off their armour; but their quarters were dreary and comfortless, they were straitened for provisions, and the danger which they had just escaped must again be confronted on the morrow. The Venetians, indeed, might console themselves with their glory. They had displayed the most eminent of all military virtues, courage, promptitude, fidelity; and, with a result which does not always accompany merit, they had not only deserved success, but they had also attained it.

"But, behold," exclaims the pious chronicler, 'the miracles of our Lord! who displays them according to his pleasure.' Strange rumours from the city broke the night-watches of the camp, and intelligence the most joyous and the most unlooked-for, was confirmed at dawn. Stragglers arrived, from time to time, all agreeing in the same story, that the usurper, terrified by the firmness of the besiegers, and, perhaps, also by the murmurs of his own citizens, had collected during the night, such portable treasure as he could secure, a vast sum in gold,

and the rich jewels of the crown; and, with his daughter Irene and a few followers whom he could trust, had hastily embarked and fled to *Debelto*, (*Zagora*), an obscure village in Bulgaria. The fear of general anarchy, so likely to be consequent upon this desertion of the throne, strongly impressed Constantine, the chief eunuch of the palace, to whom this shameful abandonment was earliest known. It was necessary to find some head of the state; and none appeared so fit, either to calm intestine discord or to conciliate the enemy under the walls, as the rightful but deposed prince. Isaac Angelus was awakened, at midnight, in his dungeon; and, in the messengers of his restoration to sovereignty, the sightless old man most probably anticipated, though falsely, the ministers of a bloody execution. After eight years' captivity, he was again invested with the imperial robes; led by the hand to the palace of Blachernæ, seated on his former throne, and deafened afresh with protestations of allegiance. The barons and the young Alexius were overjoyed at this wondrous intelligence; so wondrous as, at first, to exceed belief. The Greeks, proverbially, were little to be trusted, and caution was requisite in accepting their first report. The chiefs, therefore, awaited its confirmation in the camp and under arms, till at length, when an exchange of couriers had removed all doubt, they gave way to their intense feelings of delight. Thanks were devoutly rendered by all to Heaven; and never, says the brave and sincere Marshal of Champagne, was greater joy manifested since creation."—vol. i. pp. 118—130.

We have selected the above extract as a specimen of the style in which these sketches are executed, because it is a passage not connected with preceding and succeeding events, and forming, therefore, a complete picture by itself, rather than on account of any merit which it possesses above other portions of the volumes. The account of the wars between Genoa and Venice, as well as of those which the republic waged with Padua and Milan,—the history of the league of Cambray,—of the war of Chiozza, and of the siege and conquest of Candia by the Turks, are all of them passages of singular and pre-eminent merit. In like manner, the lively conception of individual characters which is conveyed into the reader's mind, without any formal portraiture, affords an equally striking proof of the author's peculiar historical talent. The account we have of Vecchio de Carrero, and his eventful life,—of Carlo Zeno,—of the Visconti,—of Francesco di Carmagnuole,—of Francesco Sporza, and many others, are all marked with the same masterly pencil,—displaying a grace and lightness of touch, which is the more de-

lightful because it is effected with so little labour or effort that we can fancy the author to be as unaware of his singular merit in this way, as the public in general seem to be, if we may judge from the attention which the book has excited. But the book is a golden book; as far above any of its competitors, in the list of works that have been published in the same form, as can well be expressed. The work will take its place, if we are not much mistaken, among the standard historical compositions of the language; and we hope, ere long, to see it printed in the form in which other standard works are commonly published.

From the Westminster Review.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.*

"Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration—"

Has been truly said by one of the greatest of those poets who *have* penned their inspiration, and whose thoughts and voices have gone into the uttermost parts of the earth. It may be truly said also, that many are poets whose inspiration, though it has been penned, has never assumed the form of 'numerous' verse. Indeed many of these have been endowed, whether such endowment be considered as a blessing or a curse, with a million times more of the poetical spirit than nine out of ten among those whose names figure in many a "corpus poetarum," or are snatched from the dark oblivion which is their meed and assuredly will at last be their inevitable doom, in any popular collection of "Lives of the Poets." How many such have lived and returned to dust,—have died and made no sign to mankind of the soaring god within them!—strong and fervent spirits, of whom the world was not worthy, full of burning thoughts that have never been revealed, but have gone down to the grave along with them, destined to sleep for ever in the deep dream of a poet's soul.

But in such spirits all those thoughts do not so sleep. On the contrary, though they come not revealed to the world of man, linked either to epic or lyric song, their rest is rather like that of the worm that dieth not.

While at times they assume the forms of angels of light, and point out to such men as the fervent and enthusiastic Vane, a reign of everlasting peace and justice, purity and happiness, even on earth; they "bite and gnaw" such a man as Bunyan, "like a burning worm,"—or, more vehement still, to use his own "words that burn,"—"thoughts like masterless hell-hounds, roar and bellow, and make an hideous noise within him." The rapture of such men's minds could find no parallel on earth; even as the gloom was bodied forth but in the hell of Dante and of Milton. Such men were not born to share the tame trite medium of duller and feebler spirits. They seemed now to be bathed in everlasting floods of celestial light,—and anon they walked in the valley of the shadow of death, and their souls seemed overwhelmed in the blackness of darkness for ever.

It was in vain for the spirits of such men to seek consolation and sympathy among the creatures of clay by which they were surrounded. Numa sought them in the communings of his own heart in Egeria's solitary grotto,—Mahomet and Cromwell in the dust of battle, and scorn for the race of mankind they cozened and swayed,—Vane in the theological hallucinations of his acute and extraordinary mind—and Bunyan, when he sought for them from his fellow-man by telling him he was afraid he committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, received such return as the imaginative and devil-haunted tinker of Elstow might have expected from his God-fearing but unimaginative friend. His comforter replied, "he thought so too." Bunyan, however, very sensibly consoled himself with the reflection "that this friend of his, though a good man, was a stranger to much combat with the devil."

In the age of Vane and Bunyan, the imaginings of all the fervent and imaginative minds took the religious colouring of the age. Vane's whole career was one unending strife, not only with the spiritual, but with what he considered the temporal enemy of mankind. Bunyan's struggles were confined to the spiritual. Their religious phantasy haunted them both to the last, and to both it turned out—although in its progress to Bunyan at least it had been a source of great mental agony—a firm hope, an enduring consolation. It cheered Bunyan in prison and in poverty; and it enabled Vane in prison and on the scaffold to display a composure and a dignity which have seldom been surpassed by man.

The phantoms of the brain that at times haunt strongly all imaginative men, would probably, had they lived in that age, have assumed the form of the juggling fiend, the tempting and ever watchful and malignant devil, whom Bunyan so often and so stoutly encountered with a spiritual, and to whom

* 1. The Pilgrim's Progress, with a Life of John Bunyan. By Robert Southey, Esq. L.L.D. Poet Laureate, &c. London: Murray. Major. 1836.

2. The Retired Man's Meditations, or the Mystic and Power of Godlines shining forth in the Living Word, to the unmasking the Mystic of Iniquity in the most Refined and Purest forms. In which Old Light is restored, and New Light Justified, Being the Witness which is given to this Age. By Henry Vane, Knight. 4to. 1655.

3. The Trial of Sir Henry Vane, Kt., at the King's Bench, Westminster. 8vo. 1652.

Harrison sometimes gave battle even with an earthly weapon. It requires little effort of the imagination to picture Samuel Johnson giving himself a breathing at the broadsword exercise, or exhibiting himself as a master of fence against the assaults of such an enemy; and less still to shadow him forth in some of the athletic attitudes of Bunyan, rigorously and manfully repulsing the suggestions of the tempter, his very body agitated by the strong workings of his mind, "pushing and thrusting with his hands or elbows," still answering as fast as the Destroyer said, "sell Him;" "I will not! I will not! I will not! no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds!" Byron even, though that is more difficult, may be supposed pacing his midnight chamber the prototype of the dark and dæmon-haunted Lara.

It has sometimes been made matter of wonder, that men in other respects so clear-headed, cool, and collected, as were Sir Henry Vane and Oliver Cromwell, should ever have given themselves up to such excesses of religious enthusiasm as they unquestionably sometimes did. The mass of the *esprits forts* as they have been called or have called themselves, by which is meant small wits, and one or two men like Hume, men who are slow to understand enthusiasm of any kind, in this instance are on political grounds still more disinclined to regard it with a favourable eye, and probably having themselves at some period of their lives been exercised with Presbyterian intolerance, have made the theological vagaries of those great men a never-ending subject of ridicule. Let them laugh that win,—and if they think they have "won," let them by all means continue their laugh. But the laugh of many small wits, and even one or two great ones, will never be able to put down a great and just cause. Some have attempted to explain the apparently paradoxical phenomenon above referred to, by saying that their very enthusiasm on some points made them cool on all others. Experience does not seem to justify this opinion. Men are not generally disposed to commit the management of their worldly affairs to violent religious enthusiasts, in short, to fanatics. But in reality this is an erroneous statement of the case. Those men were not fanatics. They were not more enthusiastic in religion than in everything else they undertook. They were at all times energetic agents, "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit." Who that has read of Vane, toiling from early morn till late night in parliamentary business, scarcely allowing himself time for needful rest and refreshment; or of Hampden and Cromwell labouring in committees over night and charging at the head of their regiments on the following day, can doubt this? They were urgent in business because they be-

lieved it right to be so; they were instant and fervent in prayer for the same reason. Their error lay in attempting to understand things that were not understandable. And this was not so much their error, as the error of their age. And mark how Milton avoided the error into which Vane fell; and to do so will illustrate our meaning. Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, has treated many of the same subjects which Vane has treated in his "*Retired Man's Meditations*." But Milton's work was a poem, and it proved one of the noblest works ever devised by man. Vane's was a theological tractate, and the same certainly cannot be predicated of it. Nevertheless, that it is not deserving of the censure that has been bestowed upon it, will be attempted to be shown presently. Milton would seem to have avoided in his prose writings the occasional darkness and extravagance of Vane and others, by having a vent for his more fanciful speculations in his verse. It may be remarked too, that Bunyan, after he began to employ his imagination in this, what perhaps for want of a better term may be called legitimate way, was no longer haunted by those airy phantoms that once nearly drove him into insanity; and, though he did occasionally receive a visit from his old enemy,—as, for example, when he replied to one of his hearers who complimented him on his "sweet sermon" which he had preached "with peculiar warmth and enlargement,"—"Yes, you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit,"—he no longer in his troubled visions beheld

"More devils than vast hell can hold."

Clarendon and others complained of a "peculiar darkness" in Vane's prayers. In the following passages taken from his prayer with his family and friends in his chamber on the morning of his execution there seems nothing peculiarly dark; on the contrary there are passages that might to some persons seem too clear.

"Thou art the great Judge and Law-giver; for the sake of thy Servants therefore, O Lord, return on high, and cause a righteous Sentence to come forth from thy presence, for the relief of thy despised People. . . . The day approaches in which thou wilt decide this Controversie, not by Might nor by Power, but by the Spirit of the living God. This Spirit will make its own way, and run through the whole Earth. Then shall it be said, Where is the fury of the oppressor? . . . Thy poor Servant knows not how he shall be carried forth by thee this day, but, blessed be thy great Name, that he hath whereof to speak in this great Cause. When I shall be gathered to thee this day, then come thou in the Ministry of thy holy Angels that excel in strength. We have seen enough of this World, and thou seest,

we have enough of it. Let these my Friends, that are round about me, commit me to the Lord, and let them be gathered into the Family of Abraham the Father of the Faithful, and become faithful Witnesses of those Principles and Truths that have been discovered to them, that it may be known, that a poor weak Prophet hath been amongst them, not by the words of his mouth onely, but by the voice of his Blood and Death, which will speak when he is gone. . . . My hour-glass is now turned up, the sand runs out apace, and it is my happiness that Death doth not surprise me. . . . Little do my enemies know (as eager as they are to have me gone) how soon their breaths may be drawn in.*

"Oh! what abjuring of Light, what Treachery, what meanness of spirit has appeared in this day! . . . Lord, strengthen the Faith and Heart of thy poor Servant, to undergo this dayes work with Joy and Gladness, and bear it on the Heart and Consciences of his Friends that have known and seen him, that they also may say, the Lord is in him of a truth.

"Oh that thy Servant could speak any blessing to these three Nations. Let thy Remnant be gathered to thee. Prosper and relieve that poor handful that are in Prisons and Bonds, that they may be raised up and trample Death under foot. Let my poor Family that is left desolate, let my dear Wife and Children be taken into thy Care, be thou a Husband, Father, and Master to them. Let the Spirits of those that love me be drawn out towards them."—*Trial of Sir Henry Vane, Kt. p 22, Brit Mus.*†

If Clarendon, Hume, or any other of the detractors of Sir Henry Vane, can produce a human composition in the nature of prayer, ancient or modern, that for sublimity, truth, simplicity, or pathos, can surpass the above, we will admit half of the calumnies they have propagated against this great injured man's memory to be not calumnies. Vane's was indeed a hard fate. "The character of the murdered was to be written for posterity. The murderer had the pen in his hand; and with the same infernal skill which had contrived the doom, he could blacken for a while the very memory of his victim."‡ In a late number of the Quarterly Review, the admirers and followers of Clarendon in the present day—those over

whom the experience of all history has passed in vain—have even improved upon the malignant calumnies of Clarendon. He seems to have been able to deliver to these men all his hatred and more than all his malice:—which is extraordinary; for if Clarendon had cause to hate the man who had foiled him in debate and overreached him in council, the same cause does not extend to them. Unless, indeed, it may be explained on the grounds that they extend to Vane the benefit and privileges of the hatred they bear to those who stand in the same relation to them in which he stood to Clarendon. The writer in question attempts to establish a parallel between the age of Vane and the present, in which there is about as much exactness as in the "comparisons" of the valiant Welshman, between Macedon and Monmouth.

Bunyan was committed to prison for presuming to think, in opposition to His Worship the magistrate, that he had received the gift of preaching as well as of tinkering. The churchmen of that day, no doubt, and of the age preceding, during Laud's reign, thought it foul scorn that tradesmen, much more tinkers, should take upon them the calling of divines. This was well answered in the following passage of May. "To this were added those daily reports of ridiculous Conventicles, and preachings made by Tradesmen, and illiterate people of the lowest ranke, to the scandal and offence of many: Which some in a merry way would put off, considering the precedent times, that these Tradesmen did but take up that which Prelates and the great Doctors had let fall, preaching the Gospel; That it was but a reciprocall invasion of each others calling, that Chandlers, Salters, Weavers, and such like preached, when the Archbishop himselfe, instead of preaching, was daily busied in Projects about Leather, Salt, Sope, and such commodities as belonged to those Tradesmen." [*May's History of the Parliament*, p. 114.] There is every reason to believe, that had it been required of him, Bunyan would have died the death of "heroic martyrdom." He says, "Wherefore, thought I, the point being thus, I am for going on, and venturing my eternal state with Christ, whether I have comfort here or no. If God doth not come in, thought I, I will leap off the ladder even blindfold into eternity; sink or swim,—come Heaven, come hell;—Lord Jesus, if Thou wilt catch me, do:—if not, I will venture for thy name!" Mr. Southey attempts to draw a distinction between his situation and that of those martyrs whose example he was prepared to follow. The distinction is much the same as that drawn by Laud and his biographer Heylin; and the answer is the same in both cases. If it was ridiculous in the dissenters to decline

* This was on the 14th of June, 1662. On the 10th of July, 1663, articles of high treason were exhibited in the House of Lords against his murderer, Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England.—*State Trials*, vol. ii. fol. 353. fol. edit.

† "This publication contains besides, several of Sir Henry's notes, speeches, and thoughts on various subjects, which are not, as far as we know, to be met with elsewhere; and which, since the above work is very scarce, it is desirable should be republished."

‡ Westminster Review, No. XVI. p. 349.

such observances as the church prescribed, it was surely not less ridiculous in the church to insist upon compliance with them. In our own day, we have seen poor men taken into custody for meeting to learn the broadsword exercise. But it seems stranger and harder still, to imprison men for assembling to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences. If the former act might by possibility be construed into an offence against the community, the latter hardly could. The question of idolatry and the stake is not a question of degree. Men, especially such enthusiasts as Bunyan, would just as soon resist unto the death for a very small as for a great matter. And with reason; for if they are obliged to comply in the small, what security have they that they shall not likewise be obliged in the great?

The imprisoning and retaining as a prisoner for twelve years this poor man for acting according to the dictates of his conscience, was an act worthy of the dynasty of harlots which then governed England. What a contrast between the wasteful and luxurious court of Charles, and the condition in which the poor tinker of Elstow left his deserted family!

"I found myself," he says "a man encompassed with infirmities. The parting with my wife and poor children, hath often been to me in this place, as the pulling the flesh from the bones; and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries and wants that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them; especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all besides. Oh, the thoughts of the hardships I thought my poor blind one might go under would break my heart to pieces!—Poor child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten; must beg; suffer hunger, cold, nakedness and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee! But yet, recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God though it goeth to the quick to leave you! Oh, I saw in this condition I was as a man who was pulling down his house upon the heads of his wife and children: yet, thought I, I must do it, I must do it!"—*Life by Southey*, p. lxx.*

What a contrast between this really conscientious man and some of the time-serving prelates of that day. The man who delivered the following passage in a sermon preached before Charles II. had formerly made a panegyric upon Cromwell.—"And who that beheld such a bankrupt beggarly fellow as Cromwell, first entering the par-

liament house with a thread-bare torn cloak and greasy hat (perhaps neither of them paid for,) could have expected that, in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne?" Charles, on hearing this, fell into a violent fit of laughter, and turning to Lord Rochester, said, "Odds fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop, therefore put me in mind of him at the next vacancy." O protégé, worthy of such patrons! what halcyon days! O golden age, as thou hast well been named, of the coward, the bigot, and the slave!

Mr. Southey dwells, with singular complacency, on the reflection how little of toleration was to be found in any sect of that day; but he does not appear to do justice either to the tolerance of the Independents, or the intolerance of the High Churchmen. Of the former it may be said to their honour, that they were the first religious sect in the modern world who set an example of religious toleration. Belonging to the latter, one individual, whom reasoning *a priori* we should take to be an especial favourite of Mr. Southey, is deserving of notice. The personage referred to, is no other than the most reverend father in God, William Laud.* One passage in his life, strongly characteristic of his gentle and christian disposition, presents itself. On the 30th of April, 1633, he thus writes to that congenial spirit, his worthy and dearly-beloved coadjutor, Strafford. "There is one Christopher Sands, who, as I am informed, dwells now in Londonderry, and teaches an English School there, and I do much fear he doth many Things there to the Dishonour of God, and the endangering of many poor Souls. For the Party is a Jew, and denies both Christ and his Gospel, as I shall be able to prove, if I had him here. I humbly pray your Lordship, that he may be seized on by Authority, and sent over in safe Custody, and delivered either to myself, or Mr. Mottershed, the Register of the High Commission, that he may not live there to infect his Majesty's Subjects."†

The unfortunate man, it seems, was a Jew, "an Ebrew Jew," and the enlightened prelate's horror of a Jew was not inferior to that of Sir John Falstaff. How His Holiness‡ must have regretted that the practice of pulling out their teeth had gone out of fashion, in that comparatively humane age! May, the historian of the Parliament, was justified in saying of this man that his disposition was too fierce and cruel for his coat. That this cruelty, however, was not

* Museum, vol. xiv. p. 385.

† Strafford's Letters and Dispatches, vol. i, p. 82.

‡ We may perhaps be permitted to make use of this term, as it was bestowed upon him by a body of no less authority than the University of Oxford.

* See Museum, vols. xvii. & xx. pp. 2 & 511.

confined to those of his coat, the following fact will show. When Pryne, some time after having undergone his cruel sentence, again had to appear before the Star Chamber, several of the "Lords of the Council" actually commanded the usher of the court to turn up his hair, and expressed great indignation that his ears had not been better cropped.* It would require no small portion of the genuine spirit of Christianity, for such a man to join afterwards in real earnest in the state prayer for 'the Lords of the Council and all the nobility.'

Hume the historian has been pleased to characterize the theological writings of Sir Henry Vane as "absolutely unintelligible;" but he has not been pleased to inform us whether he had read them or not. After the brief analysis which we mean to give of some of them, the reader will probably agree with us in thinking that he had not. To pass an opinion upon a production which he had not read, is perfectly consistent with the character of Hume as a writer, and is what we should be led to expect both from his indolence and his dishonesty. It would be thoroughly of a piece with his effrontery in passing a judgment upon some of the writings of Aristotle, after perusing the "titles of the chapters."

We readily admit, that much of Vane's religious writings is to us unintelligible; but we deny that that is the fault of the writer. It is our fault to whom the subjects of which Vane treats and his mode of treating them are not familiar; nor will this appear at all paradoxical to those who understand how difficult it is, even on common subjects, to make the train of any any one man's ideas exactly coincide with that of any other man's. It is also in some measure the fault of the subjects themselves, which we defy any man to write clearly or intelligibly upon. Yet we affirm, that in the attempt which we have considered it a duty due to a great and injured name to make, to read the above work, we have, in the midst of much that to us certainly appeared utter darkness, constantly encountered flashes of that bright genius, of that powerful, penetrating, and sagacious mind, which was so much admired in the orator and the statesman. Whether it be true, as Hume affirms, that no traces of eloquence, or even of common sense, appear in these writings, the reader shall judge for himself.

Concerning the creation, nature, and ministry of angels, he thus speaks.

"These in their creation are described by the light which God made on the first day, Gen. 1. 3, 4. when he said 'let there be light, and there was light; and God saw the light that it was good:' approving this first work of his hands in the beginning of that

day: and God by his dividing the light from the darkness, signified the heavenliness of their frame and constitution, as they stand exalted and separate in their beings from all sensual life, in the form of invisible spirits, whereof the material heavens in their creation are the first shadow; which are called, Prov. 8. 26. "the highest part of the dust of the world;" as David also (giving account of both their creations together) Psal. 104. ver. 2, 3, 4, saith, "who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain: who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariots, who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who maketh his Angels spirits, and his Ministers a flaming fire:" in which posture and preparation, the Psalmist describes the Word as he proceeds to the rest of the creation, ver. 5, 6, &c., intimating, that as man in his bodily state was made dust of the ground, so the Angels were made a flame of fire, in their natural constitution."—*The Retired Man's Meditations*, p. 42.

Again,

"As thus they are this heavenly building, they are the first heavens, the Tabernacle and clouds of heaven, or the air, for the day-break and glorious sun of God's first appearance, to run his race and finish his course in; whereby to enlighten the ends of the earth, and all things under heaven. These sons of this morning are the first light-bearers to the inhabitants of the first world, and therein are covering Cherubs unto the Son in his own proper glory; and that they may be enabled to bear light, or the similitude of Christ in his first appearance, unto others, they are first the receivers of that light in themselves, in a spirituality of being and form, fitted and suited thereunto, which accommodates them with the exercise of senses merely spiritual and inward, exceeding high, intuitive and comprehensive: a manner of life, shadowing out the divine life in the name of the Father, whose voice is not heard at any time, nor shape seen, but is like a consuming fire, to burn up and slay whatever natural Organ is conversant about it, or stands before the beams and rays of its most pure and invisible glory."—*Ib.* p. 43.

Of the tree of knowledge of good and evil:

"In this tree of knowledge of good and evil man had the sight of himself in the exercise of his natural life and operations appertaining unto him as he became a living soul; in the well or evil use whereof he might arrive unto the experience of the supreme good held forth to him as the end of his creation, the endless life that was to follow; or else he might come by the forfeiture of the present good he enjoyed, to know the evil of a much worse condition than [*than*] at first he had: for the avoiding

* State Trials, vol. iii. p. 717, 8vo. edition.

of which, and to continue in a posture meet to receive the other, God required him in the state of innocency to abide in a waiting frame of spirit, as a sojourner and stranger in the midst of his present enjoyments in the earthly Paradise, that so through his patient forbearance from taking up his Rest, or terminating his delight in seen things, he might preserve in himself an unengaged, unprejudiced spirit to what was yet behind of the counsel of God to be communicated to him, as to a more excellent attainment and inheritance to be exhibited to him in the light of the approaching day of the Lord, the beamings forth whereof, as considered in type, were already present.—*Ib.* p. 55.

Is this absolutely unintelligible? Are there no traces here of eloquence or even of common-sense?

Similar sentiments have been beautifully expressed by Milton, (though scarcely more beautifully than above by Vane,) in his nineteenth sonnet.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
Both God exact day-labor, light deny'd,
I fondly ask? but patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

Of the fall of man:

"The occasion of this was twofold: First the present enjoyment of good from God under the ministry of the first covenant, the fruit of which, to the eye of flesh and blood even at its best, was so glorious, and appeared so beautiful and desirable, that man was easily persuaded that it was the best and highest attainments hee needed to look after; and thereby, through Satan's subtilty, moderated secure and negligent as to the use of means given by God to carry him on, pass him through and conduct him out of this his corruptible state, as from glory to glory, into the power of an endless life (without the intervening of sin) to the full and perfect securing of mans nature from all prevailing power of sins assaults for ever; which was not done by creation.

"The second occasion of mans fall, was the freedom of his will, wherein the judging and desiring faculties of his mind were entirely committed by God to his own free motion and operation, upon the terms of the covenant he was brought into with God; which was, to be dealt with according unto his works, to be rewarded with life or with death, as he should rightly order or abuse this liberty of action with which God had invested him by way of tryal and probation.

That man had such a power of free-will as this,

"First, the nature and tenor of the Covenant he was taken into, doth demonstrate; which is conditional in reference to the works of man; And God throughout deals with man under that Covenant according to his works, strongly thereby asserting them to be mans own; so as the very reward which comes thereby, is accounted to him of debt, even the thing which his own action (as left alone unto himself therein) hath brought upon him, and entitled him unto.

"Secondly, without such a power of free-will, mans first estate could not have been mutable, at least could never have changed into corruption; for if it had been necessary to him to have stood, he could not have fallen; and if it had been necessary to him to fall, God had thereby made himself the Author of sin, which could not be.—*Ib.* p. 58.

Hume was himself a subtle reasoner; but he can show no reasoning more subtle than this.

We began to read with considerable interest, the Chapter on "The thousand years reign of Christ," being prepared to regard this as Sir Henry's strong subject. But we are compelled to admit, that we found it, to use Hume's words, "absolutely unintelligible." At the same time we think the opinion of Clarendon, expressed respecting another work of Vane's, applies to it, viz.—"that the subject-matter of it is of so delicate a nature, that it requires another kind of preparation of mind, and it may be another kind of diet, than men are ordinarily supplied with."

The extracts given will, we think, be found sufficient for the purpose for which they are intended. A more complete analysis of this and other religious works of Sir Henry Vane, would be foreign to the general purpose of this work, and would be in itself, we conceive, an undertaking of no great utility.

Having already given the opinion of one eminent man on Vane's merits as a writer, we shall add those of two others, (Bishop Burnet and Lord Clarendon,) which appear more just, or at least expressed with more modesty than the former. Burnet's words are,

"For tho' he set up a form of religion in a way of his own, yet it consisted rather in a withdrawing from all other forms, than in any new or particular opinions or forms; from which he and his party were called Seekers, and seemed to wait for some new and clearer manifestations. In these meetings he preached and prayed often himself, but with so peculiar a darkness, that though I have sometimes taken pains to see if I could find out his meaning in his works, yet I could never reach it. And since many

others have said the same, it may be reasonable to believe he hid somewhat that was a necessary key to the rest. His friends told me, he leaned to Origen's notion of an universal salvation of all, both of devils and the damned, and to the doctrine of pre-existence."—*Hist. of his own Time*, fol. 1724. vol. 1. p. 164.

The following is Lord Clarendon's opinion, previously alluded to, on his book "Of the Love of God, and the Union with God."

"Which when I had read, and found nothing of his usual clearness and ratiocination in his discourse, in which he used much to excel the best of the company he kept, and that the style thereof was very much like that of Sancta Sophia; and that in a crowd of very easy words, the sense was too hard to find out: I was of opinion that the subject-matter of it was of so delicate a nature, that it required another kind of preparation of mind, and it may be another kind of diet, than men are ordinarily supplied with."—*Animadversions on Mr. Cressy's Answer to Stillingfleet*, p. 59.—From the *Biograph. Britannic. Art. Vane*.

In regard to mere style, there is but small similitude between Vane and Bunyan, as might be expected from the very different education their minds had received. In Bunyan, together with the vigour and freshness of a powerful, there is much of the coarseness of an unpolished genius. In Vane, on the other hand, is found, joined to great intellectual power and acuteness, almost all the knowledge and philosophy of his age. In one respect these writers may be said to possess a resemblance. Whoever wishes to see the English language in all its vigour and freshness, will not consider the time lost which he may have devoted to the pictured and glowing page of Bunyan, and the subtle and powerful, though sometimes impalpable and uninviting, disquisitions of Vane.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

FRENCH NOVELS.*

The difference between a French and an English novel of the present day is sufficiently marked. The novels of this country turn chiefly on material distinctions: they strive to show the forms which luxury takes in the privileged classes, and to exhibit the differences between the initiated in fashionable life and the pretenders to it—between the

regularly trained and thorough-bred contenders in the race of pleasure, so called, and the ridiculous efforts of those whom neither breeding nor education have qualified to enter the lists of fashionable celebrity. In our novels the man is but a part of his equipage; he is the principal person in his establishment, but not more necessary to its completeness, than the butler or the coachman. His characteristics are the street he lives in, the wealth he inherits, the company he keeps, the rank he is born to. The play of his feelings, the lights and shadows of his mind, are of no more account than the peristaltic motion of his bowels, or the systole and diastole of his heart. His character is like his livery, a family affair. The only means of distinction permitted, is that of pursuit;—a senator is domestically dull; an exquisite is disproportionately attentive to dress; a roué sits up all night at hazard, or spends all day in seduction. On the other hand, in a French novel, it is difficult to say whether a man drives a pair, or lives in a garret: if distinctions are made, they are those of sentiment, language, or manner. The grand business of French fiction is the feeling excited by certain situations and relations of life: all men dine—in French fiction dinner is understood—in the English it is a main business, during which the capabilities of the host are fully developed. We have in French novels experiments upon the moral or sentimental codes in peculiar cases, or else we have exhibitions of character as displayed by individuals in ordinary life. In English ones we have clever sketches of fashionable follies, or able pictures of particular eccentricities. They who look to what in England is called the world, find their account in considering its modifications in our novels; they who study human nature, who love to learn its play in certain given circumstances, to ascertain with exactness, and describe with delicacy, will resort to the chef-d'œuvres of French fiction. Character is a favourite study with the novelist of both countries; a difference however exists in this case as wide as in the other. Our writers occupy themselves with national character, or with character of a broad and general description, such as may be taken as the representative of large classes influenced by causes common to the whole class, but only to that class. In the French novel character is thoroughly individual; the effects described are such as arise from ordinary experience acting upon common natures, showing in full relief, however, all those shades of variety that necessarily distinguish every human being from his fellow creatures. In another class of novels, for which English literature is distinguished, the French have nothing to show, except some paltry imitations—we mean the novels of adventure. Here the roaming genius of

* 1. *Un Mariage sous l'Empire*. Par Madame Gay. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1832.

2. *Madeleine*. Par Ch. Paul de Koch. 4 tom. 12mo. Paris. 1832.

Britain reigns triumphant; every wild shore or semi-barbarian realm has had its novelist, as well as its traveller and its merchant, and from the appearance of *Anastasius* down to that of Mr. Trelawney's *Younger Son*, there is an uninterrupted series of works, of unequalled variety, interest and instruction, which are not to be equalled by the fictitious treasures of any other country in the world.

The two works placed at the head of this article we have selected for notice from the late publications of Paris, as models of two great classes of French works of fiction, as contristinguished from English ones; they are each able in their way, and moreover let us into the private morality and tone of sentiment prevalent in France by a very easy and agreeable process.

"*Un Mariage sous l'Empire*" is a novel of sentiment; that is to say, it is a history of the feelings under peculiar circumstances—of an experiment upon the heart. "*Madeline*" has also its sentiment—has also its trials of the heart; but is mainly a medium for the exhibition of character as it exists in Paris and its provinces among the middle ranks of France. The novels of Paul de Koch have already been characterized in our pages, and we take the latest of his subsequent publications, not with a view of amending our opinion, but because his novels are the best and most amusing representatives of a larger class of fiction. They are always the same, and always different; the frame work is invariable, but the characters are almost infinite in variety, while, however, the shades of distinction are exceedingly minute, and most nicely softened off. We read every succeeding novel with an assurance of the exact kind of pleasure we are to expect, and a perfect certainty as to its amount. The author seems to say—"I will introduce you into a pleasant little view of life; pass through the portal of my little page, and you shall immediately be introduced into a small circle of society, in which you shall exist for a time invisibly, but which shall not be less real for being the creation of my own brain." There are few works in the perusal of which the reader so wholly forgets his own identity and that of the author as in the works of Paul de Koch.

Madame Sophie Gay is a writer of a very different class. Her characters are romantic; her incidents border on improbability; her story is overstrained; but the whole fabric is animated by true passion. She is deeply acquainted with the nature of feminine feelings under every variety of circumstance, and she has observed man too with the discriminating eye of a woman of great sensitiveness. The nature of the passion of love, as modified by every accident of artificial society, is thoroughly known to her. She is familiar with every phase of female character, as it appears in French high life. She

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understands well all the motives of intrigue, and all the *ambages* of selfishness and ambition; with all this her sympathies fall in altogether with the pure, the noble, and the disinterested. She dwells with peculiar delight on the sad joy of self-sacrifice; her soul seems purified and exalted, and her genius stimulated by the grand spectacle of silent suffering, of the noble revenge of charity, of the deep pangs of never-dying remorse agitating a noble spirit for one false step. This is what is called romantic, but the ability of the writer produces her effect without adopting the style of exaltation or even enthusiasm. Her story is told in the tone of refined society; and, in the course of it, exhibits traits of all species of characters as they existed under the all-compelling sway of the emperor.

The "*Marriage under the Empire*" is a union *par ordre*, such as is frequently found described in the memoirs of Napoleon's generals; more than one is described in those of the Duke of Rovigo, with all their curious details. The motto of this book indicates the principles on which Napoleon acted: "*Mon système de fusion le demandait.*" This system of fusion was the creation of a species of hybrid aristocracy; partly military, partly *ancienne noblesse*, partly of wealth. Where these three elements could be combined in the union of two persons, a match was ordained; sometimes only two were to be met with, military glory in that case was joined to millinary fame, and an aristocratic *tige* of the new and imperial *regime* was thus understood to be put forth. This was Napoleon's idea of supporting the throne. It may well be supposed that these marriages *par ordre* were disagreeable to both parties, and domestic felicity was little likely to be the result of such capricious junctions. This was not a matter of concern to the emperor; at the same time that he commanded a strict morality, and willed that his court should be moral, at the same time he pursued a system which, in its nature, was provocative of extreme laxity of conduct. His military conquests, however, armed him with power to effect moral ones, and the court of Napoleon was chaste.

The marriage supposed in the novel is that of a distinguished young aide-de-camp, the representative of an ancient family, named Adhémar de Lorency, and the daughter of a wealthy army-contractor, or some such thing, M. Brenneval. The young lady, whose name is Ermance, is at the celebrated *pension* of Madam Campan, at Ecouen, which was established under the patronage of the emperor, and served him as a sort of *pépinière*, or seed-bed for young heiresses, as well as the daughters of deserting officers, whom, on the other hand, he selected as the partners of the million-

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aires of his realm—all in pursuance of his grand system of fusion. When the idea of the union in question occurs to the imperial mind, all it considers necessary to be done on the occasion, is to summon the general to whose staff Captain de Lorency is attached, and to communicate his wishes that the business should be transacted without loss of time. The order was given as much as a matter of course as if it had been for a military movement, but not received as such; the general was mightily perplexed, as he well knew his aide-de-camp was a person who did not admit the emperor's right over his heart as well as his life. The affair is however brought about by the intervention of courtiers, who are ready to undertake any thing for the sake of cultivating an imperial smile, so pregnant with solid advantages. A convenient duchess fetches Ermance from the "pension," and an equally convenient general prepares Adhémar to undergo the ceremony. Now such are the character, persons and dispositions of these two young folks, "thus matched and not paired," that the "marriage de convenance" might easily have been converted into a "marriage d'amour;" but the sense of restraint on each side, when joined also to the rupture of some tender reminiscences of others, on the part of both the lady and the gentleman, prepare the parties for repugnance. The qualities of both are, however, such as to make disgust impossible, esteem nearly necessary, but subject to all the palpitations and anxieties of coldness and distrust. It may be conceived that in such a union every movement is liable to misinterpretation. Friends are never wanting to inflame and flatter each party. So circumstanced, the conduct of the gentleman in this instance furnishes abundant food for jealousy; while paying mental homage to the virtues of his wife, he is passionately devoted to the very duchess who had unconsciously brought about his marriage. Intrigue brings together all necessary evidence, circumstances place the school-girl's ancient flame within the influence of the wife, and during a paroxysm of disappointment, tenderness, and vengeance, the foundation is laid for much misery. A distant, a careless, nay, a flagrantly unfaithful husband is betrayed. The object of the lady's early but transient attachment, bent upon the sacrifice of her honour, is assisted in his scheme by a neglected and disappointed mistress; he is enabled to produce an impassioned note, declaratory of the husband's continued devotion to another, dated on the very morning of his marriage. The infidelity is but of a moment, but it is followed by years of bitter remorse, increased by the knowledge that under the apparent coldness of her husband there has been growing up in his mind a strong and powerful feeling of attachment, based upon the sure foundation of esteem for her good qualities, as well as admiration for her personal charms and accomplished manners. Adhémar de Lorency, now a colonel in the imperial army, has in the mean time been following the glorious career of the imperial arms. It is the epoch of Wagram; peace follows, and the husband is expected to return. Remorse becomes a passion, and there is no sacrifice which the unhappy woman is not willing to make. She has no mother, her father is a worldly person, and in the absence of all other confidants, she avows her fault to an elderly relative, the president Monvilliers, a fine specimen of the union of purity of sentiment tempered by charity. He imposes upon her the hardest and most painful task to a delicate mind—concealment—hypocrisy—the child is to pass for the husband's, and she is bound to meet him as if she deserved his embraces. The reasoning by which the president is induced to prescribe this course is certainly not English. It is a thorny path for the sinner, while such is the absurdity of the code of honour, avowal would have heaped disgrace and misery on the injured husband. The part is a hard one to play for a young female of extreme sensitiveness, and who, in spite of this one wild fault, for such is it represented, is a person of habitual purity of mind. On the return of Colonel de Lorency, he finds his wife an enigma; his own love and respect for her have grown apace; her attachment to him is become also devoted, yet she receives his attentions with regret, and holds off from marks of tenderness with an apparent horror. His self love is wounded, his imagination is perplexed; he tortures himself into fancying secret causes of her disgust, and fixes upon every possible cause of jealousy. Her conduct is before the world a model of propriety, she is the ornament of the court—a retired, elegant pensive woman—the pattern of her sex. The jealousy of the husband is held to be unreasonable abroad, for no one sees the secret cause of disunion at home. The position of the erring wife is one series of bitter experience: apprehension, remorse, disappointed affection, happiness blighted, with all the means of enjoyment appearing before her, jealousy, for she has to submit without repining to the open infidelity of a man who wrongs her out of his very passion for her. The severest moralist will allow that the punishment of her crime is severe. But this is not all of it. The child dies—the creature who, in spite of the sinfulness of his birth, has been her sole hope and consolation. He dies in the night of fever; his mother, worn out with sorrow and watching, is sitting by his side alone, and attempting to resist the idea of the little

creature's death. Her husband she imagines is with the army, and she is at the chateau of her relation, the president, near to which the battle of Montereau has lately taken place. In this battle Colonel de Lorency has been severely wounded, is brought silently into the house, and his presence kept a secret from his half-frantic wife, in order that grief for his state may not be added to sorrow for her afflicted child. Feeling better, or being restless and anxious, he resolves upon visiting the sick chamber: pale, exhausted, suffering, he stalks into the apartment, just as the unhappy mother has convinced herself that the soul of the poor child has taken wing. It must be remembered that this is the child of guilt, that her nerves are shattered by grief, anxiety, and fatigue—the unexpected vision of the husband at that hour and on that spot at so fatal a moment affect her faculties. She imagines that he comes in the shape of an accuser: that he comes to deprive her of the remains of the now lifeless evidence of her guilt, and she bursts into wild exclamations, which disclose to the unhappy man the long-concealed crime. In the end she sinks into insensibility, the house is alarmed, and means are taken to revive her. Determined however not to survive the disclosure of her shame, and having now no child to live for, she resolves upon suicide. She is taken from one of the ponds in the gardens, apparently dead.

The task of the novelist now becomes one of extreme delicacy. If the heroine is thus permitted to die, the sentence seems ruthless. The offence is one of the deepest die; but is it inexpiable? This is the question the authoress had to answer: she has given it a feminine solution. The unfortunate Ermanance is restored to life; and in consideration of her long suffering—of her ardent attachment and inviolable respect for her husband, shown in a thousand ways—and, moreover, inasmuch as her heart had at least never strayed after she became enamoured of the man who had been forced upon her in the first instance, without the slightest regard to her feelings—she is pardoned. The justice of this pardon would be wholly denied in England; and a work which proceeds on the principle of such offences being, under any circumstances, expiable, will scarcely find favour in England. The authoress is well aware of the delicacy of her position, and has left no means of palliation unexhausted. Such excessive anxiety will, perhaps, be considered prudery in France.

The popular notions on the subject are probably more exactly represented in the other work before us, "Madeleine," where in the heroine is guilty of the same offence, and with the poor excuse of difference of age and dissimilarity of sentiment between the parties; this having been too, as mar-

riages too frequently are in France, a marriage of convenience. Madame de Noirmont, in "Madeleine," suffers indeed from remorse, apprehension, and loss of self-respect; but she only ceases to be guilty by the infidelity of her lover; and when he falls in love, and marries before her face, she is represented as somewhat repiningly resuming the ancient matrimonial path. All this is endeavoured to be represented as venial; the husband is made repulsive; and the wife, if we could shut our eyes to her iniquity, would be one of the most elegant and interesting creations of romance. The tendency of such a work is in the highest degree reprehensible. It is, however, absolutely common in French romance; and in spite of the very high estimation in which, on many accounts, we are inclined to hold the women of France, we cannot help thinking that Paul de Koch is in this, as well as in other parts, a very exact painter of the national *mœurs*.

In other respects, "Madeleine" is not only amusing, but moral. The trials of Madeleine, who risks fame and name, and stands even obloquy with quiet satisfaction, rather than betray her benefactors, are well described, and the whole character conceived in a high tone, not, we say, unusual in Paul de Koch, when other virtues than those of chastity are concerned. The peasant, Jacques, is admirable, and gives us a satisfactory idea of the integrity and independence of the rural Frenchman. Dufour, the suspicious artist, is a delicious full-length. The true hero of the whole is, however, M. de Saint Elme, the fashionable swindler. The impudence, the ease, the volubility, the vivacity, the dexterity, of this *chevalier d'Industrie*, are altogether marvellous. It is nearly impossible to give satisfactory extracts from this writer, or we should be tempted to exhibit some traits of this truly Parisian adventurer. But Paul de Koch spreads a character over the whole of his four volumes; scarcely a page occurs without a characteristic stroke of humour, and every successive trait fills in with the rest, and harmonizes the whole picture; whilst the extraction of any one would forcibly remind the reader of the brick and the house-vendor. There is nothing more remarkable in this writer than the thorough-going consistency of his characters: the conception is one and entire; and every speech, word and action is as true to the genius of each personage as it is found to be in real life.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE BLACK MASK; A LEGEND OF HUNGARY.

As the Danube approaches the ancient city of Buda, it traverses a vast and almost

uninhabited plain, surrounded upon every side by rude and barren mountains. This tract, thickly wooded with forest trees of great age and size, has been called the "Black Forest" of Hungary, and has been long celebrated as the resort of the wild boar and the elk, driven by winter to seek a shelter and cover which they would in vain look for upon the rocky and steep mountains around: there, for at least five months of every year, might daily be heard the joyous call of the jager horn, and at night, around the blazing fires of the bivouac, might parties of hunters be seen carousing and relating the dangers of the chase. But when once the hunting season was past, the gloom and desolation of this wild waste was unbroken by any sound save the shrill cry of the vultures, or the scream of the wood squirrel as he sprang from bough to bough, for the footsteps of the traveller never trod this valley, which seemed as if shut out by nature from all intercourse with the remainder of the world. Hunting had been for years the only occupation of the few who inhabited it, and the inaccessible character of the mountains had long contributed to preserve it for them from the intrusion of others; but at length the chase became the favourite pastime of the young noblesse of Austria as well as Hungary: and to encourage a taste for the "*mimic fight*," as it has not been inaptly termed, the example of the reigning monarch greatly contributed. Not a little vain of his skill and proficiency in every bold and warlike exercise, he often took the lead in these exercises himself, and would remain weeks and even months away, joyfully enduring all the dangers and hardships of a hunter's life, and by his own daring, stimulate others to feats of difficult and hardy enterprise. Some there were, however, who thought they saw in this more than a mere fondness for a hunter's life, and looked on it, with reason, perhaps, as a deeply laid political scheme; that, by bringing the nobles of the two nations more closely into contact, nearer intimacy, and eventually, friendships would spring up and eradicate that feeling of jealousy with which as rivals they had not ceased to regard each other.

It was the latter end of December of the year 1754; the sun had gone down and the shadows of night were fast falling upon this dreary valley, whilst upon the cold and piercing blast were borne masses of snow-drift and sleet, and the low wailing of the night wind foreboded the approach of a storm, that a solitary wanderer was vainly endeavouring to disentangle himself from the low brushwood, which heavy and snow-laden, obstructed him at every step. Often he stood, and putting his horn to his lips, blew till the forest rang again with the sound, but nothing responded to his call

save the dull and ceaseless roar of the Danube, which poured along its thundering flood, amid huge masses of broken ice or frozen snow, which, rent from their attachment to the banks, were carried furiously along by the current of the river.

To the bank of the Danube, the wanderer had long directed his steps guided by the noise of the stream; and he had determined to follow its guidance to the nearest village where he might rest for the night. After much difficulty, he reached the bank, and the moon which hitherto had not shone, now suddenly broke forth and showed the stranger to be young and athletic; his figure, which was tall and commanding, was arrayed in the ordinary hunting dress of the period; he wore a green frock or kurtka, which, trimmed with fur, was fastened at the waist by a broad strap of black leather; from this was suspended his jagd messer, *couteau de chasse*, the handle and hilt of which were of silver richly chased and ornamented; around his neck hung a small bugle, also of silver, and these were the only parts of his equipment which bespoke him to be of rank, save that air of true born nobility which no garb, however homely, can effectually conceal. His broad leaved bonnet with its dark o'erhanging heron's feathers, concealed the upper part of his face: but the short and curved moustacho which graced his upper lip, told that he was either by birth Hungarian, or one who from motives of policy had adopted this national peculiarity to court favour in the eyes of Joseph, who avowed his preference for that country on every occasion. The first object that met his eyes as he looked anxiously around for some place of refuge from that storm, which long impending, was already about to break forth with increased violence, was the massive castle of Cservitz, whose battlemented towers rose high above the trees on the opposite side of the Danube; between, however, roared the river, with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, amid huge fragments of ice, which were either held by their attachment to rocks in the channel, or borne along till dashed to pieces by those sharp reefs so frequent in this part of the stream; he shuddered as he watched the fate of many a ledge of ice or snow now smoothly gliding on, and in the next moment shivered into ten thousand pieces, and lost in the foam and surge of "the dark rolling river." He seemed long to weigh within himself the hazard of an attempt to cross the stream upon these floating islands with the danger of a night passed in the forest; for he now knew too well, no village lay within miles of him. But at last he seemed to have taken his resolution; for, drawing his belt tightly around him and throwing back his jagd messer, lest it should impede the free play

of his left arm, he seemed to prepare himself for the perilous undertaking—this was but the work of one moment—the next saw him advancing upon the broad ledge, which, frozen to the bank, stretched to a considerable distance in the stream. Now arrived at the verge of this came his first difficulty, for the passage was only to be accomplished by springing from island to island over the channels of the river, which ran narrowly though rapidly between;—the loud crashes which every moment interrupted the silence of the night, as each fragment broke upon the rocks before him, told too plainly what fate awaited him, should he either miss his footing, or the ice break beneath his weight; in either case death would be inevitable. He once more looked back upon the dark forest he had left, and again seemed to hesitate; 'twas for an instant—with a bold spring he cleared the channel. No time was, however, given him to look back on the danger he had passed: for scarcely had his feet reached their landing place, than the ice yielding to the impulse of his fall, gave way and separated with a loud crash from its connexion with the remaining mass, and in an instant was flying down the stream, carrying him along with it—unconscious of all around, he was borne onward—the banks on either side seemed to fly past him with the speed of lightning, and the sound of the river now fell upon his ear like the deep rolling of artillery; and from this momentary stupor, he only awoke to look forward to a death as certain as it was awful. The rocks upon which the icebergs were dashed and shivered to atoms as they struck, were already within sight. Another moment, and all would be over;—he thought he heard already the rush of the water as the waves closed above his head—in an agony of despair he turned and looked on every side to catch some object of hope or assistance. As he floated on, between him and the rock upon which the castle stood, now coursed a narrow channel, but yet too broad to think of clearing with a single leap. Along this came a field of ice, wheeling in all the eddies of the river; he saw that yet he might be saved—the danger was dreadful, but still no time was now left to think—he dashed his hunting-spear towards the floating mass, and with the strength which desperation only can give, threw himself as if on a leaping pole, and cleared both the channels in a spring. As he fell almost lifeless on the bank, he saw the fragment he so lately had trusted to, rent into numberless pieces—his strength failed, and he sank back upon the rock. How long he thus lay he knew not; and when he again looked up, all was wrapt in darkness; the moon had gone down, and nothing recalled him to a sense of his situation save the dull monotonous roaring of the

Danube, which poured its flood quite close to where he lay.

Light now gleamed brightly from the windows of the castle above him, and he felt fresh courage as he thought a place of refuge was so near; and although stunned by the violence of the shock with which he fell, and half frozen by the cold ice which had been his bed, he made towards the drawbridge. This, to his surprise, was already lowered—and the wide gates lay open. As he passed along, he met no one—he at length reached a broad stair; ascending this, the loud tones of many voices met his ear—he opened a door which stood before him, and entered the apartment when the family now were assembled at supper.

The possessor of the baronial schloss of Cservitz, was one of the last remnants of the feudal system in Hungary; and to whom, neither the attractions of a court, nor yet the high rank and favour so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen—were inducements strong enough to withdraw him from that wild and dreary abode, where he had passed his youth and his manhood, and now adhered to in his old age, with an attachment which length of years had not rendered less binding. The only companion of his solitude was a daughter, upon whom he heaped all that fondness and affection which the heart estranged from all the world can bestow upon one. She was, indeed, all that most sanguine wishes could devise; beautiful as the fairest of a nation celebrated for the loveliness of its women, and endowed with all the warmth of heart and susceptibility of her country. Of the world she was ignorant as a child, and long learned to think that the mountains which girt their broad valley, enclosed all that was worth knowing or loving in it.

Hospitality has not in Hungary attained the rank of a virtue, it is merely the characteristic of a nation. Shelter is so often required and afforded to the desolate wanderer, through vast and almost uninhabited tracts of mountain and forest, that the arrival of a stranger at the evening meal of a family, would create but little surprise among its members, and in the present instance, the intruder might, had he so wished it, have supped and rested for the night and gone out on his journey on the morrow, without one question as to whence he came or whether he should go.

But such evidently was not his intention, for either not understanding, or, if he understood, not caring to comply with the hints which were given him, to seat himself below the *daés*, he boldly advanced to the upper end of the apartment, where the baron and his daughter were seated upon a platform slightly elevated above the surrounding vassals and bondsmen, who were assembled in considerable numbers. The

stranger did not wait until the baron had addressed him, but at once said, "The Graf von Sobenstein claims your hospitality here, baron; hunting with the imperial suite I lost my way in the forest, and unable to regain my companions, I esteem myself fortunate to have reached such an asylum." To this speech, which was made in the Hungarian language, the baron replied by welcoming after the friendly fashion of his country; and then added, in a somewhat severe tone: "A Hungarian, I suppose."—"A Hungarian by birth," answered the count, colouring deeply, "but an Austrian by title." To this there succeeded a short pause, when the baron again said, "You were hunting with the emperor—how crossed you the Danube? no boat could stem the current now." The count, evidently offended at the question of his host, replied, coldly, "On the drift ice."—"On the drift!" cried the baron, aloud. "On the drift ice!" echoed his daughter, who had hitherto sat a silent, though attentive listener to the dialogue. The count, who had all along spoken with the air of a superior to one beneath him in rank and station, deigned not to enter into any explanation of a feat, the bold daring of which warranted incredulity. This awkward feeling of some moments' duration was dispelled by the entrance of a vassal, who came in haste to inform the baron, that some person who had left the opposite shore of the Danube, had been carried down upon the drift; he had ever since been in search of him along the bank, below the rocks, but in vain. This was enough—the count repressed the rising feeling of anger that his own short and startling assertion should be questioned, and suffered the baron to press him down upon a seat beside him, and soon forgot, amid the kind inquiries of the baron's daughter, his former cold and distant demeanour; he gradually became more and more free and unconstrained in manner; and at last so effectually had the frank and hospitable air of the baron, and the more bewitching naiveté and simplicity of his daughter gained upon the good opinion of their guest, that throwing off his reserve, a feeling evidently more the result of education and habit, than natural, he became lively and animated—delighted his host by hunting adventures, and stories of the mistakes and awkward feats of the Austrian nobles in the field, (a grateful theme to a Hungarian,) and captivated the fair Adela, by telling of fetes and gay carnivals in Vienna, to all of which, though an utter stranger, she felt a strong and lively interest in, when narrated by one so young and handsome, as he who now sat beside her. He also knew many of the baron's old friends and acquaintances, who had taken up their residence at the Austrian court; and thus conversing happily toge-

ther, when the hour of separation for the night arrived, they parted pleased with each other, and inwardly rejoicing at the event which had brought about the meeting.

On the following morning the count rose early, and quite refreshed from the toils of the preceding day, descended to the breakfast room; the family had not as yet assembled, and Adela was sitting alone in the recess of a window which overlooked the Danube; as he approached and saluted her, she seemed scarcely able to rouse herself from some deep reverie in which she appeared to have fallen; and after briefly bidding him "Good morning," laconically asked, "Can it be that you crossed the stream there?" at the same moment pointing to where the river rolled on beneath them, in waves of white and toiling foam. The count sat down beside her, and narrated his entire adventure, from the time he had lost sight of his companions; and so earnestly did she listen and he speak, that they were unaware of the entrance of the baron, who had twice saluted the count, and was now heard for the first time, as he entreated him to defer his departure for that day at least, pleading the impossibility of venturing on leaving the castle in so dreadful a storm of snow and wind. To this request, warmly seconded by Adela, the count gladly acceded: ere long the baron commended his guest to the care of his daughter, and left the room.

To Adela, who was unacquainted with all the forms of "the world," and knew not any impropriety in the advances she made towards intimacy with her new acquaintance—for she felt none—her only aim was to render his imprisonment less miserable, and enable him to while away the hours of a winter day with fewer feelings of ennui and weariness than otherwise. It will not then be wondered at if the day passed rapidly over, her songs and legends of her native land, found in him an impassioned and delighted listener, and, ere he knew it, he was perfectly captivated by one of whose very existence but a few hours before he was perfectly ignorant.

It was evident that he felt as flattery, the frank and intimate tone she assumed towards him, and knew not she would have treated any other similarly situated, with the same unsuspecting and friendly demeanour. It was then with a feeling of sorrow, he watched the coming darkness of evening. "In a few hours more," thought he, "and I shall be far away, and no more spoken of or remembered, than as one of the many who came and went again." The evening passed happily as the day had done, and they separated; the count having promised not to leave the castle the following day until noon, when the baron should

accompany him, and see him safely on the road to Vienna.

The hour of leave taking at length arrived, and amid the bustle and preparation for departure, the count approached a small tower, which opening from one of the angles of the apartments served, in time of warfare, to protect that part of the building, but which had been devoted to the more peaceful office of a lady's boudoir. Here was Adela sitting, her head resting on her hand, and her whole appearance divested of that gay and buoyant character which had been peculiarly her own; she rose as he came forward, and glancing at his cap, which he held on one arm, took hold of his hand, and endeavoured as carelessly as possible to allude to his departure: but her heart failed, and her low trembling voice betrayed her feeling when she asked—"Will you then leave us so suddenly?" The count muttered something, in which the words—"the emperor—long absence—Vienna," were alone audible, and pressing closely that hand, which since he last touched it, had never left his, seated himself beside her. There was a silence for some moments, they would both willingly have spoken, and felt their minutes were few, but their very endeavours rendered the difficulty greater; at length, drawing her more closely to him, as he placed one arm round her, he asked—"Will you then soon forget me—shall I be no more recollected?"—"No, no," said she, interrupting him, hurriedly; "But will you return, as you have already promised?"—"I do intend, but then"—"What then?" cried she, after a pause, expecting he would finish his sentence. He seemed but a moment to struggle with some strong feeling, and at last spoke as if he had made up his mind to a decided and fixed resolve. "It were better you knew all—I cannot—that is—I may not"—her eyes grew tearful as he spoke—he looked—then added—"I will return—at all hazards—but first promise to wear this for my sake, it was a present from the emperor;" saying which, and unfastening the breast of his kurtka, he took from round his neck a gold chain to which was fastened a seal ring bearing the initial J; "Wear this," said he, "at least till we meet again:" for she hesitated, and needed the qualification he made, of its being one day restored, ere she accepted so valuable a present.

A servant now entered to say that the baron was already mounted and waiting; their adieus were soon spoken, and the next instant the horses were heard galloping over the causeway which led towards the road to Vienna. She gazed after them till the branches of the dark wood closed around them, and then saw them no more. The baron returned not till late in the evening, and spoke only of the day's sport, and

merely once alluded to the stranger, and that but passingly; the following day came, and there was nothing to convince her that the two preceding ones had not been as a dream; so rapidly had they passed, and yet so many events seemed crowded into this short space. The chain she wore alone remained, to assure her of the reality of the past.

Days, weeks, and even months rolled on, and although the count had promised to write, yet no letter ever reached them, and now the winter was long past and it was already midsummer, when the baron and his daughter were strolling one evening along a narrow path which flanked the Danube. It was the hour of sunset, and all was quiet and peaceful as the grave; the very birds were hushed upon the boughs, and no sound was heard save the gentle ripple of that river whose treacherous surface so lately was borne on with the dread roaring of a cataract. As they watched the curling eddies broken upon the rocks, and then floating in bubbles so silently, they stood by the spot where, months before, the stranger had crossed the Danube. "I wonder," said the baron, "that he never wrote. Did he not promise to do so?" "Yes," replied she, "he did; but at the same time spoke of the possibility of his absence from Vienna, perhaps with his regiment, which was, I believe, in Gratz. And then, too, we know the courier from Buda is not too punctual in his visits to our valley."—"And, in short," said the baron, "you could find at least a hundred reasons for your friend not keeping his promise, rather than for a moment suspect the real one—that he has forgotten us. Ah, my poor child, I fear you know not how little such a meeting as ours was, will impress the mind of one who lives in courts and camps, the favoured and honoured of his sovereign. The titled Graf of Austria will think, if he ever even returns to the circumstance in his memory, that he did the poor Hungarian but too much honour, when he accepted of his hospitality. And—but stop—did you not see a horseman cross the glen there, and then enter yonder coppice? There!—there he is again!—I see him now plainly. It is the Austrian courier, coming, perhaps, to refute all I have been telling you. I am sure he brings tidings from Vienna, by taking that path."

The rider to whom their attention was now directed, was seen advancing at the full speed of his horse, and but a few seconds elapsed ere he emerged from the trees. Although at first his course had been directed to the castle, it was now evident he made for the place where the father and daughter stood in breathless anxiety for his arrival. As he came nearer, they could see that he wore the deeply-slouched hat and

long flowing cloak of a courier. Then was there no doubt of his being one. He drew nearer and nearer, and never slackened his pace, till within a few yards of the place where they awaited him; then throwing off his hat and cloak, he sprang from his horse, and flew into their arms. It was the Count himself. Exclamations of surprise and delight burst from both, and, amid a thousand welcomes, they took the path back to the castle. Questioning and reproaching for forgetfulness, with an interest which too plainly told how dearly the inquirer felt the implied neglect, with many a heartfelt confession of joy, at the present meeting, filled up the hours till they retired for the night.

When the Count found himself alone in his chamber, he walked hurriedly to and fro, his hands clasped, and his brow knitted; his whole air bespeaking the feelings of one labouring under some great mental agitation. At length he threw himself upon his bed; but when morning broke, he rose weary and unrefreshed, and had to plead fatigue to the Baron, as an excuse for not accompanying him on an intended excursion for that day. Another reason might also have influenced the Count—Adela was again his companion for the entire day; and amid many a kind inquiry for his health, and hopes but half expressed, that his present stay would recruit his strength and vigour, she plainly shewed, if forgetfulness had existed on either side, it could not have been laid to her charge. It was also plain that his feeling for her, if not already love, was rapidly ripening into it:—and yet there came ever across him some thoughts that at once damped the very praise he spoke to her, and chilled the warm current of affection with which he answered her questions. The day passed, however, but too rapidly, and another followed it, like in all things, save that every hour which brought them together, seemed but to render them dearer to each other. They rode, they walked, they sang, they read together; and it may be conjectured how rapidly the courtly address and polished mind of the Count gained upon one so susceptible, and so unpractised in the world; and in fact, ere the first week of his stay passed over, she loved—and more—confessed to him her love.

Had she been at all skilled in worldly knowledge, she would have seen that her lover did not receive her confession of attachment with all the ardour with which he might have heard such an avowal—and from one so fair, so young, and so innocent. But, even as it was, she thought him more thoughtful than usual at the moment. He had been standing, leaning upon her harp—she had ceased playing—and he now held her hand within his own, as he pressed for some acknowledgment of her feelings for him;—but when she gave it, he scarcely

pressed the hand which trembled as she spoke; and letting it drop, he walked slowly to a window, and veiled his face within his hands for some minutes. When he returned again to her side, he appeared endeavouring to calm his troubled mind, and suppress some sad thoughts which seemed to haunt him like spirits of evil:—he looked kindly on her, and she was happy once more.

Such was the happy term of their lives, that they felt not the time rolling over. A second week was already drawing to a close. As they were one morning preparing for an excursion into the forest, a servant entered, to announce the arrival of a courier from Vienna, with letters for the count. He seemed very much agitated at the intelligence, and apologizing to Adela, and promising to return at once, he ordered that the courier should be shown into his apartment. As he entered the room a few moments after, the courier was seen to issue from the portals of the castle, and, at the top of his speed, take the road to Vienna. The Count had evidently heard disagreeable tidings, and strove in vain to conceal the agitation he laboured under. “No bad news from Vienna, I hope,” said she:—“has any thing occurred to trouble you there?” “I am recalled,” said he, hastily; “ordered, I know not where—perhaps to Poland. However, I am expected to join immediately.” “But you will not do so?” said the innocent girl, passionately—“you will not go!” “How am I to help it?” answered he. “Have you not told,” said she, “a thousand times, that the Emperor was your friend—that he loved you, and would serve you?—Will he not give you leave of absence?—Oh, if he will not hear you, let me entreat him. I will go myself to Vienna—I will myself tell him all.—I will fall at his feet, and beseech him; and if ever an Hungarian girl met with favour in the eyes of a monarch who loves her nation, he will not refuse me.” “Adela,” said he, “do not speak thus:—I must go—but I hope to obtain the leave myself. Come, cheer up. You know you may trust me. You believed me once before—did I deceive you?—Pledge me but your word not to forget me—to be my own when I return.—” “I swear it,” cried she, falling upon his neck, “nothing but death shall change me, if even that—and if I ever cease to feel for you as I do at this moment, you shall hear it from my own lips. But let us not speak of that. You will come,—is it not so? and we shall again be happy; and you will never leave me then.” As she spoke these words, she looked into his face with a sad smile, while the tears trickled fast down her cheek, and fell upon his shoulder.

He pressed her hand, and tried to soothe her, but in vain. At last he made one de-

perate effort, and pressing her to his bosom, kissed her cheek, and, bidding a long and last adieu, he hurried from the apartment:—his horse stood saddled at the door—he sprang to his seat, and was soon far from the Schloss.

With the departure of him she loved, all happiness seemed to have fled. The places she used with him to visit, in their daily excursions, on foot or horseback, served only to call up recollections of the past, and render her present solitude more lonely than she had ever felt: and after weeks of anxious expectancy, when neither letters nor any other tidings of the Count arrived, her health gradually declined—her cheek grew pale, her eye lustreless, and her step infirm; while her low sad voice told too plainly, the wreck of her worldly happiness had been accomplished; and all the misery of hope deferred burst on her whose path had, until now, been only among flowers, and whose young heart had never known grief. The summer into the autumn flowed, and the winter came; and another summer was already at hand; and yet he never returned: and already the finger of grief had laid its heavy and unerring touch upon her frame. No longer was she what she had been; and her altered appearance at last attracted the attention of her father, who had continued to think her illness but momentary, but now awoke to the sad feeling, that she was dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and with all the agony of one who felt that he had neglected too long an important duty, he determined no longer to delay, but at once set out for Vienna, where medical aid could be procured; and if the gentle and balmy airs of Italy could avail aught, they could at once travel southward. She was perfectly passive to the proposed excursion; and if she had any objections, the thought that she might hear some intelligence of her lover, would have overcome them all; so that, ere many days elapsed, they had arrived in the Austrian capital. Vienna was at this time the scene of every species of festivity and rejoicing. That court had just returned from an excursion to Carlsbad; and all ranks, from the proud noble to the humble bourgeois, vied in their endeavours to welcome a monarch, who had already given rise to the greatest expectations. Balls, redoutes, and masquerades, with all the other pleasures of a carnival, formed the only occupation, and the only theme of conversation, throughout the city. The Baron and his daughter, however, little sympathizing in a joy so strongly in contrast to the sad occasion which led them thither, sought and found an hotel, outside the barrier, where they might remain unknown and unmolested, as long as they should think proper to remain in the capital.

They had not been many days in their new abode, when tempted one morning by

the fineness of the weather, and Adela feeling herself somewhat better, they strolled as far as the Prater; but on reaching it, they were much disappointed in their expectation of quiet and seclusion, for all Vienna seemed assembled there to witness a grand review of the troops, at which the emperor was to be present; they, therefore, at once determined on retracing their steps, and endeavour, if possible, to reach the city before the troops should have left it. With this intention they were hastening onward, and had already reached the open space where the troops usually manœuvred, when they stood for some minutes attracted by the beauty of the scene; for already heavy masses of cavalry and artillery were to be seen as they slowly emerged from the dark woods around, taking up their respective stations upon the field. Half regretting to lose so splendid a spectacle, they were again turning to proceed, when a young officer galloping up to the spot where they now stood, informed the baron, that a traileur regiment was about to take up that position on the field, and requested with great politeness, that he would accept for himself and his daughter, seats upon a platform with some of his friends, from which, without danger or inconvenience they might witness the review: this invitation politely urged, as well as the fact, that they could not now hope to reach the city without encountering the crowds of soldiery and people, induced them to accede, and ere many minutes elapsed they were seated on the balcony.

The field now rapidly filled. Column after column of infantry poured in, and the very earth seemed to shake beneath the dense line of cuirassiers, who, with their long drooping cloaks of white, looking like the ancient Templars, rode past in a smart trot—their attention now was, however, suddenly turned from these to another part of the field, where a dense crowd of people were seen to issue from one of the roads which led through the park, and as they broke forth into the plain, the air was rent with a tremendous shout, followed the moment after by the deafening roar of the artillery, and while the loud cry of "*Der Kaiser*," "*Leb der Kaiser*," rose to the skies from thousands of his subjects—the gorgeous housings and golden panoply of the Hungarian hussars, who formed the body guard, were seen caracalling upon their beautiful "*shimmels*," (such is the term given them) and in the midst of them rode the emperor himself, conspicuous even there for the address and elegance of his horsemanship.

The cavalcade had now reached the balcony where the baron and his daughter were sitting; there it halted for several minutes. The emperor seemed to be paying his respects to some ladies of the court who were

there, and they were sufficiently near to observe that he was uncovered while he spoke; but yet, could not clearly discern his features. Adela's heart beat high as she thought of one who might at that moment be among the train; for she knew that he was the personal friend of the emperor and his favourite aide-de-camp. The cavalcade now was slowly advancing, and stood within a few paces of where she was; but at the same time being totally concealed from her view by the rising up of those who sat beside her, in their anxiety to behold the emperor. She now, however, rose and leaned forward; but no sooner had she looked than she, with a loud cry, fell fainting back into the arms of her father. The suddenness of the adventure was such, that the baron had not even yet seen the emperor, and could but half catch the meaning of her words as she dropped lifeless upon his neck.—He had been but too often of late a witness to her frequent faintings to be much alarmed now; and he at once attributed her present weakness to the heat and excitement of the moment. Now, however, she showed no sign of recovering sensibility, but lay cold and motionless where she had fallen at first, surrounded by a great number of persons anxiously professing aid and assistance; for it was no sooner perceived that they were strangers, than carriages were offered on all sides to convey them home, and glad to avail himself of such a civility at the moment, the baron disengaged himself from the crowd, and carried the still lifeless girl to a carriage.

During the entire way homeward, she lay in his arms speechless and cold—she answered him not as he called her by the most endearing names; and at last he began to think he never again should hear her voice, when she slowly raised her eyes and gazed on him with a wild and vacant stare—she passed her hands across her forehead several times, as if endeavouring to recollect some horrid and frightful dream; and then muttering some low indistinct sound, sank back into her former insensibility.

When they reached home, medical aid was procured; but 'twas too plain the lovely girl had received some dreadful mental shock, and they knew not how to administer to her. She lay thus for two days, and on the morning of the third, as the heart-broken and wretched father, who had never left her bedside, gazed upon the wreck of his once beauteous child—the warm tears falling fast upon her cheek; what was his joy to discover symptoms of returning animation. She moved—her bosom gently heaved and fell; and raising one arm, placed it round her father's neck, and smiling, drew him gently towards her—with what an ecstasy of joy he watched the signals of recovering life; and as he knelt to kiss her, he poured forth his delight in almost incoherent terms.

As consciousness gradually returned, he told her of her long trance, and of his parental fears. He told her of his determination that she should mix in the gaieties of the capital on her recovery, and said, that if she had been strong enough, that very evening she should accompany him to a grand masked ball given by the emperor to his subjects. Her face, which had hitherto been pale as marble, now suddenly became suffused with an unnatural glow—a half suppressed shriek escaped her—the smile faded from her lips—her eyes gradually closed, and the pallid hue of death again resumed its dominion. It was but a transient gleam. The hopes of the fond father were crushed to the earth, and the house became a scene of wailing and lamentation.

Since the review, Vienna continued the scene of every species of gaiety and dissipation. The Emperor was constantly on foot or horseback throughout the city, and nothing was wanting on his part to court popularity among all classes of his subjects; and with this intention, a masquerade was to be given at the palace, to which all ranks were eligible; and great was the rejoicing in Vienna, as a mark of such royal condescension and favour. The long-wished-for evening at length arrived, and nothing could equal the splendour of the scene. The magnificent saloon of the palace, lighted by its myriads of coloured lamps shone like a fairy palace, while no costume, from the rude garb of the wanderer through the plains of Norway, to the gorgeous display of oriental grandeur, were wanting to so delightful a spectacle. Here stood a proud Hungarian, in all the glitter of his embroidered pelisse and gold-tasseled boots; and here a simply clad hunter from the Tyrol, with his garland of newly-plucked flowers in his bonnet; while, ever and anon, the tall, melancholy, and dark-visaged Pole, strode by with all the proud bearing and lofty port, for which his countrymen are celebrated. There were bands of dancers from Upper Austria, and musicians from that land of song, Bohemia. The court had also, on this occasion, adopted the costume of various foreign nations. All beheld the Sovereign, and could address him, as he, in compliance with etiquette, was obliged to remain unmasked.

As the evening advanced, he seized a moment to leave the saals, and habit himself in domino; under which disguise, after many ludicrous rencontres with his friends, he was leaning listlessly against a pillar near where a number of Hungarian peasants were dancing. Their black velvet bodices so tightly laced with bright chains of silver, and blood-red calpacks, reminded him of having seen such before. The train of thoughts thus excited, banished all recollection of the scene around him:—the music and the dance he no longer minded. All

passed unheeded before his eyes; and, lost in reverie, he stood in complete abstraction. A vision of his early days came over him; and not last, but mingling with his dream of all beside, the image of one once dearly loved! He heaved a deep-drawn sigh, and was about to leave the spot, and drown all recollection in the dissipation of the moment, when he was accosted by one whom he had not before seen. Considering her, perhaps, as one of the many who were indulging in the badinage and gaiety of the place, he wished to pass on; but then there was that in the low plaintive tone in which she spoke, that chained him to the spot. The figure was dressed in deep black; the heavy folds of which concealed the form of the wearer as perfectly as did the black hood and mask her face and features. She stood for a moment silently before him, and then said, "Can the heart of him whom thousands rejoice to call their own, be sad amid a scene like this?"

"What mean you?" cried he. "How know you me?"

"How know I thee?" she replied in a low melancholy tone.

There was something in the way these few words were uttered, which chilled his very life's blood; and yet he knew not wherefore. Wishing, however, to rally his spirits, he observed, with an assumed carelessness, "My thoughts had rambled far from hence, and I was thinking of—"

"Of those you have long forgotten—is it not?" said the mask.

"How!" cried he; "what means this? You have roused me to a state of frightful uncertainty, and I must know more of you ere we part."

"That shall you do," said the mask; but my moments are few, and I would speak with you alone." Saying which she led the way, and he followed to a small cabinet, which leading off one angle of the salon, descended into a secluded court-yard of the palace. A single carriage now stood at the entrance, and as the emperor entered a small remote apartment, the thought of some deception being practised on him, made him resolve not to leave the palace. The Mask was now standing beside a marble table, a small lamp the only light of the apartments. She turned her head slowly round as if to see if any one was a listener to their interview; on perceiving that they were alone, she laid her hand gently upon his arm—he shuddered from some indescribable emotion as he felt the touch; but spoke not. There was a silence of some moments. "I have come to keep my promise," said the Mask in the same low voice in which she at first addressed him. "What promise have you made?" said the emperor, agitated; "I can bear this no longer." "Stay! stop!" cried she gently; and the voice in which that

word was uttered thrilled to his inmost heart: it was a voice well known, but long forgotten.

To keep a promise am I come—bethink thee, is there no debt of uttered vows unpaid then? Have you all now you ever wished for, ever hoped?"

He groaned deeply.

"Alas!" he exclaimed involuntarily, "that I could be spared that thought! I do remember one—but—"

"Then hear me, false-hearted! She who once loved thee, loves thee no more: her vows are broken—broken as her heart. She has redeemed her pledge—farewell!" and the voice with which the word was uttered faltered and died away in almost a whisper.

He stood entranced—he spoke not—moved not: the hand which leaned upon his arm now fell listlessly beside him, and the Mask made a gesture of departure.

"Stay!" cried he. "Not so—you leave not thus. Let me know who you are, and why you come thus?" and he lifted his hand to withdraw her mask by force. But she suddenly stepped back, and waving him back with one hand, said in a low and hollow voice, "Twere better you saw me not. Ask it not, I pray you, Sir, for your own sake, ask it not—my last, my only prayer!" and she again endeavoured to pass him as he stood between her and the small door which led towards the court-yard.

"You go not hence, till I have seen you unveil," he said in a voice of increased agitation.

The Mask then lifting the lamp which stood by with one hand, with the other threw back the hood which concealed her face. He beheld her—he knew her—she was his own, lost, betrayed Adela—not as he first found her; but pale, pale as the marble by which she stood—her lips colourless; and her eye beamed on him lustreless and cold as the grave, of which she seemed a tenant. The heart which was proof against death in a hundred forms, now failed him. The great king was a miserable heart-stricken man—he trembled—turned—and fell fainting to the ground!

When he recovered he threw his eyes wildly around, as if to see some one whom he could not discover. He listened—all was silent, save the distant sounds of festivity and the hum of gladsome voices. Pale and distracted he rushed from the spot, and summoning to his own apartment a few of his confidentials, he related to them his adventure from its commencement. In an instant a strict search was set on foot. Many had seen the Mask, though none spoke to her; and no one could tell when or how she had disappeared. The emperor at last bethought him of the carriage which stood at the door—it was gone. Some thought it had been a trick played off on one so cele-

brated for fearlessness as the emperor. Accordingly, many took the streets which led from the court-yard and terminated in the Augustine kirch and monastery. This way only could the carriage have gone; and they had not proceeded far when the rattling of the wheels met their ears—they listened, and as it came nearer, found it was the same carriage which stood at the portal. The driver was interrogated as to where he had been. He told them that a mask, dressed in black, had left the Saal, and bid him drive to the church of the Augustine, and that he had seen her enter an hotel adjacent.

The emperor, accompanied by two friends masked, bent their steps to the hotel. He inquired of the inmates, and then learnt his vicinity to his noble and ill requited Hungarian host, and his loved and lost Adela. Few, however humble, would at that moment have exchanged state with the monarch of Austria and Hungary, for remorse bound him down like a stricken reed.

"Lead me to the baron," he cried hastily, unable to bear the weight of recollection.

The man shook his head. "Noble sir," said he, "the baron lies on a bed of sickness: since this morning he has uttered no word; I fear he will never rise again."

"His daughter—lead me to her—quick!"

"Alas, sir, she died this morning!"

"Liar! slave!" cried the emperor, in a paroxysm of grief and astonishment, "but an hour since I saw her living! Dare not tamper with me!"

The man stared incredulously, and pointed to the staircase, and taking a lamp he beckoned him to follow. He led the way in silence up the broad staircase and through the long corridor, until he stopped at a door which he gently opened, and making the sign of the cross, entered the room—they followed. The apartment was lighted with wax-lights, and at one extremity, on a large couch, laid two females buried in sleep. At the other end was a bed with the curtains drawn closely around; wax-lights were burning at the head and foot. The emperor with an unsteady step approached the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain. There, extended on a coverlid of snowy whiteness, laid the object of his solicitude, and at her feet were the mask and domino! He thought she slept, and in the low tender accent with which he first won her young heart, he breathed her name; but there was no response. He took her hand—it was cold, and fell from his nerveless grasp. He gazed steadfastly on her countenance—it was pale as, when lifting her mask, she met his astonished gaze. But this was no trance—her eyes were now closed for ever—her heart had ceased to

beat—she was beautiful, though in death! Her arms were crossed upon her bosom, and on the fingers of her right-hand was entwined a chain of gold with a signet ring! None could see the scalding tears that were shed, or knew the bitter and agonizing remorse that tore the bosom of the emperor as he gazed for the last time on the pallid features of one, perhaps the only one, who had ever loved him for himself alone. Forgetful of his state—forgetful of all but his own heart—he knelt by the side of the dead, and never were accents of contrition more sincerely breathed by human being than by that monarch in his hour of humiliation.

Years rolled on. The old baron and his daughter sleep side by side in the cemetery of St. Augustine's monastery. They left no kindred; he was the last of his race; and the old castle on the Danube soon fell into decay, and became an outlaw's den. The emperor recovered in time his gaiety amidst the blandishments of his court; but as often as the season of the chase returned, his nobles remarked that he was never more the same light-hearted and reckless sportsman. Few knew why; but the associations were too strong—he could never banish from his mind the parting look of her whom he had first met in the dark forests of Hungary.

From the Court Magazine.

SONG FOR THE CHRISTMAS MINSTRELS.

BY MRS HEMANS.

O lovely voices of the sky,
That hymn'd the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high.
Ye that sang "Peace on earth!"
To us yet speak the strains,
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye bless'd the Syrian swains—
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour Heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherds' head;
Be now, thro' life and death,
As on that holiest night
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith—
O clear and shining light!

O star which led to Him, whose love
Brought down man's ransom free!
Where art thou? 'Midst the Host above
May we still gaze on thee?
In Heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim;
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to Him!

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From the Edinburgh Magazine.

THE RADICAL POETS.*

"WHAT is poetry?" has often been asked. To this question, Lord Bacon, a true poet, though he wrote in prose, replies,—“It is something divine; because it raises the mind, and hurries it into sublimity, by conforming the shows of things to the desires of the soul; instead of subjecting the soul to external things, as reason and history do.” What is poetry? we ask of Hazlitt, another of the poets, who neither submitted to the links of rhyme, nor more majestic bondage of blank verse; and he poetically replies,—“Poetry is that fine particle within us that expands, rarifies, refines, raises our whole being—without it man’s life is poor as beasts’;” and he eloquently illustrates the definition,—“The child is a poet, in fact, when he first plays at hide-and-seek, or repeats the tale of Jack the Giant Killer; the shepherd lad is a poet, when he first crowns his mistress with a garland of flowers; the countryman, when he gazes after the Lord Mayor’s Show; the miser, when he hugs his gold; the courtier, when he builds his hope upon a smile; the savage, when he paints his idol with blood; the slave who worships a tyrant, and the tyrant who fancies himself a God; the vain, the ambitious, the proud, the choleric man; the hero and the coward, the beggar and the king, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, all live in a world of their own making; and the poet does no more than describe what all others think and act.” These are subtle and exalted descriptions of poetry—passionate and imaginative poetry; but they are not complete. What is poetry? we inquire of Ebenezer Elliott, a Radical Poet, and he forcibly and briefly answers,—“What is poetry but impassioned truth?” The definition is clear and complete as regards his own writings, and applies, with nearly equal propriety, to those of Crabbe, the *Great Founder of the Radical School*; in which the Sheffield worker in iron and in steel is rather his steady and unflinching fellow-labourer than imitative disciple. His poetical Radicalism is as original and vigorous as is his genius.

The definition of Elliott applies with equal exactness to all the *Radical* poetry of the writers whose names are arranged at the head of this article. They make a formidable list; yet it would not be difficult to swell it; and every day is witnessing conversions among the living versemen, and making additions to the number of the *Radical Poets*. The late volume of Mr. Proctor (Barry Cornwall) places him fairly in the category; and the author of the *Village Workhouse* has enrolled himself frankly and at once a volunteer under the Radical banner. The Radicalism of Burnst—who died

so early as to have scarcely begun to live to reflection, and who spent his noble mind in feeling—is but incidentally visible, though its character and genuineness cannot be mistaken. It runs through his tale of the *Two Dogs*, forms the depressing theme of his elegiac verses, *Man was made to Mourn*, and triumphs in his glorious song,—

“The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,

The man’s the goud, for a’ that!”

A deep-hidden vein of Radicalism runs through all the poetry of Cowper, occasionally breaking out both in his sarcasm, and pathetic regrets over the changed condition of the poor, and the manners of the rural population; and in his keen satire and sweeping denunciations of the profligacy and degeneracy of the higher orders; the corruption of modern statesmen, and of the clergy and magistracy; and the gradual demoralization of the people from impolitic or wicked laws; the Excise, with its legalized perjuries, its bounty on intemperance, and mockery of the sanctity of oaths; the State Lottery, and the military mania. But Cowper is, on Radical subjects, now comparatively an old writer. The materials of Radicalism have increased ten-fold since the author of the *Task* and of *Expostulation* laid aside his pen. He had closed his books before the consequences of the late war were even guessed at by the “terrible sagacity” of the poet. The bulk of Crabbe’s writings were, in point of time, twenty or more years later, and, in point of fact, and of the extraordinary position of the country, a full century later. Crabbe, again, had, in his turn, ceased to write before the evils of the system were felt in their utmost rigour—evils which are hurrying us to Heaven knows where. The gentle and benevolent spirit of Cowper was spared the pain of witnessing in his England, beloved with all her faults, the train of miseries produced by an enormous expenditure corrupting the few and grinding the many, and the consequent monstrous abuse of the poor laws; or the evils which false policy has created, and entailed on production, and the fearfully increased distress of a wretched, starving, and, by consequence, an ignorant and reckless population, madly aggravating every misery of their actual condition, by their own thoughtlessness.

Grahame, the friend of liberty, and the most soft-hearted of all poets, is also the gentlest of Radicals. Who can forget his affecting descriptions of the sufferings and feelings of the rural population, groaning under the proud man’s contumely, or driven from their ancestral fields by “stern monopoly;” or his touching pictures of the city mechanic, “plying the sickly trade?” The tenderness and benevolence of his nature was yet more strongly excited by the condition of children in factories, and those brought from their native cottages

qualified by kindred genius and feeling to appreciate him truly.—Allan Cunningham.

No. 129.—2 F

* Ebenezer Elliott, Author of *Corn Law Rhymes*, *The Village Patriarch*, &c. &c. &c.; Crabbe, Burns, Cowper, Southey, Pollok, a Country Curate, &c. &c. &c.

† We shall have an early opportunity of showing our readers Burns as a man and a Poet, in the light in which he should be viewed, and in the portraiture of one amply

and burn-sides, to the dark unwholesome cellars, and stifling garrets, of the city lanes. Many of his descriptions, and most pathetic remonstrances and appeals, are of the finest essence of Radicalism. Who can ever forget such passages as these?

——“Oft from their high
And wretched roof they look, trying through clouds
Of driving smoke, a glimpse of the green fields
To gain; while at the view they feel their hearts
Sickening within them. Ah, these vain regrets
For happiness, that now is but a dream,
Are not their sorest evil. No! disease,
(The harvest of the crowded house of toil,
Approaches, withering fast the opening bloom
Of infant years.”

“Oh, that heart-wrining cry
To take them home—to take them home again!”

It need scarcely be told that the Laureate was, in his earlier years, a thorough, and indeed, a bitter Radical poet. His anti-manufacturing, anti-Malthusian, and anti-Macculloch opinions, make him still something “more than kin though less than kind” to a large section of the Radicals; however indignantly he might disclaim the relationship. Mr. Southey may have done severe, and, we doubt not, very sincere penance for those sins of his youth, Wat Tyler, and the Battle of Blenheim; but the spirit of the Wanderer, the Eclogues, and the Wedding, will continue to animate his poetry, while he trusts himself with popular subjects. Not one of the poets we have mentioned are so directly and zealously teachers in the school of which Crabbe is the Chief, as the Laureate was. The constraining power of the Spirit of Truth has made this an age fertile of Balaams; and Mr. Southey is of the number of the prophets.

Crabbe, whom we hold as the Founder of the Radical school, is emphatically the poet of low, of mean, and of suffering life. He has never yet found a true critic, though the progress of events has now given him many intelligent interpreters. No one appears to have either fathomed the Radical depths of his mind, or to have comprehended the most important purpose which may be deduced from his writings. It cannot be said that he has manifested any pre-concerted design of drawing attention to the condition of the poor, and the prospects of society. But he was a deeply reflective and an actively benevolent man, of acute observation and profound thought. The discharge of his duty as a conscientious clergyman, brought him into close and constant contact with the poor; and his heart and mind from their overflowing fulness, poured forth treasured hoards of thought and feeling, in humorous, playful, sarcastic, and most pathetic verse, describing especially the condition of the lower classes, with great power, with minute fidelity, and in the spirit of “impassioned truth.” His mind was full of his subject, and he was earnest and sincere in the deliverance of the prophet-message

intrusted to him. But the mode was of lesser concernment; one man employs the lofty metaphor-tone of Milton; another, the quaint paraphrastic style of Bunyan. Crabbe had his own peculiar signs, though it is clear that he labours with the mighty reality, if not always with the consciousness of a great moral and political purpose, which his critics not perceiving, have judged him by the ordinary vulgar rules and standards of poetical jurisdiction, never once hitting upon the fundamental principle of his compositions. He is the Hogarth of the poets, and the critics read him like a child, nor understand half the meanings figured forth by his successive pictures. These meanings are beginning to glimmer upon them now. It is now seen that *Radical* wrongs and evils are at the foundation of all the speculations he has illustrated in *tale* and *elegy*—that the *poor* are ever present with him. They may not at all times claim his respect, but they engross his thoughts and his care, and very much of his affection. If he dwell quite enough upon their debasing pursuits, and the mean concomitant vices of extreme poverty and extreme ignorance, he does not neglect their redeeming qualities. He loves to paint their piety, patience, resignation; and their tenacity and delicacy of affection; their inborn sense of the manly and independent in character, and all “the virtues of the lowly train.” The living truth of his descriptions has been universally acknowledged; and, than some of them, there are none in the language more powerful in simple pathos, and pitious and tender beauty, whether in thought or expression. Yet in the delineations of the master-poet of the suffering poor, pain must predominate. He, in fact, becomes oppressive and afflictive. The reader is looking in the verse of Crabbe for what he has accustomed himself to expect from all poetry,—pleasure, however melancholy or serious its prevailing character may be; and he quarrels with the author for not ministering the sweetened or the spiced draught, for which the poet has never bargained. The fastidious recoil, with somewhat of disgust, from his wholesome potions, distilled of rue and ephrasa, and all bitter but salutary herbs; and persons of keen sensibility on the hopeless, sickening view of society which he presents, are, with some show of justice, tempted to retort upon him his own powerful words:—

“I’ll know no more;—my heart is torn
By sights of woe it cannot heal!
Long shall I see these things forlorn,
And oft again their woes shall feel,
As each upon the mind shall steal.”

A clear apprehension of the latent purpose of Crabbe and of Elliott will enable the reader to overcome this nausea. The poetry of both is something entirely different from the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of ordinary minstrelsy, or “the voices of those who play sweetly upon the instrument.” They probe

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the festering sore to the bottom; and tear away the veiling rags which, in our impatient selfishness, we are content to see interposed between the foul, eating ulcer and our daintiness; but this disgust is given only that the canker may be thoroughly exposed and examined, and skilfully salved. Neither of the Radical bards seems to give himself much concern whether his passionate representations of truth be what are conventionally considered fit for the purposes of poetry or not; contented if, by rousing, agitating, and affecting our feelings, they can awaken the torpid sense to the justice which society owes to its outcast, and its degraded and suffering members. The admonitions both have received, not to write in verse what must give pain, are about as reasonable as forbidding a physician to administer a healing draught in a glass vessel, as such vessels are usually consecrated to vinous beverages and social potations.

We need not longer detain the reader from the avowed Radical poet, by citing from the writings of Crabbe proofs of how closely their feelings and opinions were akin.

Ebenezer Elliott is an original writer in an imitative age; and a powerful one at a time tending in literature to feebleness and effeminacy. He is himself; and in manner resembles no one else. Like every other original writer, he draws from the great mine of nature; but he works a vein which is wholly his own; and the ore he hammers out—for he is not skilful in refining processes or in the use of crucibles and alembics—bears his own deep and distinct impress,—Nature's broad arrow stamping every ingot. There is, accordingly, almost nothing which the Radical poet has written that could have been the composition of any other man. The shaping and cast of his thoughts are as much his own as the garb of strong and glowing words in which they are clothed. He is "a self-educated poet;" and it were to be wished that some one would, once for all, explain this parrot phrase, and fix the limits which divide the taught from the "self-taught" poets. To the latter class belong Shakspeare, Burns, and Elliott; to the former class, Milton, Wordsworth, and Byron. But were Milton and Byron poets, because they studied at Oxford and Cambridge; and was Shakspeare an infinitely greater poet than either, because he could only have transiently smelt the air of the former learned city in passing through it, a fugitive adventurer! This phrase, "self-educated" poet, has, we suspect, no fixed meaning of any kind, if it have any meaning at all; and we imagine that the elements of all literary education, reading and writing, once attained, every poet may be described as "self-educated." Burns has said that no poet ever met the Muse, until he had learned to wander, solitarily,

"Adown some wimpling burn's meander,
And no' think lang."

The only essential difference, we apprehend,

between man and man, in whom the native genius lurks, over which time and the hoar can have influence, may be the enjoyment of leisure, and an employment favourable to the ripening and development of the poetical character. Like the business of Burns, for example,

"In glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain's side;"

while Elliott's toilsome and noisy Cyclop calling, though it could not preclude the reception and gradual accumulation of poetical ideas, must have been adverse and retarding to their germination and development. The superincumbent weight of circumstances must have pressed heavily upon him; but the undying, unquenchable principle was there. The seed slowly received into a soil so naturally fertile and congenial, might long lie hidden; but gently nourished and quickened at last by the sun of truth and the dews of heaven, like the chilled and retarded buds and blossoms of a hyperborean region, it sprung at length into "the bright, consummate flower."

We do not exactly know how long Mr. Elliott may have been writing poetry; but he must have been revolving it, and brooding over it, for many years, and long maintaining a manly, vigorous struggle, though, so far as we see, all his more important compositions have been published within the last three years. Though our information is neither full nor perfect, every thing about the mental constitution and intellectual growth of "a self-educated mind" belonging to Elliott's class, is at present doubly interesting and curious, even though it may be far from arriving at the maturity and manly vigour of his disciplined understanding. These are the men, the influence of whose opinions is already strongly and directly felt in public affairs. They are the sinews of our society, and they must soon be more. With their virtue and intelligence, or their profligacy and ignorance, the weal or woe of Britain is bound up; and, apart from poetical accomplishment, we linger on the character of Elliott, as on a bright augury; trusting that, though far superior in poetic genius, he may be in knowledge and principle only a fair specimen of tens of thousands of our artisans. He says himself, in a private letter to a friend, that there was no early sign of the elemental poet about him, nor indeed bright promise of any kind. But it must be noticed that he has no faith in original genius. He, however, confesses to that inborn propensity which is the unfailing and least equivocal mark of the genuine poetic temperament—the love of nature. The love of nature and the education of Jacobinism formed the *Radical Poet*. Elliott was born rather more than fifty years since, in a village near the town of Sheffield. There,—we use his own strong words, and none can be found so fit,—he is still "a dealer in steel, working hard every day; literally labouring with head and hands, and alas with my heart too! If you

think the steel trade, in those profitless days, is not a heavy, hard-working trade, come and break out a ton." A man of his knowledge and energy was not likely to remain the mere workman of another. Elliott, though labouring with his hands and head, is his own master, as well as his children's provider. But we must briefly advert to his origin and his youth. His father, a man of education and of great natural humour, was a commercial clerk in an iron establishment, and also a Jacobin, the name given in those days to the friends of liberty by the artifice of its enemies, and meant to express the last degree of whatever was ruffianly and opprobrious. He was, his son writes, "a Jacobin, marked as such, and hunted, literally hunted out of society on that account. The yeomanry used to amuse themselves, periodically, by backing their horses through his windows." "I," says Elliott, "*I have not forgotten the English Reign of Terror*; there you have the source of my political tendencies." This holds in thousands of instances besides that of Mr. Elliott. The blood of the martyrs of freedom in the end of the last century has been the fruitful seed of liberty in this. The children of the persecuted then, are among the most determined of the Radicals now. Young Elliott excelled all his companions in kite-making, and such feats of boyish mechanical dexterity; but nevertheless obtained the reputation of a dunce, and almost a fool; and to prove that he deserved it he chose to play truant for weeks and months on end, preferring to hunt lizards, and search out bird nests in the Threybergh woods to the first four rules of Arithmetic. "To those wild wanderings," he says in the letter to a friend quoted above, "I impute the love of Nature and her wonders, which will quit me but with life." Though averse to school learning, Elliott speaks with the utmost affection and respect of his early teacher, Joseph Ramsbottom.—What a name! Mr. Croker or Mr. Hooke might exclaim, for one whom Elliott describes "as one of those unsophisticated beings, whom the *improved* state of society will no longer permit to subsist among us. He was disinterestedness personified; a man of genius, of infantine kindness, of patriarchal simplicity; the gentlest and most benevolent of human creatures: humble, pious, industrious, resigned, he lived and died as few can live and die." He was an able mathematician and ingenious mechanic, and distinguished by a fondness for flowers.—Had the Radical Poet been trained at Harrow or Eton, we should, as soon as he became popular, have heard among the great a great deal about his tutors; and on as just a principle we here notice "the best of men, Joseph Ramsbottom."

As Elliott was a suspected dunce only for liking the woods and moors better than Dilworth or Cocker, his father gave up the point of school learning, and sent him into the Foundry with which he was himself connected, upon

the foreman (a shrewd man, belike,) giving the comforting assurance that the lad was after all no fool. Like the sturdy energetic Radical he afterwards grew, Elliott put his soul into his business, and soon gave promise of becoming a first-rate workman. "At this period," he says, in the letter noticed above, "I was saved or lost by an accident;"—"saved," assuredly, if by this is meant that his character was, from this time, determined to poetry; or to pursue which led to it. A young relative was taking in a work on botany, with coloured prints of plants, in monthly numbers, and Elliott was allowed to peruse it, and taught by a common mechanical process to trace the plates. He thus became a draughtsman, and a lover of plants; which again led him back to the woods, and away from the ale-house, whither he often had sometimes gone with the other workmen. About this same time his brother bought a copy of Thomson's Seasons, which, being a good reader, he read aloud to the family, until the reputed dunce silently obtained some faint glimmering perception of the beauty of the descriptions. When Giles laid down the book, Ebenezer took it up, and carried it into the garden, whither he duly went to compare the poet's descriptions with the natural living flowers.

On holydays he still sought the woods to gather flowers. Poets call their writings "garlands, and wreaths, and chaplets." How long Elliott's poetry continued literally so, we cannot tell; nor yet when his mute, or flower-worship of Nature burst forth into words—the strong, fervid, earnest words of "impassioned truth."

When he first published is equally a secret to us; but he did publish long ago, and fortunately found his poetry completely neglected:—Fortunately, we say advisedly; for though there may be minds to whom neglect is annihilation, there are others more nervous and more sternly-strung, to whom it gives strength, pride, self-reliance, and instant and complete emancipation from the trammels of codes of opinion, and the systems of schools of criticism. Something worse than neglect, made, or showed Lord Byron to be a great poet; and had Elliott's first attempts been received with manly praise, and the fulsome empty airs of modern patronage, we might have found him still dallying with "subjects fit for poetry," instead of seeing him the masculine, original, and energetic Radical poet, which, left to himself, and taking counsel of his own mind only, he has become. By the time the critics and self-elected guardians of literature began to claim jurisdiction over him, Elliott had luckily learned to think and judge for himself, and, we suspect, to imagine that he was at least as much in the secret of where his strength lay as any one of them.

We cannot pretend to give an abstract of the poems of Elliott; though, in attempting some account of them, we believe we shall

perform an acceptable service to the public, at least in this end of the island; and to the friends of liberty, and of the improvement of mankind everywhere. *Corn-Law Rhymes* is a title to which few persons affix any intelligible idea; and those who chance to be acquainted with the poetry of Elliott, only through this small volume, must have a very inadequate notion indeed of the high poetical merit of the Village Patriarch, of Love, and of the Splendid Village.

Love is a sentimental and descriptive poem, containing passages of touching beauty and pathos. It may be the most sustained and equal of all Mr. Elliott's productions, though it is far inferior in vigour, force, and power, to his subsequent writings. The *Corn-Law Rhymes* is a mere collection of pieces of very unequal merit, and is somewhat indebted to the attraction of a quaint name; but of his more regular efforts, every one has been a decided improvement on that which preceded it. From *Love* we extract a few lines, following the opening apostrophe to "Love the eldest Muse." They are recommended by referring to the domestic circumstances of the author, for which reason we prefer them to more brilliant passages:—

"Love, 'twas my heart that named thee! sweetest word,

Here, or in highest Heav'n pronounced or heard!

Whether by seraph near the throne above,

Or soul-sick maiden in the vernal grove,

Or matron, with her first-born on her knee,

Or, sweeter, lisp'd by rose-lipp'd infancy!

Yes, Love, my heart did name thee! not because

Thy mandate gave the bright hair'd comet laws;

Nor that thy hand, in good almightiest, showers

The everblooming, fiery-petall'd flowers

Wide o'er the fields of hyacinthine Heav'n;

But that to me thy richest smile hath giv'n

Bliss, tried in pain. And mid my rosy boys,

In joy and grief, I sing thy griefs and joys. [fire.

Bless'd is the hearth, when daughters gird the

And sons, that shall be happier than their sire,

Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,

While love and hope inspires his wordless pray'r,

Oh, from their home paternal may they go,

With little to unlearn, though much to know!

Them may no poison'd tongue, no evil eye

Curse for the virtues that refuse to die,

The generous heart, the independent mind,

Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind!

May temperance crown their feast, and friendship

share!

May pity come, Love's sister spirit, there!

May they shun baseness, as they shun the grave!

May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave!

Sweet peace be theirs, the moonlight of the breast,

And occupation, and alternate rest,

And, dear to care and thought, the rural walk!

Theirs be no flower that withers on the stalk,

But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in vain,

And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise again!

Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,

Their floor resound the tread of little feet;

Bless'd beyond fear and fate, if bless'd by thee,

And heirs, oh, Love, of thine eternity!"

Though *Love* is not the characteristic volume of the Radical poet, we must give one or more passages. This is from an address to conjugal and maternal love:

"Oh, bless'd, who drinks the bliss that Hymen yields,

And plucks life's roses in his quiet fields!

Though in his absence hours seem lengthen'd years,

His presence hallows separation's tears.

Oh, clasp'd in dreams, for his delay'd return

Fond arms are stretch'd, and speechless wishes burn!

Love o'er his fever'd soul sheds tears more sweet

Than angels' smiles, when parted angels meet:

To him no fabled paradise is given;

His very sorrows charm, and breathe of heaven.

And soon the fairest form that walks below

Shall bless the name of parent in her wo;

Soon o'er her babe shall breathe a mother's pray'r,

And kiss its father's living picture there,

While the young stranger on life's dangerous way

Turns with a smile his blue eye to the day."

The second book of this poem opens finely with an apostrophe to the faithful, conjugal love, and domestic bliss of virtuous Poverty. It is so amiable, and the lesson so nobly Radical, that we cannot resist this passage.

"Oh, faithful Love, by Poverty embraced!

Thy heart is fire, amid a wintry waste;

Thy joys are roses, born on Hecla's brow;

Thy home is Eden, warm amid the snow;

And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,

Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form;

Ev'n as thy taper gives intensest light,

When o'er thy bow'd roof darkest falls the night.

Oh, if thou e'er hast wrong'd her, if thou e'er

From those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear

To flow unseen,—repent, and sin no more!

For richest gems, compared with her, are poor;

Gold, weigh'd against her heart, is light—is vile,

And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile?

Sighing, ye wake, and sighing sink to sleep,

And seldom smile, without fresh cause to weep;

(Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dash'd o'er,

Another comes to wet it as before.)

Yet, while in gloom your freezing day declines,

How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines!

Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen,

Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green;

And your broad branches, proud of storm-tried

strength,

Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length,

And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour,

The ice-born fruit, the frost-defying flower.

Let Luxury, sickening, in profusion's chair,

Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir,

And, while he feeds him, blush, and tremble, too!

But, Love and Labour, blush not, fear not, you!

Your children, (splinters from the mountain's side,)

With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide,

Parent of valour, cast away thy fear!

Mother of Men, be proud without a tear! [move,

While round your hearth the wo-nursed virtues

And all that manliness can ask of love;

Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair,

Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare.

Burns o'er the plough sung sweet his woodnotes

wild,

And richest SHAKSPEARE was a poor man's child.
Sire green in age, mild, patient, toil-inured,
Endure thine evils, as thou hast endured,
Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice!
Hear Hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice!
See Freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise.
And Hampden, Russell, Sidney, in their eyes!
And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue
All hearths but thine, let him behold them, too,
And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo!"

The story of the blind-struck bride, is full of interest and subdued pathos, and knowledge of that most wayward thing, a human heart, which, though not naturally either cruel or bad, is yet not under the guidance of steady principle, and the influence of early-formed good habits.

But it is in the *Village Patriarch* that the opinions and tendencies of Elliott are first distinctly evolved. He feels like a true and reflecting Englishman the gradual debasement, and rapid impoverishment of the people, from the combined operation of the Poor Laws, the Game Laws, and that hydra-course the Corn Law, which has given activity to all the misery resulting from the Poor-Laws, and made them more injurious to the morals and condition of the people, from the end of the American war till now, or in fifty years, than in all the centuries which have intervened since their institution. The Bread Tax, which, he emphatically says, speaks to him from the trenchers of his ten children, Elliott considers the tap-root of all the evils under which the country is labouring. The scrimped trencher is, indeed, quickening, powerful inspiration. The beer flaggon of himself and his neighbours, drained dry by excessive taxation, is equal to the poet's Helicon, with the minstrel whose only muse is Useful Truth. The account Mr. Elliott has given of the origin of his political poetry, sets the matter in the true light. Nor is it to the philosopher the least valuable section of his writings.

"My poem may be a weed, but it has sprung, unforced, out of existing things. It may not suit the circulating libraries for adult babies; but it is the earnest product of experience, a retrospect of the past, and an evidence of the present—a sign of the times—a symptom, terrible, or otherwise, which our state doctors will do well to observe with the profoundest shake of the head; for it affords a prognostic, if not a proof, that Smith and Macculloch must soon be as familiar as Dilworth to school-boys. And is it of no importance what a man of the middle class—hardly raised above the lowest—thinks, when the lowest are beginning to think? Believing as I do, that the Corn Laws have a direct and rapid tendency to ruin my ten children and their country, with all its venerable and venerated institutions, where is the wonder if I hate the perpetrators of such insane atrocities? Their ancestors, I believe, were good men. The Savilles and the Rockinghams, were not palaced almoners, nor are their successors like the Shelleys and the Lauderdale. But when suicidal anti-profit laws speak to my heart from my children's trenchers; when statutes for restricting the indus-

try of a population, which is only superabundant because it is oppressed, threaten to send me to the treadmill, for the crime of inflicted want; when, in a word, my feelings are hammered till they are 'cold-short;' habit can no longer bend them to courtesy; they snap, and fly off in sarcasm. Is it strange that my language is fervent as a welding heat, when my thoughts are passions, that rush burning from my mind, like white-hot bolts of steel? You do not seem to be sufficiently aware of the importance of these low matters of trade; you do not seem to suspect, that, if the Corn Laws continue much longer, the death-struggle of competition will terminate suddenly!"

Like every other powerful thinker, who looks abroad with his eyes open, and whose vision is neither rendered purblind by "interest-begotten prejudices," nor disturbed by an attempt to accommodate facts to theories, Elliott believes the condition of the great mass of the people to be much worse, than it was even thirty years back; and that the accumulation of capital has been the scattering of well-being, owing to bad government, bad institutions, and unskilful legislation. To prove this may be assumed as the leading moral object of the *Village Patriarch*.

Enoch Wray, the venerable ruin of an English handicraftsman of the good olden time, has seen a century of years, is blind and poverty-stricken, but still maintains his independence of character, and his place as the patriarch of the hamlet. He is full of shrewd and sagacious thought, and of ennobling feelings and recollections. The poem opens with a striking description of a day of severe settled frost, and the old blind man groping his way abroad.

"How lone is he, who, blind and near his end,
Seeks old acquaintance in a stone or tree!
All feeling, and no sight! Oh let him spend
The gloaming hour in chat with memory,
Nor start from dreams, to curse reality,
And friends, more hard and cold than trees and stones."

The "poor blind father" is elbowed in his way by

"Men whose harsh steps have language, cruel tones
That strike his ear and heart, as if with steel!
Where dwelt they, ere corruption's brazen seal
Stamped power's hard image on such dross as theirs.

Thou meanest thing that Heaven endures and spares,
Thou up-start Dandy, with the cheek of lead!

How darest thou from the wall push those grey hairs?
Dwarf! if He lift a finger thou art dead!

"Some natural tears he drops, but wipes them soon,
And thinks how changed his country and his kind,
Since he in England's and in manhood's noon
Toiled lightly, and earned much; or like the wind,
Went forth o'er flowers, with not a care behind;
And knew nor grief, nor want, nor doubt nor fear."

Beasts! how can'st thou smite with speech severe,
One who was revered long ere thou wast born?
No homeless, soulless beggar meets thee here:
Although that threadbare coat is patched and torn,
His burning heart repels thy taunt with scorn.

You, too, proud dame, whose eye so keenly scans
The king's blind subject on the king's high-road,
You, who much wonder that, with all our plans
To starve the poor, they still should crawl abroad;
Ye both are journeying to the same abode."

But we cannot follow the logical deductions
Of the lady, nor yet advert to the beautifully
descriptive lines which follow, blended with
the recollections of the patriarch. This ac-
count of changed manners, and city life, is, if
less pleasing, more to our purpose.

"But much he dreads the town's distracting maze,
Where all, to him, is full of change and pain.
New streets invade the country: and he strays,
Lost in strange paths, still seeking, and in vain,
For ancient landmarks, or the lonely lane
Where oft he played at Crusoe, when a boy.
Fire vomits darkness, where his lime-trees grew;
Harsh grates the saw, where coo'd the wood-dove
coo;

Tomb crowds on tomb, where violets drooped in
dew;
And, brighter than bright heav'n the speed-well blue
Chatter'd the bank, where now the town-bred boor
(Victim and wretch, whose children never smile)
Insults the stranger, sightless, old, and poor,
On swill'd Saint Monday, with his cronies vile,
Drunk, for the glory of the holy isle,
While pines his wife and tells to none her woes!

"Here, Enoch, flaunts no more the wild brier rose,
Nor basks the lizard here, nor harmless snake.
In Spring, no more the broom, all golden glows
O'er the clear rill, that, whimpering through the
brake,

Heard thy blithe youth the echoing vale awake.
All that was lovely then is gloomy now.
Then, no strange path's perplex'd thee, no new
streets,
Where draymen bawl, while rogue's kick up a
row;

And fish-wives grin, while fopling fopling meets;
And milk lad his rebellious donkey beats,
While dwarfish cripple shuffles to the wall;
And hopeless tradesmen sneaks to alehouse mean;
And jumps of beggary curse their dad, and squall
For mammy's gin; and matron, poor and clean,
With tearful eye, begs crust for lodger lean;
And famish'd weaver, with his children three,
Sings hymns for bread; and legless soldier, borne
In dog-drawn car, implores charity;
And thief, with steak, from butcher runs forlorn;
And debtor bows, while banker smiles in scorn;
And landed pauper, in his coach and four,
Bound to far countries from a realm betray'd,
Scowls on the crowd, who curse the scoundrel's
power,
While coachee grins, and lofty lady's maid
Turns up her nose at bread-tax-paying trade,
Though master bilketh dun, and is in haste."

The contrast of the scene with the time

"When Locksley o'er the hills of Hallam chased
The wide-horned stag,"

is more poetical but less characteristic of El-
liott; and we turn to the city-pent widow,
who—

"Still tries to make her little garden bloom,
For she was country-born. No weeds appear
Where her poor pinks deplore their prison-tomb;
To them, alas! no second spring shall come!"

We leave the decaying flowers, for the sickly
human flower.

"Pale, dwindled lad, that on her slated shop
Set'st moss and groundsel from the frosty lea!
O'er them no more the tiny wren shall hop:
Poor plants! poor child! I pity them, and thee;
Yet blame I not wise Mercy's high decree:
They fade, thou diest, but thou to live again,
To bloom in heav'n. And will thy flowers be
there?

Heav'n, without them, would smile, for thee, in
vain.

Thither, poor boy, the primrose shall repair,
There violets breathe of England's dewy air,
And daisies speak of her, that dearest one,
Who then shall bend above thy early bier."

We must not follow the widow and her boy
farther. Yet more deeply pathetic, in the
same strain, is this little incidental notice of
the poor women in the Sheffield Factories,
soothing toils, which nothing can cheer, by
chanting hymns.

"Hark! music still is here! How wildly sweet,
Like flute-notes in a storm, the psalm ascends
From yonder pile, in traffic's dirtiest street!
There hapless woman at her labour bends,
While with the rattling fly her shrill voice blends,
And ever, as she cuts the headless nail,
She sings, 'I waited long, and sought the Lord,
And patiently did bear.' A deeper wail
Of sister voices joins, in sad accord,
'He set my feet upon his rock ador'd!'
And then, perchance, 'O God, on man look
down!'"

Such is the pathetic power, the moral pa-
thetic of this Radical poet. We can remember
many picturesque incidents of this nature in
the elder poets and romance writers. The
peasant chanting the old ballad of the Ronce-
valles fight,—the milk-maid's song, so finely
introduced by honest Isaac Walton,—and poor
Ophelia's snatches of old ballads—but nothing
so deeply moving as the minstrelsy of these
poor Sheffield tasked work-women.

The blind patriarch on his ramble, visits an
old friend, also blind and bed-ridden. But we
cannot go farther into the history of his friend,
or of the interview, than to extract a few lines
from the prayer which Enoch breathes by the
bed-side of Charles. Let us first notice that
the patriarch's *useful* life had been spent in
the labours of a stone-mason,—almost an ar-
chitect,—the constructor of country mills,
and stanch, enduring, old-fashioned mountain

bridges. Charles had been his fellow-labourer, and now Enoch,

——“with hands uplifted reverently,
And heav’nward eyes, upon his bended knees,
Implores the Father of the poor to spare
His pious friend, and cure his long disease;
Or give him strength his painful load to bear,
That, dying, he may show ‘what good men are.’”

But we pass to the pith of Enoch’s earnest petitions and thanksgivings.

——“Thee, we bless, that he can proudly say
He eats the hoarded bread of industry,
And that he hath not, in his evil day
Tasted the bitterness of parish-pay.
Though frail thy child, like all who weep below,
His life, thou know’st, has been no baneful weed;
He never gather’d where he did not plough,
He reap’d not where he had not scatter’d seed;
And Christ for wretched sinners deigned to bleed!
At thy tribunal want may be forgiv’n;
There, to be lowly, is not to be base;
Oh, then—if equal in the eye of heav’n
Are all the children of the human race,”——

We break off again abruptly; leaving the reader to follow out this passage.

The old man, seated in the sunshine of a bright winter’s day, gives the poet opportunity for a hasty retrospection of the great public events of the last century; ending with the first French Revolution. This closes with a comparison between Washington and Napoleon which it rejoices us to see a *Radical* make; as the name of the latter hero has often proved a meteor that has dazzled and misled too many professing the political faith of Elliott, but with much less knowledge of its fundamental principles.

Some complimentary lines to “cloud-rolling” Sheffield, and her skilled and independent artisans, free, on the return of the Sabbath, to emerge from the forge, and from the darkness of their six days’ toil, lead to this splendid passage;—

“Light! all is not corrupt; for thou art pure,
Unchanged and changeless! Though frail man
is vile,

Thou lookst on him serene, sublime, secure,
Yet, like thy Father, with a pitying smile.
Light! we may cloud thy beams, but not defile.
Even on this wintry day, as marble cold,
Angels might quit their homes to visit thee,
And match their plumage with thy mantle, rolled
Beneath God’s Throne, or billows of a sea,
Whose isles are worlds, whose bounds infinity.
Why, then, is Enoch absent from my side?
I miss the rustle of his silver hair;
A guide no more, I seem to want a guide,
While Enoch journeys to the House of Prayer;
Ah, ne’er came Sabbath-day but he was there!
Lo, how, like him, erect and strong, though grey,
Yon village-tower, time-touched, to God appeals!
But, hark! the chimes of morning die away!
Hark! to the heart the solemn sweetness steals,
Like the heart’s voice, unfelt by none who feels
That God is Love, that man is living dust.”

The Sabbath-walk of the toil-freed townsman, with his little children, to whom the very air of Heaven is a rich banquet, is, in tenderness and sweetness, the counterpart of similar descriptions in Grahame; and then we have the *skailing* of the kirk, which gives room for many little shrewd and sarcastic strokes and sketches of character. We see the spiritless, scorned curate; and are told of the reduced English yeoman and his degenerate successor, and see the ancient home,

——“where once dwelt Matthew Hayes,
A trading yeoman of the bygone days.
There, where his fathers sojourned on the plain,
And damn’d the French, yet loved all humankind!
His annual feast was spread, nor spread in vain:
There his own acres billowed in the wind
Their golden corn. A man of vulgar mind,
He laughed at learning, while he scrawled his
cross,
And reared his boy in sloth. But times grew
worse;
War came; and public waste brought private loss.”

It is useless to follow a common history. The yeoman and his wife die broken-hearted beggars. Their ill-educated son supports a life of degradation and low debauchery, by poaching and theft. Let us turn for comfort to the dwelling, and forget the perished inmates. The English home—

——“that sternly could withstand
The storms of more than twice a hundred years!
In such a home was Shakspeare’s Hamlet planned;
And Raleigh’s boyhood shed ambitious tears
O’er Colon’s wrongs. How proudly it uprears
Its tower of clustered chimneys, tufted o’er
With ivy, ever green amid the grey;
Yet envy-stung, and muttering ever more
To yon red villa, on the King’s highway,—
‘Thou dandy, I am not of yesterday.’
Time seems to reverence these fantastic walls
Behold the gables quaint, the cornice strong!
The chambers, bellying over latticed halls!
The oaken tracery, outlasting long
The carven stone!”

The following sketch of an intelligent, reasoning, reflecting, instructed artisan, is a piece of first-rate Radical poetry. Let us hope, and with many late convincing proofs, the very existence of such a man as Elliott forces us to believe, that, among the skilled labourers of the great manufacturing towns, there exist thousands of parallels to the grandson of Miles Gordon, and that the number is rapidly increasing. Blind Enoch starts at hearing a footstep fancied familiar:—

“Alas! Miles Gordon ne’er will walk again;
But his poor grandson’s footstep wakes thy tear,
As if indeed thy long-lost friend were near.
Here oft, with fading cheek, and thoughtful brow,
Wanders the youth, town-bred, but desert-born;
Too early taught life’s deepening woes to know,
He wakes in sorrow with the weeping morn,
And gives much labour for a little corn.
In smoke and dust, from hopeless day to day,

He sweats to bloat the harpies of the soil,
Who jail no victim, while his pangs can pay
Untaxing rent, and trebly taxing toil,
They make the labour of his hands their spoil,
And grind him fiercely; but he still can get
A crust of wheaten bread, despite their frowns;
They have not sent him, like a pauper yet,
For workhouse wages, as they send their clowns;
Such tactics do not answer yet in towns;
Nor have they gorged his soul. Thrall though
he be

Of brutes who bite him, while he feeds them, still
He feels his intellectual dignity;
Works hard, reads usefully, with no mean skill
Writes; and can reason well of good and ill.
He boards his weekly groat. His tear is shed
For sorrows which his hard-worn hand relieves.
Too poor, too proud, too just, too wise to wed,
(For slaves enough already toil for thieves,)
How gratefully his growing mind receives
The food which tyrants struggle to withhold!
Though hourly ills his every sense invade,
Beneath the cloud that o'er his home is rolled,
He yet respects the power which *man* hath made,
Nor loathes the despot-humbling sons of trade.
—But when the silent Sabbath-day arrives,
He seeks the cottage bordering on the moor,
Where his forefathers passed their lowly lives,
Where still his mother dwells, content, though
poor,

And ever glad to meet him at the door.
Oh, with what rapture he prepares to fly
From streets and courts, with crime and sorrow
strewn,
And bids the mountain lift him to the sky!
How proud to feel his heart not all subdued!
How happy to shake hands with solitude!
Still, Nature, still he loves thy uplands brown,
The rock that o'er his father's freehold towers!
And strangers hurrying through the dingy town,
May know his workshop by its sweet wild-flowers,
Cropped on the Sabbath from the hedge-side
bowers."

Elliott's early passion for flowers breaks
forth in the sequel to this description, as in
many other places of his poetry; but all this
we give up, deeming, since we cannot transfer
his volumes altogether to our pages, the useful
better than the beautiful.

Our Artisan-poet, in his pride of intelli-
gence, and intellectual superiority, is occa-
sionally somewhat severe, if not unjust, in
speaking of agricultural labourers. And yet,
with saddened hearts, we must subscribe to the
painful truth of this picture. The writer is
describing the worst condition of the toil-worn
artisan, dragging the chain of life along, all
but hopeless; and still, in all that distinguishes
man from *brute*, so far above the rural la-
bourer:—

"How unlike thee, though once erect and proud,
Is England's peasant slave, the trodden down,
The parish-paid, in soul and body bowed!
How unlike thee, is Jem, the rogue avowed,
Whose trade is poaching! Honest Jem works not,
Beggars not; but thrives by plundering beggars here.

Wise as a lord, and quite as good a shot,
He, like his betters, lives in hate and fear,
And feeds on partridge, because bread is dear.
Sire of six sons, apprentice to the jail,
He prowls in arms, the *Tory of the night*.
With *them* he shares his battles and his ale;
With *him* they feel the Majesty of might;
No despot better knows that Power is Right.
Mark his unpaidish sneer, his lordly frown;
Hark! how he calls beadle and flunky liars;
See, how magnificently he breaks down
His neighbour's fence."

The comparison between Jem poaching in
the squire's covers, and the *Tory* poaching on
society at large is felicitous. By this time the
reader surely sees that our *Radical Poet* is no
ordinary versifier,—power, beauty, tenderness,
are alike his elements. We have given in-
stances of them all, and might multiply them,
page after page, if this were admissible. He
only fails decidedly in attempts at light hu-
mour; for abruptness, and occasional want of
attention to minute finish, produce only those
trivial blemishes which are not worthy notice.
His vocation, as a poet and as a man, is to fur-
nish the original metal in rods and bars, leav-
ing to the less strong-armed, though more pa-
tient workman, to mould and finish into all
kinds of useful instruments or pretty toys. El-
liott is indeed too earnest and conscientious to
succeed in humour. He is too deeply affected
with his subject to sport, and dally, and trifle
with it. We therefore feel *Alice Green*, and
all about that old lady, tiresome, and out of
place; and this is the more provoking, as we
suspect our author, without any affection for
Alice herself, has introduced her, mistakenly
enough, for the entertainment and relief of his
readers. But, by this time, Mr. Elliott knows
that the public are in the vein of witnessing
his tragedy and serious comedy, without inter-
lude of any kind. The world, for nearly four
hundred years, has never been in so earnest a
temper as now, nor in one so fitted to relish
the poetry which grows out of this disposition
—his *Radical poetry*.

With whatever reluctance, we must pass all
Mr. Elliott's heartfelt and beautiful descrip-
tions of the scenery around Sheffield, they
will survive to ennoble his town when much
of it, of great present value, shall have for-
ever perished. It is enough that he has made
us familiar with the finest aspects of the
streams, the moors, and the hills of Hallam-
shire, in strains of noble poetry.

The desperate, reckless grinder, who,
"Born to die young, nor fears nor man nor
death"—

we must also pass; and, what is more impor-
tant, the vision, philosophic and political, of
old Enoch, to whom the spirit of the regicide
Bradshaw comes, in the night-watches, run-
ning over, with a spirit's fiery glance, the his-
tory of degenerate England. In this Dante
vision, Pitt and Castlereagh—"ice-hearted

Pleasant, repaid by splendid beauty's smile,
Praised by the proud, to flatter power and pride,
And prate of independence all the while;
Pleasant and safe, down sunny streams to glide;
But virtue fronts the blast, and breasts the tide.
Where are their 'protests,' monthly, weekly made,
Against Abaddon's Corn Law, and his sword?
Where their petitions for unfetter'd trade?
Where their recorded execrations, pour'd
On blood-stain'd tyrants, and the servile horde?
When earth wept blood, that wolves might lap
and swill,

And pleading mercy was a trampled worm,
Basely they pander'd to the slayer's will;
And still their spells they mutter in the storm,
Retarding long the march of slow reform."

It is agreeable to turn from the Cadi-Dervizes, or justice-parsons of the present day, held up to loathing and bitter scorn, in the severe, but truthful, not satiric page of Elliott to passages like this.

"Oh, for a Saint, like those who sought and found,
For conscience' sake, sad homes beyond the main,
The Fathers of New England, who unbound,
In wild Columbia, Europe's double chain;
The men whose dust cries, 'Sparta, live again!'
The slander'd Calvinists of Charles's time
Fought, and they won it, Freedom's holy flight.
Like prophet-bards, although they hated rhyme,
All in-irrepressible as Heaven's own light,
Spoke each devoted preacher for the right.
No servile doctrines, such as power approves,
They to the poor and broken-hearted taught;
With truths that tyrants dread, and conscience
loves,

They wing'd and barb'd the arrows of their thought;
Sin in high places was the mark they sought.
They said not, 'Man, be circumspect, and thrive!
Be mean, base, slavish, bloody—and prevail!'
Nor doth the Deity they worshipp'd drive
His four-in-hand, applaud a smutty tale,
Send Members to the House, and us to gaol.
With zeal they preach'd, with reverence they were
heard;

For in their daring creed, sublime, sincere,
Danger was found, that parson-hated word;
They flatter'd none—they knew nor hate nor fear,
But taught the will of God—and *did it here*.
Even as the fire-winged thunder rends the cloud,
Their spoken lightnings, dazzling all the land,
Abash'd the foreheads of the great and proud,
Still faction's roar, as by a God's command,
And meekn'd Cromwell of the iron hand."

Against the "Cadi-Amateur," or fashionable Tory saint, the Ranter next launches his moral thunders; and let those who would understand the might of Radical poetry, read the following disjointed extracts, which we wish much we could give more entire:—

"Dost thou, thus early, mighty lord, repair
To yonder fane? 'Tis well. Go, and in tears
Kneel, holy wretch, although the Sabbath air
Is weary of thy long unpunish'd prayer.
Thou, who with hellish zeal, wast drunk and blind,
When tyrants, cloven-hoof'd in heart and brain,
Made murder pastime; and the tardy wind

Bore fresh glad tidings o'er the groaning main
Of hecatombs on Moloch's altar slain!
Kneel, Saint of Carnage!—kneel, but not to Baal;
Kneel, but alone, with none to laud thy zeal;
For the hour cometh when the reed shall fail
On which the wicked lean. But wherefore kneel?
Can the worn stone repent, and weep, and feel?
Still harder granite forms the bosom core
Of him who laugh'd when freedom's thousands
fell.

Hark! 'tis the voice, that erst of battle's roar
Was wont too oft from yonder tower to tell,
Pealing, at thy command, o'er crash and yell,
And fiend-like faces, reddening in the light
Of streets, that crimson'd midnight with their
glare,

When England hired the hell-hounds of the fight,
Because men broke, in their sublime despair,
The bonds which nature could no longer bear!
Hark! 'tis the iron voice! and still to thee
It speaks of death. Perchance, some child of clay,
Some wo-worn thrall of long iniquity,
Some drudge, whose mate can yet afford to pay
For decent pray'rs, treading the gloomy way
Which all must tread, is gone to her long rest,
And last account;—a dread one *thine* will be!
Of means atrocious, used for ends unblest'd!
And joy—for what? for guilty victory;
States bought and sold, by fraud to tyranny!
Slaves arm'd to kill; the free by slaves enslaved;
Red havoc's carnival from shore to shore;
Sons slaughter'd, widows childless, realms de-
praved;

And Britain's treasures pour'd in seas of gore,
Till lords ask alms, and fiercely growl for more!
Yes, when your country is one vast disease,
And failing fortunes sadden every door,
These, O ye quacks, these are your remedies;
Alms for the rich!—a bread-tax for the poor!
Soul-purchased harvests on the indigent moor!
Thus the wing'd victor of a hundred fights,
The warrior ship, bows low her banner'd head,
When through her planks the sea-born reptile bites
Its deadly way—and sinks in ocean's bed,
Vanquish'd by worms. What then? The worms
were fed.

Will not God smite thee black, thou whited wall?
Thy life is lawless, and thy law a lie,
Or nature is a dream unnatural."

What follows is an original mode of illustrating the principles of Free Trade.

"Look on the clouds, the streams, the earth, the sky!
Lo, all is interchange and harmony!

Where is the gorgeous pomp which, yester morn,
Curtain'd yon orb, with amber, fold on fold?
Behold it in the blue of Rivelin, borne
To feed the all-feeding seas! the molten gold
Is flowing pale in Loxley's crystal cold,
To kindle into beauty tree and flower,
And wake to verdant life, hill, vale, and plain.
Cloud trades with river, and exchange is power:
But should the clouds, the streams, the winds dis-
dain

Harmonious intercourse, nor dew nor rain
Would forest-crown the mountains: airless day
Would blast, on Kinderscout, the heathy glow;
No purple green would meeken into grey,

O'er Don at eve; no sound of river's flow
Disturb the sepulchre of all below."

Pursuing the same subject, the Ranter breaks out,

"Is there no land where useful men are prized
By those they feed? Or will there never be
For hope a refuge, and dwelling place,
Where tyrants, in their mad rapacity,
Shake not their clench'd fists in the Almighty's
face,
And cry 'Thou fool!' Shall glorious seas embrace

A thousand shores in vain? Shall paupers grow,
Where he hath said the eagle's young shall feed?
Shall hopeless tears to water deserts flow,
While flow his mighty streams, with none to heed,
And make fertility a baneful weed?
Poor bread-tax'd slaves, have ye no hope on earth?
Yes, God from evil still educes good;
Sublime events are rushing to their birth;
Lo, tyrants by their victims are withstood!
And freedom's seed still grows, though steep'd in
blood!"

We must give a few lines from the concluding exhortation of the Preacher, and his animated address to Commerce.

"Despond not, then, ye plunder'd sons of trade!
Hope's wounded wing shall yet disdain the ground,
And Commerce, while the powers of evil fade,"
Shout o'er all seas, "all lands for me were made!
Her's are the apostles, destined to go forth
Upon the wings of mighty winds, and preach
Christ crucified! To her the South and North
Look through their tempests; and her lore shall reach

Their farthest ice, if life be there to teach.
Yes, world-reforming Commerce! one by one
Thou vanquishest earth's tyrants! and the hour
Cometh, when all shall fall before thee—gone
Their splendour, fall'n their trophies, lost their
power.

Then o'er th' enfranchised nations wilt thou
shower,

Like dewdrops from the pinions of the dove,
Plenty and peace; and never more on thee
Shall bondage wait; but, as the thoughts of love,
Free shalt thou fly, unchainable and free;
And men, thenceforth, shall call thee Liberty.

"Farewell my friends! we part, no more to meet
As trampled worms; but we shall meet again
At God's right hand, and our Redeemer's feet!
And oft! how oft! Meantime, your solemn strain
Shall roll from Shirecliffe's side, o'er vale and plain.
Oh, keep the seventh day holy, wheresoe'er
Ye be, poor sons of toil! sell not to those
Who sold your freedom, sell not for a sneer
Your day of rest; but worship God, where glows
The flame-tipp'd spire, or blooms the wild-wood
rose.

Hallow this day to gladness."

So much for the *serious* and *earnest* poetry of the *Corn-Law Rhymes*. A specimen of what is lighter in tone, though probably as effective, remains to be given; and, at a loss what to choose, we select, at random, a few stanzas of a kind of hymn.

"Up, widow, up, and swing the fly:
Or push the grating file!

Our bread is tax'd, and rents are high,
That wolves may burst with bile.
Sire of the hopeless! can'st thou sleep!
Up, up, and toil for gouts,
Who drink our tears, but never weep,
And, soulless, eat our souls.

"Child, what hast thou with sleep to do!
Awake, and dry thine eyes:
Thy tiny hands must labour too;
Our bread is tax'd, arise!
Arise, and toil long hours twice seven,
For pennies two or three;
Thy woes make angels weep in Heaven,
But England still is free!

"Up, weary man, of eighty-five,
And toil in hopeless wo!
Our bread is tax'd, our rivals thrive,
Our gods will have it so.
Yet God is undethron'd on high,
And undethroned will be!
Father of all! hear Thou our cry,
And England *shall* be free!

"They smite in vain who smite with sword,
And scourge with vollied fire;
Our weapon is the whip of words,
And truth's all-teaching ire;
The blow it gives, the wound it makes,
Life yet unborn shall see,
And shake it, like a whip of snakes,
At unborn villany."

The *Death Feast* is full of deep, touching pathos; and in the sarcastic vein we have *Caged Rats*, the *Black Hole of Calcutta*, and others; though these are the least our favourites.

The *Splendid Village* yet remains. It is sequel to the *Village Patriarch*, and the most finished and beautiful of all Mr. Elliott's political poems. It has, however, appeared so recently in a periodical work that we must limit our extracts. The *Splendid Village* is the modern *Auburn*. It is re-visited by a lonely wanderer from foreign lands, who had spent his boyhood here, and who bitterly feels, and feelingly describes the changes visible, at his return, on every thing around him; and most of all on the hearts and minds of the degraded and brutalized poor. He enters a hovel:

"My brother dwelt within. 'Tis true, he took
My offer'd hand, but froze me with a look
So trouble-worn and lost, so hard yet dull,
That I shrank from him, though my heart was
full:

I sought society, but stood alone,
I came to meet a man, and found a stone!
His wife, in tatters, watch'd the fireless grate;
Three boys sate near her, all in fierce debate,
And all in rage—but one constructing snarls,
With which, at night, to choke Lord Borough's
hares.

'My sister Rose had parish pay,' they said,
'And Ann was sent abroad, and Jane was dead;

And these misfortunes laid my sire beside
The mother, who in better days had died.
Such welcome found the wanderer of the deep !
I had no words—I sobb'd but could not weep."

Mr. Suckemwell, the keeper of the Modern Academy, which had taken place of the primitive village school; the poor curate and his lame donkey on their Sunday steeple-chase; the miserable usher,

"Servant of servants, brow-beat by a knave !"

we must hurry past to come to the Attorney, whose mushroom pomp flourishes under the shadow of

"Broad Beech! thyself a grove! five hundred years

Speak in thy voice, of bygone hopes and fears;
And mournfully, how mournfully! the breeze
Sighs through thy boughs, and tells of cottages
That, happy once, beneath thy shadow gazed
On poor men's fields, which poor men's cattle
grazed!

Now, where three cotters and their children dwelt,
The lawyer's pomp alone is seen and felt;
And the park entrance of his acres three,
Uncrops the ground which fed a family.

What then? All see, he is a man of State,
With his three acres, and his park-like gate!
Besides, in time, if time continues dark,

His neighbour's woes may buy his gate a park!

Oh, then, let trade wear chains, that toil may find
No harvests on the barren sea and wind;

Nor glean, at home, the fields of every zone;

Nor make the valleys of all climes his own;

But with the music of his hopeless sigh

Charm the blind worm, that feeds on poverty!"

In drawing to a close, we feel as if, in the account we have given of Elliott's poetry, lengthened as it is, we have rather done justice to his vigour and peculiarities as a powerful thinker, than to the extreme beauty, delicacy, and sensibility of his genius as a poet. The fount of his inspiration is the lacerated and bleeding heart; the "Parnassian dews" in which his muse steepes her verse, are real human tears. Our remaining space must be devoted to illustrating this, only noting that the *Splendid Village* is studded full of descriptions that equal Crabbe in their truth, and surpass him in sweetness and heart-wringing tenderness, and in power to move the hidden springs of pity. The wanderer, who had so long

"Ploughed the seas to reap the wind,"

has a secret cause of sorrow, which the lover "of imagination all compact" cannot reveal. He misses, from the changed village, one whom he had injured and deserted, but had not ceased to love.

"I dreamed I saw her, heard her; but she fled!

In vain I seek her—is she with the dead?

No meek blue eye, like hers, hath turned to me,

And deigned to know the pilgrim of the sea.

I have not named her—no—I dare not name!

When I would speak, why burns my cheek with

shame!

Museum.—Vol. XXII.

I joined the school-boys, where the road is wide,
I watched the women to the fountain's side;
I read their faces as the wise read books,
And looked for Hannah, in their wandering looks;
But in no living aspect could I trace
The sweet May morning of my Hannah's face;
No, nor its evening, fading into night:
Oh, Sun, my soul grows weary of thy light!"

He learns of her at last, and the manner of her death—too horrible for poetry, the critics may say—drives him almost to frenzy. He hurries back to sea.

"Oh, welcome once again black ocean's foam!
England! Can this be England! This my home?
This country of the crime without a name,
And men who know nor mercy, hope, nor shame!
Oh, Light! that cheer'st all life, from sky to sky,
As with a hymn, to which the stars reply!
Canst thou behold this land, oh, Holy Light!
And not turn black with horror at the sight!

Fallen country of my fathers! fallen and foul!

The body still is here, but where the soul?

I look upon a corpse—'putrid clay—

And fiends possess it! Vampires, quit your prey!

Or vainly tremble, when the dead arise,

Clarioned to vengeance by shriek-shaken skies,

And cranch your hearts, and drink your blood for

ale!

Then, eat each other!"—

We shall conclude these long extracts with the Farewell to England.

"Again upon the deep I toss and swing!

The bounding billow lifts me, like the wing

Of the struck eagle; and away I dart,

Bearing afar the arrow in my heart.

For thou art with me, though I see no more

Thee, stream-loved England! Thy impatient

shore

Hath sunk beneath me—miles, a thousand miles!

Yet, in my heart, thy verdant Eden smiles.

Land where my Hannah died, and hath no tomb!

Still, in my soul, thy dewy roses bloom.

Even in Niagara's roar, remembrance still

Shall hear thy throste, o'er the lucid rill,

At lucid eve—thy bee, at stillest noon;

And when clouds chase the heart-awaking moon,

The mocking-bird, where Erie's waters swell,

Shall sing of fountained vales and Philomel:

To my sick soul bring over worlds of waves

Dew-glistening Albion's woods, and dripping

caves,

But with her linnet, red-breast, lark and wren,

Her blasted homes, and much-enduring men?"

FASHIONABLE LIFE IN ENGLAND.

[Being part of an Article in the Quarterly Review.]

When Richardson records the merest small-talk and the minutest gestures of Sir Charles Grandison or Clarissa Harlowe, we do not quarrel with his particularity. As critics, considering parts in relation to their wholes, and in the more genial character of novel readers, feeling that great interests are growing upon us, we allow the amplitude of detail as a means, and submit ourselves to that dominion over the

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fancy which minute description will not fail to acquire, provided always that it be connected with objects of interest. The leaf, we allow, must be painted, in order to paint the tree; and the lace must be painted, in order to portray the dowager; and if the subject be worth the pains, and the work of art be in its totality effective, we are bound to give our approval to its indispensable incidents and conditions. But we are under no such obligation in respect of descriptions, however faithful and minute, which have no connexion with any object that we much care to contemplate, and which contribute to the construction of nothing. The painter who should bring before us the counterfeit presentment of a *bundle* of leaves, or of a certain number of *yards* of lace, claiming our admiration of the particulars *per se*, would place us in a very embarrassing situation: and it is under some such difficulty that we have always found ourselves to labour, when required to give our humble tribute of approbation to the sort of book which is commonly called a fashionable novel.

The fault lies as much with the subject of these books as with the writers. It may, indeed, be within the capabilities of genius to make the field of fashionable life, such as it is in the day that is passing over us, yield something of romantic interest,—as what topic is there, which, by a certain alchemy, may not be turned to account? One who

‘Knows all qualities with a learned spirit
Of human dealings,’

will find, no doubt, in every mode and form of humanity, what, being developed in the spirit of that knowledge, will worthily engage attention. But he who is possessed of these powers would scarcely choose to cast more than a casual glance upon a walk of life, compared with which, as far as we can collect, none exhibits human nature under an aspect so little interesting, so little various. The subject, therefore, falls into the hands of others—of those who, living the sort of life which they describe, have conformed themselves to its limits; who are but imperfectly acquainted with human nature at large, and can bring no great abundance of light from other spheres, to ‘augment their small peculiar,’ and illuminate the somewhat sordid spectacle which they present to our view. It is not, in truth, upon the highways of society that any man will acquire a knowledge of human nature. That narrow view of it which is called knowledge of the world may, indeed, be obtained there; but this commonly excludes more knowledge of human nature than it comprises. All that is best worth knowing in the nature of man; all that of which men of the world are, if not unconscious and incredulous, but little cognizant,—his stronger affections, his profounder passions, his more fixed sympathies, his more fatal antipathies,—are most commonly the product of retirement, where imagination and passion are

of the most exuberant growth. Popular cities have been reputed to be the chosen abodes of wickedness; but it is in reality only the lesser tribe of vices which have this domicile. Our criminal statistics show, to the disproof of the current opinions upon this matter, that the great majority of tragic crimes are committed by the rural population. It is with them that good and evil appear each in their least diluted form. Hatred and malice, in their unmitigated strength, are rustic passions; and love, as Dr. Johnson reminded Lord Chesterfield, is a native of the rocks.

If, then, the subject of fashionable life be peculiarly unfruitful, and those who treat it for the most part unskilful; if their works be a mere cumulation of particulars, which follow no leading interest, and leave behind them no abiding idea; if there be no principle of art upon which the critic can approve—how is it that the reader does not tire? To this we fear there is no other answer than that a large number of the ‘reading public’ think it material to them to be informed, after what manner persons of a certain rank and consequence in society demean themselves towards each other in the minutest particulars; and are willing to mispend their own time in learning the precise model upon which these more distinguished idlers mispend theirs. This is a sad circumstance, and indicates a direction of curiosity in the classes to which it extends, and an engagement of the fancy, than which few things that are supposed to have any connexion with literature can be less entitled to respect. Far better was it in the time of Mrs. Radcliffe, before that intellectual dawn which was the signal for ghosts to disappear, when the mind of the novel reader was filled with images of moving tapestry and of bleeding nuns. False in taste and perilous in fancy as these tales were, they were, however, imaginative, and to the imagination only did they address themselves. There was nothing in them of that scarce idealized frivolity which, being but too truly drawn from real life by the writers of these fashionable fictions, is the more apt to mix itself with the real life and sentiments of the readers of them.

Observing the circulation of such books, amongst other indications of that idolatry of rank which infects the middle classes of English society, and of fashion which infects the higher, we have for some time past felt ourselves constrained to inquire, what is that independence which it has been usual to attribute to the people of this country, and by what sign does it make itself known? Political independence we are possessed of; and there is amongst us a nearer approximation to equality of political rights than has been known to exist in any other European nation. But independence of the individual mind seems to be a rarer quality with us than with almost any other community, including even the countries whose political institutions are the most despotic. The truth is, we fear, that free institu-

tion, with all their paramount advantages and blessings, bring also that admixture of evil which belongs to every thing human,—that they foster the vain, ambitious, and worldly propensities of mankind, with which genuine independence cannot co-exist. In order to be independent, we must be free, not only from external subjection, but from internal struggles; we must be contented, and at rest. But no sooner do we escape from the curb which external power places upon our proceedings—no sooner are we at liberty to walk as we will in a world which is all before us, than we become enlaved by our own craving and grasping ambition, by eagerness and solicitude—

‘Vain aims, vain ends, inordinate desires.’

In the next place, the distribution of wealth in the various channels and proportions in which it naturally flows and accrues under so free a system of government, produces a scale of social rank which is minutely, but not very distinctly, graduated; most men of the middle classes consider that, by pretensions or exertions, they have it in their power to advance themselves in the estimation of their neighbours at least one degree higher upon it than circumstances have placed them; and if they acquire the one step, there is always another before them which appears equally attainable. The desire to rise in the world, and the shame of sinking in it, are common to all classes, because to all the prospect of advancement is open; and an inordinate feeling of this kind, when once it has become general, will communicate itself, in a greater or less degree, even to humble and unpretending natures, and will scarcely be altogether escaped by the wisest and the least worldly. Whatever the world is pleased to consider precious must, however intrinsically worthless, acquire some value even in the eyes of a philosopher; for no man can be so segregated from the world as to defy the influence of its artificial estimates upon the real sources of his happiness. A wise man, for example, may be utterly indifferent to a thousand luxuries or pageantries of wealth for their own sakes; but for want of them he shall find that he is unable to obtain the hand of the woman who might make him happy, inasmuch as the formidable host of relations who have the disposal of her, are far from participating in his philosophy. Thus fictitious wants connect themselves with real ones; reason, as well as imagination, finds it difficult wholly to divide them; and things which pass current in the world for advantages, possess at least an exchangeable, if not an intrinsic value.

Whether from these, or from whatever other causes arising, ambition is certainly more than any other single attribute, the characteristic of English society; bringing with it all its train of low desires and uneasy pretensions. In the highest walk of society, amongst those whose born rank or worldly consideration is unquestionable, it might be expected that, nothing

further being to be attained and everything possessed being secure, there would be found at last the charm of confidence and quiescence. But here, as if it were fated that no portion of the community should be exempt from vulgarity, fashion interposes, and those who cannot but have a satisfactory assurance of their aristocratical station, are assailed by distressing doubts and surmises as to their position in fashionable life; the class is ascertained, but the clique is still to be contended for. The pretenders to fashion exhibit over again the affectations and jealousies of the pretenders to consequence; and, in short, human nature, wherever it is wanting in worthy pursuits, benevolent feelings, and independent resources, presents the same indifferent appearance.

This aspect of society, which was formerly, like the deformities of the prophet of Khorassan, hidden behind a glittering veil, is now made known to every subscriber of every circulating library,—a publicity which was scarcely desirable. It was, indeed, more to be deprecated than many persons, hastily considering the whole subject as not worth a thought, may be disposed to admit, that what is called high life should be exhibited to the world in its least respectable point of view, as it has been by the authors of these publications. Some of them have affected the character of satirists, whilst others admire, with less disguise, the sentiments and manners which they expose; and in more than one of the novels which, within the last six or eight years, have attained most celebrity, consummate coxcombry appears to have been the writer's ideal of heroism. But even where the sentiments avowed by the authors themselves were sufficiently rational and respectable, petty illiberality and selfish vanity were still represented as pervading fashionable life in general; and, in no instance that we know of, has a book of this kind been published which was calculated, upon the whole, to convey a favourable impression of the classes of society described in it. The effect upon the public mind is, we are disposed to think, less slight and transitory than might, at first sight, be expected; and we are not without a suspicion that these fugacious volumes have permanently lowered the aristocracy in the estimation of the middle classes.

No inconsiderable contribution to this effect is to be found in the circumstance that members of the aristocracy have themselves come forward to inform against their fraternity, showing themselves ambitious of a kind of distinction which was but little in harmony with popular notions of their sphere and dignity. Lords and ladies have become authors and authoresses for the purpose of representing the daily life of the class to which they belong, and have been ushered into the literary world with much obsequious observance, by the particular department of the press which has in its charge to make *merit* notorious. Their books have been widely circulated; and those

who know how much the respect for rank is a matter of imagination, will judge what it must suffer by the possessors of it being brought into immediate and open contact with the public as the authors of frivolous lucubrations, and the objects of that species of commendation to which we allude. The publications will speedily pass away, those of them that are not gone already—and this whole branch of bookselling cannot last long; but with many simple persons a mystery has been revealed, and a charm has been broken, and they will never again have the same respect for the Great which they once had, though they may very probably forget how it was first impaired.

We certainly see cause to regret this result. Adventitious distinctions and extrinsic superiorities will always exist in civilized society, and the more the imagination is connected with them, the less will they be felt to be odious or grievous. Take away the ideal eminence of birth and rank, and we have left the predominance of wealth, or the predominance of talent. Is purse-pride less apt to be offensive than the pride of birth or of rank? or is the pride of intellect less tyrannical, less insolent, less wantonly aggressive than either? Surely there is no superiority which is less painful to a man, none which less wounds his self-love, than that which is, in a great measure, the creature of his own imagination. In our days, indeed, the use and purpose of the imagination in its influence over the social system is by some forgotten or little understood, and by others sacrificed to a somewhat ostentatious contempt of outward shows. Our bishops and judges despise their ancient costume, and our chancellor, in the spirit (we speak it with all deference to undoubted genius,) of what appears to us a somewhat juvenile philosophy, dispenses with the attendance of the two Masters in Chancery, who were wont, with much ceremony, daily to usher him into court, and conduct him out. Nevertheless, that philosophy of government which calls in aid the imaginations of men in order to subjugate the will and understanding, is not, in our apprehension, less wise than it was, nor likely to be disregarded with impunity so long as man shall continue to be an imaginative being. We regret, therefore, any circumstance which tends to despoil either the great functionaries of state, or the aristocracy, or, indeed, any persons who are to enjoy pre-eminence, or to exercise power over their fellow-creatures, of any ideal influence which may serve to clothe the nakedness of authority, and render inevitable distinctions less drily obnoxious.

Entertaining such views, we must necessarily regret the turn which novel-writing has taken. Nevertheless, we would not wish to be understood as professing an indiscriminate hostility to this entire tribe of authors; or as making the mischief which we conceive to have been done matter of individual reproach. The press is free, to all intents and purposes—the

worst inclusive, and we are well aware that authors cannot be expected to abstain from writing such novels as booksellers are ready to buy, nor booksellers to abstain from publishing such novels as the public are pleased to peruse. The day of glut is not, we trust, far distant; in the meantime, the best that can happen is, that the most able and least pernicious of these publications should be the most widely circulated, and that the others should be the first to drop off as the public appetite fails. Some there are, no doubt,—those by the author of ‘Granby,’ the ‘School of Fashion,’ and perhaps one or two others,—which, if they present the same defect of plot, and redundancy of detail, the same negation of passion and consequent failure of interest, which characterize the rest, are, in point of taste, very superior, and, in point of ability, not to be despised.

[Here the Reviewer proceeds to make long extracts from Arlington, but as our object is to give his view of Fashionable Society only—and for other reasons—we omit the passages.]

We would now say a few words before we close this article, upon the condition of that particular class of our fellow-countrymen to which our attention has been thus directed,—the aristocracy and the people of fashion. What manner of life they lead, what habits of mind, and what feelings they acquire and indulge, have been, as we have already said, laid open to public animadversion with the utmost minuteness; and however, on political grounds, we may regret the exposure, all that remains is to make the best of it—to educe from the evil such good as it may be made to yield. It would seem to be possible,—indeed, it is a possibility which Mr. Lister has to a certain extent exemplified,—that there might be composed, by persons having a knowledge of good and evil, such novels, founded upon materials drawn from fashionable life, as should have a tendency to correct and amend what is amiss in it. Written they should be with no didactic dryness or forbidding announcement of a moral aim, nor with any affectation of cynical acerbity or contempt, but with that just and masculine appreciation of the objects of life in all its walks, and with that general spirit of goodwill towards men of all stations and conditions, which, when animating the mind of the writer, will not fail to be disseminated by his works. It would seem very possible, we repeat, that novels might be written in this spirit, which, even though wanting in substance or in workmanship, might be neither useless nor distasteful. But of the many lately published, we have met with very few which do not offend the tastes and dispositions we should wish them to promote; and some, which, from the ability and variety of ability they manifest, might seem to have claimed a share of our notice in this article, have been purposely passed over, because we could hardly have ventured to express the degree of disrespect which we entertain for them. Nor, indeed, is it by any

means necessary that remarks, tending to humiliate and give pain, should be made in such cases. For the false tastes of a writer of real power time is a better, a surer, and a kindlier cure than criticism. A mind which is exempt from any radical weakness or warp will work itself clear in its progress, and the possessor of it will be by no one better admonished and instructed than by himself—

'In his individual being self-reproved,
Self-catechised.'

If the press is to continue to bring forth an annual progeny of fashionable novels, it were indeed much to be desired, not only that a different spirit could be imparted to their authors, whereby they might be made to correct those vices of judgment and feeling, in which they at present appear to participate, but that the field of their survey should be considerably enlarged. It should be their object to contemplate fashionable society, not only within its own limited sphere, but in its effects upon the other classes and circles on which those of that order more immediately act or impinge. Society is so infinitely intersected and convolved,

'Cycle and epi-cycle, orb in orb,'

that observers who should be endowed with a sufficient portion of perspicacity, might no doubt trace the consequences of the vices and virtues prevailing in any section of it, through the entire social chain. But, hitherto, those who have undertaken to describe the ways of fashionable life, have not followed it even to its more direct and contiguous relations with other classes of mankind. This is a defect which it might be worth the while of any duly qualified writer to supply. It might be well, for instance, if any such writer would so far extend the sphere of his contemplations, as to observe and exhibit the effects of fashionable manners and customs upon the class of servants, and the class of tradesmen.

Under the former head, there may be found, perhaps, little to find fault with on the score of mere manner and outward demeanour. To use servants with harshness, or to be wanting in that species of consideration for them which consists in a certain mildness and amenity of manner, would ruffle and deform that smooth surface of things which it is agreeable to the taste of people in high life to see around them. Nor do they, perhaps, interfere with the comfort of their dependents, by any undue or onerous exactions of service; for their establishments, being for the most part calculated for show, are more numerous than is required for use, and are therefore necessarily underworked, except, perhaps, in the case of some poor drudges at the bottom, who slink up and down the back stairs unseen, and whose comfort, therefore, does not engage the attention of a family of this class; and even these will not be oppressed with their labours, unless when some impoverished people of fashion may find it necessary to dock the tails of their establish-

ments in order to keep the more prominent portions entire. Nevertheless the exceptions which may be taken against fashionable life, as affecting the class of servants, are of a very grave description. Late hours and habits of dissipation in the heads of a family make it almost impossible, especially in London, to exercise that wholesome household discipline which is requisite to secure the well-being of a servant. Luxury and ostentation require that the servants of these people should be numerous; their number unavoidably makes them idle; idleness makes them debauched; debauchery renders them often necessary; the affluence or the prodigality, the indolence or indulgence, or indifference of their masters, affords them every possible facility for being dishonest; and, beginning with the more venial kinds of peculation, their conscience has an opportunity of making an easy descent through the various gradations of larceny, till the misdemeanant passes into the felon. In the meantime, the master, taking no blame to himself, nor considering that servants are for the most part what their masters make them, that they are the creatures, at least, of those circumstances which their masters throw around them, and might be moulded in the generality of cases, with almost certain effect, by the will and conduct of the master—passes over, with an indolent and epicurean censure, the lighter delinquencies which he may happen to detect, laughs perhaps at his own laxity, and, when at length alarmed, discharges the culprit without a character, and relieves himself, at the expense of he knows not whom, by making of a corrupted menial a desperate outcast. If it be said that a man cannot be expected to change his mode of life for the sake of his servants, it might be answered, that any mode of life by which each individual indulging in it hazards the perdition of several of his fellow-creatures, ought to be changed, and cannot be persevered in without guilt. But even if no such sacrifice were insisted upon, there remain means by which the evil might be mitigated.

In the first place, the adherence to honesty on the part of the masters might be exemplary; whereas their actual measure of honesty would perhaps be indicated with sufficient indulgence, if they were described (in the qualified language which Hamlet applies to himself) to be 'indifferent honest.' There is a currency of untruth in daily use amongst fashionable people for purposes of convenience, which proceeds to a much bolder extent than the social euphemism by which those of the middle classes also, not perhaps without some occasional violation of their more tender consciences, intimate a wish to be excused from receiving a guest. Fashionable people, moreover, are the most unscrupulous smugglers and buyers of smuggled goods, and have less difficulty than others and less shame, in making various illicit inroads upon the public property and revenue. It is not to be denied that these practices are,

in point of fact, a species of lying and cheating; and the latter of them bears a close analogy to the sort of depredation in which the dishonesty of a servant commonly commences. To a servant it must seem quite as venial an offence to trench upon the revenues of a duke, as to the duke it may seem to defraud the revenues of a kingdom. Such proceedings, if not absolutely to be branded as dishonest, are not at least altogether honourable; they are such as may be more easily excused in a menial than in a gentleman. Nor can it ever be otherwise than of evil example to make truth and honesty matters of degree.

But there is a worse evil in the manners of this country in regard to servants. It is rarely that they are considered in any other light than as mechanical instruments. It unfortunately belongs very little to our national character to feel what the common brotherhood of humanity requires of us in a relation with our fellow-creatures, which, however unequal, is so close as that of master and servant. We are not accustomed to be sensible that it is any part of our duty to enter into their feelings, to understand their dispositions, to acquire their confidence, to cultivate their sympathies and our own upon some common ground which kindness might always discover, and to communicate with them habitually and unreservedly upon the topics which touch upon that ground. This deficiency would perhaps be more observable in the middle classes than in the highest, who seem generally to treat their inferiors with less reserve, but that in the latter the scale of establishment often removes the greater part of a man's servants from personal communication with him. Whether most prevalent in the fashionable or in the unfashionable classes, it is an evil which, in the growing disunion of the several grades of society, is now more than ever, and for more reasons than one, to be regretted.

The operation of the habits of fashionable life upon the class of tradesmen whose custom lies in that direction, is not less injurious. People of fashion are for the most part improvident; but even when they are not so in the long run, it seems to be their pride to be wantonly and perversely disorderly in the conduct of their pecuniary transactions. The result of this to themselves is not here the point in question, although there are few things which in their effects are more certain to pervade the entire moral structure of the mind than habits of order and punctuality, especially in money matters; nor is there anything to which character and honour are more likely to give way than to pecuniary difficulties. But we would speak of the consequences to the tradesmen with whom they deal. In proportion to the delays which the tradesman has had to contend with in procuring payment of the account, is the degree of laxity with which he may expect to be favoured in the examination of the items; especially if he have not omitted the

usual means of corrupting the fidelity of the servants. The accuracy of a bill of old date is not in general very easily ascertainable, and it would seem to be but an ungracious return for the accommodation which the creditor has afforded, if the debtor were to institute a very strict inquisition into the minutiae of his claims. These considerations concur with the habitual carelessness and indolence of people of fashion, as inducements to them to lead their tradesmen into temptation.

Again, people of fashion, though (with occasional coarse exceptions) very civil-spoken to their tradesmen, are accustomed to show in their conduct an utter disregard of what amount of trouble, inconvenience, and vexation of spirit they may occasion, either by irregularity in paying their bills, by requiring incessant attendance, or by a thousand fanciful humours, changes of purpose, and fastidious objections. Possibly, indeed, they are very little aware of the amount of it; so inconsiderate are they of everything which is not made to dance before their eyes, or to appeal to their sensibilities through their senses. Their tradesmen, and the workmen whom their tradesmen employ, are compelled, those by the competition they encounter in their business, these by the necessities of their situation in life, to submit to all the hardships and inquietudes which it is possible for fashionable caprice to impose, without showing any sign of disturbance or discontent; and because there is no outcry made, nor any pantomime exhibited, the fashionable customer may possibly conceive that he dispenses nothing but satisfaction among all with whom he deals. He rests assured, moreover, that if he gives more trouble and inconvenience than others, *he pays for it*; the charges of the tradesmen of fashionable people being excessively high. Here, however, there is a distinction to be taken. There is no doubt that all the fantastical plagues and preposterous caprices which the spirit of fashion can engender, will be submitted to for money; but he who supposes that the outward submission will be accompanied by no inward feelings of resentment or contempt, either is wholly ignorant of human nature, or grossly abuses his better judgment. Between customer and tradesman the balance is adjusted; between man and man there is an account which money will not settle. It is not indeed to be desired, that any class of men should be possessed with such a spirit of venal servility, as to be really inensible to the folly and oppression which enters into the exactions of fashionable caprice; or that, however compelled to be obsequious in manner, they should altogether lose their perception of what is due to common sense and to common consideration for others—

‘And by the body’s action teach the mind,
A most inherent baseness.’

If such be the actual result in some instances

then is that consequence still more to be regretted than the other.

Moreover, if the master-tradesmen are willing to sell themselves into this slavery, the consequences to the much more numerous classes of apprentices and journeymen, remains to be taken into the account. The apprentices, at least, are not paid for the hardships which come to them. There is an occurrence mentioned by George Alexander Stevens, of a fashionable frequenter of taverns in his time, who threw the waiter out of the window, and told the landlord to put him into the bill. Had the landlord himself been the party ejected, this might or might not have been a satisfactory proceeding, according to the light in which he might be disposed to regard a contusion or a fracture. But it will hardly be contended that such a proceeding could be satisfactory to the waiter. Yet, we may seriously say, that the fate of the waiter was not more to be deprecated, than that of some descriptions of the apprentices of the trades-people who contend for the custom of the fashionable world.

Many is the milliners' apprentice whom every London season sends to her grave, because the dresses of fine ladies must be completed with a degree of celerity which nothing but night-labour can accomplish. To the question, 'When must it be done?' 'Immediately;' is the readiest answer; though it is an answer which would perhaps be less inconsiderately and indiscriminately given, if it were known how many young creatures have come to a premature death in consequence of it, and how many hearts have been hardened by the oppression which it necessitates. Nor does the evil stop there. The dressmakers' apprentices in a great city have another alternative; and it is quite as much to escape from the intolerable labours which are imposed upon them in the London season, as from any sexual frailty, that such multitudes of them adopt a vocation which affords some immediate relief, whilst it ensures a doubly fatal termination of their career. The temptations by which these girls are beset might be deemed all-sufficient, without the compulsion by which they are thus, as it were, driven out into the streets. Upon them, 'the fatal gift of beauty,' has been more lavishly bestowed than upon any other class—perhaps not excepting even the aristocracy. They are many of them, probably, the spurious offspring of aristocratical fathers, and inherit beauty for the same reason as the legitimate daughters of aristocrats, because the wealth of these persons enables them to select the most beautiful women either for wives or for concubines. Nor are they wanting in the grace and simplicity of manner which distinguish the aristocracy; whilst constant manual occupation produces in them more vacuity of mind than even that which dissipation causes in their sisters of the superior class. They are thus possessed of exterior attractions, which will at any moment place them in a condition of com-

parative affluence, and keep them in it so long as those attractions last,—a period beyond which their portion of thought and foresight can scarcely be expected to extend: whilst, on the other hand, they have before them a most bitter and arduous servitude, constant confinement, probably a severe task-mistress (whose mind is harassed and exacerbated by the exigent and thoughtless demands of her employers), and a destruction of health and bloom, which the alternative course of life can scarcely make more certain or more speedy. Goethe was well aware how much light he threw upon the seduction of Margaret, when he made her let fall a hint of discontent at domestic hardships:—

'Our humble household is but small,
And I, alas! must look to all.
We have no maid, and I may scarce avail
To wake so early and to sleep so late;
And then my mother is in each detail
So accurate.'

If people of fashion knew at what cost some of their imaginary wants are gratified, it is possible that they might be disposed to forego the gratification: it is possible, also, that they might not. On the one hand they are not wanting in benevolence to the young and beautiful; the juster charge against them being, that their benevolence extends no farther. On the other hand, unless there be a visual perception of the youth and beauty which is to suffer, or in some way a distinct image of it presented, dissipation will not allow them a moment for the feelings which reflection might suggest:

'Than vanity there's nothing harder hearted;
For thoughtless of all sufferings unseen,
Of all save those which touch upon the round
Of the day's palpable doings, the vain man,
And oftener still the volatile woman vain,
Is busiest at heart with restless cares,
Poor pains and paltry joys, that make within
Petty, yet turbulent vicissitude.'

Passing from the circles which are, as it were, cut by that of fashionable life, we will now proceed towards the centre of that circle itself. It must be allowed that in the casual intercourse of society, or as common acquaintances, people of fashion are the most agreeable people that are to be met with. How should it be otherwise? That persons who have spent their lives in cultivating the arts of society should have acquired no peculiar dexterity in their exercise, would be as strange as that one who had spent his life as a hackney-coachman should not know his way through the streets. Those who have been in habits of society from their childhood will generally be free from timidity, which is the most ordinary source of affectation. By those who are free from timidity, unaffected, and possessed of an average share of intelligence, address in conversation is easily to be attained, with much less prac-

* Faust, Lord F. L. Gower's translation.

tice than the habits of fashionable life afford. It is an art which, like that of the singer, the dancer, and the actor, is almost sure to be acquired up to a certain mark by practising with those who understand it. These attributes, together with the superior grace and beauty, the sources of which we have already suggested, and which are probably enhanced by a luxurious mode of life, and are certainly preserved through middle age with superior skill by people of fashion, render their society, to any one whose object is occasional relaxation and amusement, unquestionably more attractive than any which he is likely, unless by peculiar good fortune, to meet with in other circles. He would probably find the *élite* of such society more adroit, vivacious, and versatile in their talk than others; more prompt and nimble in their wit, and more graceful and perfect in the performance of the many little feats of agility in conversation which come easily to those who have been used to consider language rather as a toy than as an instrument. Yet a man of sense, though he might naturally seek this kind of society as most conducive to the ends of amusement, and, on the whole, most easy and agreeable, would probably perceive in it, here and there, much that is offensive to good taste, and not a little to which he would refuse the name of good breeding. He would find that sharpness and repartee were in general aimed at more than enough, and that some persons, possessed of a little sort of talent, and but meagrely provided with subject-matter of discourse, cultivate habitually a spirit of sarcasm and disparagement, to which they do not very well understand how to give a proper direction. To men who are wanting in a due appreciation of sense, or whose interest it is to undervalue it, there is nothing which affords so easy a resource in conversation as that species of sarcasm to which we allude, 'which, if it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve.' A bystander, indeed, who should have witnessed the incessant employment of this weapon against mere harmless imbecility, and even against objects and sentiments which are deserving of all respect, might very well be excused if he were to pursue the quotation and go the whole length of averring that 'it is villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.' Quickness has justly been observed by Mr. Landor to be amongst the least of the mind's properties. 'I would persuade you,' says that very brilliant and remarkable writer in another part of his work, 'that banter, pun, and quibble are the properties of light men and shallow capacities; that genuine humour and true wit require a sound and capacious mind; which is always a grave one.*' Talents which are, at the best, of this inferior order, are what no man should depend upon for the staple of his

discourse; nor should any society of well-bred people countenance their misapplication.

This is, we believe, a very general vice and offence of the society in question. At much rarer intervals may be encountered, as we are informed, one of those ladies who, under cover of genuine beauty, seek to produce an effect by that succedaneum for wit which consists in an unbounded licence of speech and defiance of decorum;—a style of person by no means new or original, but of which a tolerably accurate architype may be found in that fair *élève* of the stables and the dog-kennel, who leapt a five-barred gate, or

'whistled sweet a diuretic strain,'
in the days of which Young's satire takes cognizance:

'Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Bold is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where 's the shame?
What Nature dares to give she dares to name.
And now and then to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.'

Such offenders as these are to be regarded, however, rather as the accidents of fashionable society than as having much connexion with its characteristics.

Its chief characteristic is represented to be what in its own jargon is called 'exclusiveness.' One of the best discussions in Mr. Lister's book is upon this topic; we wish we had room for it.* It contains a fair statement of the reasons for and against the practice by which certain persons who have attained, by one means or another, a pre-eminent position in fashionable life, seek to form a society from themselves and their favourites and adherents, and to communicate the rest of mankind. It is observed by Mr. Lister's imaginary advocate for this practice, that 'the object of society is strictly and principally amusement,' and that the question, therefore, is a very simple one—'how may amusement be most successfully obtained?' It must be admitted that the answer would seem to be, by the association of those persons whose talents for society have been proved by success in it, together with such others as may be chosen by them, in the exercise of their presumably superior judgment in such matters, to give variety to the assortment; and finally by the exclusion of others. Against such a practice, having for its *object* merely the enhancement of the charms of society, having for its *motive* merely the desire of social enjoyments in their highest perfection, unstimulated by any jealous ambition or love of petty distinction, taking no ignoble delight in self-exaltation or in the abasement of others, we know not that any substantial objection can be urged. Such a society, if it exists, might indeed be better termed eclectic than exclusive. With this, as with other practices, it is, no doubt, in the spirit in which the thing is done that the inno-

* Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations,' 1st Series, 2nd vol. p. 401. Second edition.

* Vide 'Arlington,' vol. ii. pp. 110 to 120.

cence or the offence of it consists. Our condemnation of the class of exclusives must be hypothetical therefore. It is certainly a narrow circle, but whether it be governed by a narrow spirit, we are not perhaps qualified to pronounce.

Of one way by which this *exclusive* supremacy is obtained, there is a lively representation in a recent novel called 'Mothers and Daughters,' an elaborate production of the kind, showing an abundance of knowledge of the world, and presenting a more just as well as a more various view of the tendencies of fashionable society, as tracing the personages of the fiction through successive stages of life. A Lady Radbourne, who is depicted in the earlier portion of the book as a coarse, intrusive person, striving, by the most vulgar arts of sycophancy, to recommend herself to the leaders of fashion, and meeting with perpetual repulses, appears, after a lapse of a lustrum or two, in the station of a leader herself, ruling with undisputed sway, and dispensing the favours and countenance which it is forgotten that she had formerly courted from others. We doubt not that this is correctly conceived; for in most walks of life persons will be found who have run this sort of career—who have acquired, by a robust vivacity of spirits and hardihood of temper, a position to which they had no other title. Whoever shall pursue through life a single object with an inviolable energy and unity of purpose, and a resolute sacrifice of every other object, and of every feeling which stands in the way of it, will be almost always ultimately successful. The efficacy of this impassioned perseverance for the attainment of any accessible object can scarcely be over-estimated; and one which is utterly inaccessible will not be so striven for, because it will not inspire the hope which is the essential condition of enduring efforts. Success will be still more certain when the medium to be pushed through is of the passive and yielding consistence which general society or average human nature presents. No one who has past the first stages in the journey of life, and kept an observant eye upon his fellow-travellers, can have failed to perceive, that a brave, vigorous, and consistent forwardness, guarded by just such a quantum of tact as may save it from being signally offensive, will always ensure a certain degree of advancement; and if this be the case on the rougher roads, it can scarcely fail to be so where the only resistance to be encountered is that of idle voluptuaries. Probably, therefore, the so-called exclusive circle comprehends some individuals who have leapt the fence, as it were, and cannot be said to owe their distinction to a power of making any particular contribution to the amusement which, according to Mr. Lister, is strictly and principally the object of society.

But whilst we do not dissent from Mr. Lister's proposition, we would not be understood to waive all objections to fashionable society, whether formed upon a principle of exclusion

or of comprehension. The exception we would venture to take against fashionable people is, not that amusement is the object of their society, but that society is the object of their lives. And the more the eclectic or exclusive system is adopted, the more clearly this exception applies. If people are not merely to seek occasional amusement in society, but are to spend their lives in it, it may well be asked whether it be fitting that they should dislodge from it all duties and burdens, and render it purely a concentration of charms and delights. If whatsoever shall be excluded from their society is to be excluded also from their lives, it will behove them to consider whether they do not unduly evade their share of the social obligations common to us all, when they resolve that their society shall consist of none but the gay, the brilliant, and the beautiful—that it shall be exclusive of all attentions towards the aged, of all forbearance towards the dull, of all kindness towards the ungraceful and unattractive. Moreover, sinking the question of moral fitness, we suspect that the system will not be found to answer its proposed purpose so well as one in which our pleasures and duties should not be so sedulously set apart. What is meant to be an unmixed pleasure will not long be available as a pleasure at all. 'On n'aime guères d'être empoisonné même avec esprit de rose.' Nor is it in our nature to be durably very well satisfied with an end which does not come to us in the disguise either of a means or of a duty. Duty being proscribed, the want of an aim will be felt in the midst of all the enjoyments that the choicest society can afford, and the tendency will be to supply this want, either by aiming at the advancement of this person or the depreciation of that—in which case the pursuit of social pleasure will degenerate into the indulgence of a narrow sectarian pride and envy—or (which is worse and more likely) by merging the social pursuits in the vortex of some individual passion. It is upon the blank weariness of an objectless life that these amorous seizures are most apt to supervene; and the seat which pleasure has usurped from duty will be easily abdicated in favour of passion and of guilt. Such is the ancient and modern history of what is called a life of pleasure with some variations of the particulars from century to century, but with little difference in the result. When Berkeley cast up, under distinct articles of credit and debt, the account of pleasure and pain of a fine lady and a fashionable gentleman of the last century, he mentioned some items which may now be omitted,—(drinking and quarrelling are not now the vices of men of fashion, nor amongst the women is gaming so prevalent as it once was),—but he also supposed the omission of some, which are now to be placed in the head and front of the balance-sheet:—

'We will set down,' he says, 'in the life of your fine lady, rich clothes, dice, cordials, scandal, late hours, against vapours, distaste, remorse, losses

at play, and the terrible distress of ill-spent age increasing every day : Suppose no cruel accident of jealousy—no madness or infamy of love ; yet at the foot of the account you shall find that empty, giddy, gaudy, fluttering thing, not half so happy as a butterfly or a grasshopper on a summer's day. And for a rake or man of pleasure, the reckoning will be much the same, if you place listlessness, ignorance, roitenness, loathing, craving, quarrelling, and such qualities or accomplishments over-against his little circle of fleeting amusements.*

Assuredly in this day and generation, the particulars which Berkeley was willing to permit, are no longer to be regarded as doubtful elements in the calculation. Laxity in respect of the cardinal female virtue is unquestionably the cardinal sin of fashionable society ; and what renders it most offensive is, that it is a *discriminating* laxity. It is impossible to deny that the frailties of persons who can surround themselves with a surpassing degree of splendour, and prop themselves against prodigious piles of wealth, meet with an extraordinary quantum of indulgence. Absolutions and dispensations of a certain kind are bought and sold, and of two women taken in adultery, the one of whom riots in a profusion of riches, and is lavish of costly entertainments, whilst the other enjoys no more than an ordinary share of affluence, fashionable infallibility will issue, to the one its indult, and to the other its anathema. Many who contemplate at a safe distance the ways of the great world, will feel the injustice and baseness of the *distinction*, even more sensibly than the immorality, pernicious though it be, of the looser proceeding. An indiscriminate indulgence might pass for an amiable weakness, or an excess of charity. But if it be through a charitable spirit that the great and sumptuous sinners are admitted into society, what shall we call that spirit by which the more obscure or indigent are expelled ? Society acts either in the one case with the cruelty of a tyrant, or in the other with the vileness of a parasite. It is true, that if the paramount interests of morality did not require that the rule of expulsion should be universal, there are some unfortunate and penitent creatures, who might be very fit objects for a charitable exception ; but these are precisely they who would have no desire to profit by it : on them society has no longer any boon to bestow ; for they know that their place is in retirement, and that it is there they must seek their consolation, and set up their rest. It is not by the humble, the pardonable, and the contrite that admittance or restoration to society is sought, after one of these forfeitures ; it is only by the callous, the daring, and obtrusive—and it is they who succeed.

I never knew a person of strong talent who had small nostrils.

* Alciphron, Dia 12.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GENIUS OF SCOTT.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The advent of genius is the most striking, and will, in time, be perceived to be the most important species of circumstance which can befall society. When, as in the case of Scott, it manifests itself, not only in a highly popular form, but in a peculiarly healthy state, it becomes equally interesting to analyse it as an object of psychological research, and a duty to inquire into the process of education by which it has been brought to sound maturity. Such an inquiry may seem as an instrument whereby to measure the achievements of genius in this particular instance of its manifestation, and also as an indication how most wisely to cherish any future revelation of the same kind with which the world may be blessed. This is a social service enjoined upon survivors by departing genius ; a service which may not be refused, though emotions of grief must be largely mingled with the awe and hope which arise out of the contemplation of the past and future influences of the high presence which has become hidden. We, therefore, proceed, first, to inquire into the discipline of the genius of Scott, and the characteristics of its maturity ; and, next, to attempt an estimate of the services that genius has rendered to society.—Walter Scott was happy in his parentage and condition in life. His father had good sense, benevolence, and sincerity ; his mother added to these virtues vigorous and well-cultivated talents. The experience of pain which appears to be essential to the deepening and strengthening of genius, was not in his case, derived from hardships which infuse bitterness with strength, and corrupt while they expand. There was neither the domestic oppression under which Byron grew restive, nor the over-indulgence which prepares its victim for finding the world an oppressor. Scott was, it appears, surrounded with a kindly moral atmosphere from his birth. There was no thwarting of his early tastes ; his young sayings were laid up in his mother's heart ; his brothers were his friends ; and we have his own word for the tenderness with which he was regarded in his second home—his grandfather's farm at Sandyknow :

" For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-willed imp, a grandame's child ;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, cared."

Neither was his experience of pain derived from poverty, from a baffling of desires, from a deprivation of means to an earnestly desired end, from the irksomeness of his occupation, or a sense of the unfitness of his outward condition to his inward aspirations. He was spared all that sordid kind of suffering which irritates while it excites, and even while communicating power, abstracts its noblest attribute,—its calmness.

Of this class of evils, from which genius has extensively suffered, Walter Scott knew nothing; and, happily for him, it did not therefore follow that he was raised above that experience of real life, which is the most nourishing aliment of intellectual power. It is a rare thing, and happier than it is rare, to lay hold of reality under a better impulse than that of hardship, and with sufficient power to make it serve its true end. The lordling knows nothing of reality. What he is told he believes, he it what it may. What he is commanded he does, or leaves undone, according to a will which is not the more genuine for being perverse;—a will which springs out of convention, and is swayed by artificial impulses. His very ailments are scarcely teachers of reality, for they are not only artificially beguiled, but are made the building materials of a spurious experience. The fever of a lordly infant leaves its victim less wise than the fever of a cottage child, which is to the latter an evil felt in its full force, but uncompounded with other evils. On recovery, the cottage child knows best what sickness is; and, yet, bodily affections are the least susceptible of admixture of any: they afford to the lordling the best means of gaining genuine experience. All else is with him passive reception or conventional action, though he may travel in his own country and abroad, and learn to play trap-ball at Eton. As for those who have to do only with what is real, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, they are too generally unprepared to make use of reality. Their power, as far as it goes, is superior to the lordling's; but it is a scanty and unfruitful power. They are for ever laying a foundation on which nothing is seen to arise. This is better than building pagodas of cards on a slippery surface like the lordling; but it is not the final purpose for which the human intellect was made constructive. It is not enough for the little cotton-spinner, or plough-boy, to know what the lordling only believes—of the qualities of twist, and the offices of machinery, and the economy of the nests of larks and field-mice. They should be led beyond cotton-spinning and field labours by such knowledge; but it as seldom happens that they are so as that the lordling exchanges his belief for knowledge; which is the same thing as saying, that genius is as rare in the one class as in the other; being in the one, overlaid with convention, in the other, benumbed by want. The most efficacious experience of reality must be looked for in the class above the lowest, and in individuals of higher classes still, fewer and fewer in proportion to the elevation of rank, till the fatal boundary of pure convention be reached, within which genius cannot live except in the breasts of one here and there, who is stout-hearted enough to break bounds, and play truant in the regions of reality. The individuals who may thus come out from the higher ranks (where all efficacy is supposed to reside in teaching, instead of enabling to learn)

may generally be observed to bear some mark of providence, which they themselves may endure with humiliation, which their companions regard with ignorant compassion; but in which the far-sighted recognise, not only a passport to the select school of experience, but a patent of future intellectual nobility. What this mark may be, signifies little. The important point is, that there should be pain,—inevitable pain,—not of man's infliction,—natural pain, admitting of natural solace, so that it may produce its effects pure from the irritation of social injury, and be bearable for a continuance in silence. Whether the infliction be orphanhood, leading to self-reliance; whether it be the blindness which has exalted the passion of many bards, or the deafness which deepened the genius of Beethoven, or the lameness which agonized the sensibilities of Byron, or mere delicacy of health (which has often, after invigorating genius, been itself invigorated by genius in its turn;) whether the infliction be any of these or of the many which remain, matters little; its efficacy depends on the degree in which it is felt; that is, on the degree of the knowledge of reality which it confers.

To pain thus inflicted, to a knowledge of reality thus conferred, was Scott, in a great measure, indebted for the prodigious overbalance of happiness which afterwards enriched himself, and the world through him. He suffered in childhood and youth from ill health and privation. His ill health caused his removal into the country, where, from circumstances of situation, &c., those tastes were formed which predominated in him through life, while the passion with which they were cherished must have been deepened by the one affliction which he had to bear alone,—his lameness. Few have any idea of the all-powerful influence which the sense of personal infirmity exerts over the mind of a child. If it were known, its apparent disproportionateness to other influences would, to the careless observer, appear absurd; to the thoughtful, it would afford new lights respecting the conduct of educational discipline; it would also pierce the hearts of many a parent who now believes that he knows all, and who feels so tender a regret for what he knows, that even the sufferer wonders at its extent. But this is a species of suffering which can never obtain sufficient sympathy, because the sufferer himself is not aware till he has made comparison of this with other pains, how light all others are in comparison. Be the infirmity what it may, as long as it separates, as long as it causes compassion, as long as it exposes to the little selfishness of companions, to the observation of strangers, to inequality of terms at home, it is a deep-seated and perpetual woe; one which is, in childhood, never spoken of, though perpetually brooded over; one which is much and universally underrated, because it is commonly well borne; and, again, well borne, because underrated, and, therefore, unsympathized with. That this was

the case with Walter Scott, is certain. His lameness in childhood was, no doubt, thought much less of by every one, even his mother, than by himself. Not an hour of any day, while with his young companions, could this pain of infirmity have been unfelt. In all sports, in all domestic plans, in all schoolboy frolics, he either was, or believed himself to be, on unequal terms with his playmates; and though he happily escaped the jealousy which arises too often from a much less cause, he suffered enough to drive him to a solace, whose pure and natural pleasures might best counterbalance his peculiar and natural pain. We have notices of these things from himself; a touching recurrence in one of his lightest pieces, to the days when the little lame boy lagged behind with the nurse-maid, while his brothers were running wild; when he was painfully lifted over the stiles which others were eager to climb. More at large we have tidings of the opposite pleasures, in which he found the best repose from his mortifications. His worship of Smailholm Tower, amidst the green hills; his quest of wallflowers and honeysuckles, and of the blossoms of traditionary verse which adorn the retreats where he sought his pleasures. The immediate enjoyment arising from the study of nature, is probably as much less in childhood than in mature years, as the pain arising from personal infirmity is greater—the pleasure being enhanced and the pain alleviated, by the variety and complexity of associations with which each becomes mingled; and Walter Scott, therefore, gained in pleasure with every year of his youth. But yet there was a sufficient balance of enjoyment, even in these early days, to render his genius of that benignant character which proves its rearing to have been kindly. He not only gained power by vicissitude, (which is the most rapid method of knowing realities,) but pleasure fast following upon pain, the pain was robbed of its irritation, and the pleasure was enhanced by a sense of freedom, the welcome opposite of the constraint which any species of infirmity imposes in society. Scott's childhood was, in short, spent in *feeling*, the best possible preparation for after *thinking*. His limbs were stretched on the turf, his hands grasped the rough crags, and wallflower scents reached him from crumbling ruins, and streams ran sparkling before his eyes; and these realities mingled with the no less vivid ones which he had just brought with him from society.

Nor were these the only vicissitudes he knew. His tastes thus formed, suited little with his school pursuits; and hence arose wholesome and strengthening exercises of fear and love. It seems strange, contemplating Walter Scott in his after life, as firm as mild, to think that he could either experience or cause fear; but there is no doubt whatever that this formed part of the discipline of his genius. He was a naughty schoolboy, as far as learning lessons went. He tells us of disgraces and

punishments for being idle himself, and keeping others idle,—and of the applause of his schoolfellows for his tale-telling being a sort of recompense for what he thus underwent. Since he felt this applause a recompense, the evil of punishment was feared and felt. Since he continued to incur punishment, his love of nature and romance was yet stronger than his fear. This alternation went on for years, for he never gained credit as a learner of languages, and finished in possession of "little Latin and less Greek." For a long continuance then, there was disgrace in school, and honour in the playground; fear in school, and a passion of love among the green hills; slavery between four walls, and rapturous liberty when rambling with a romancing companion amidst the wildest scenery that lay within reach. A glorious discipline that lay under it! A glorious discipline that lay under it!

Half the work was now done. Through the exercise of the sensibility the faculties were strengthened. There was yet little knowledge, but there was power,—power which would soon have preyed upon itself, if objects had not, by a new set of circumstances, been presented for it to employ itself upon. An illness confined him long to his bed, in a state which admitted of no other amusements than chess and reading. He read ravenously, and, as he himself says, idly; that is, he devoured all the poems and novels which a large circulating library afforded, till he was satiated, and then took to memoirs, travels, and history. He continued this practice of desultory reading, when afterwards removed once more into the country on account of the state of his health; and thus was he initiated into the second of the three great departments of knowledge, which it was necessary to traverse in preparation for the work of his later years. He had now made acquaintance with nature in her aspects, though not in her constitution, and with man as he is displayed in books. History showed him man in his social capacity; tales of real and fictitious adventure showed him man in contest with natural difficulties, and passing through the diversified scenery of various climates and nations, memoirs showed him man going through the experience of human existence, but all this was at second-hand. The third great study which remained was, man as he appears in actual life. It remained to verify what man seems in books by what he is before the eyes. And for this also opportunity was afforded by another change of circumstance. Walter Scott recovered his health, or rather became, for the first time, vigorous in body, and able to enter the world on the same terms with others. He studied law in college as well as under his father, and mixed in society far more than ever before; and though looked upon as rather an abstracted young man, very fond of reading, than as a particularly sociable personage, he was actually

at this time, and for some years afterwards, making acquaintance with human nature under a great variety of forms, whether in the courts, or in his own rank of society, or wandering, as was still his wont, among the vales of Tweeddale, gathering legends from the shepherds, or domesticating himself by the farmer's fireside. During this stage of his preparation, it was an important circumstance that he became enrolled in a cavalry regiment, formed under the apprehension of an invasion from France. Here he was far from being considered "an abstracted young man;" being highly popular, from his good humour and his extraordinary powers of entertainment, which probably were exercised in a somewhat different way from the goblin romancing, which made him a favourite among his school-fellows. He now probably communicated the results of his observation of actual life, while he no doubt improved them at the same time.

During the next few years he continued to enlarge his knowledge in all these three departments, by travelling, by the study of German literature, and by the performance of the active duties imposed upon him by his office of Sheriff of Selkirkshire; an office which, no less than his travels, brought him into communication with human nature under a variety of modifications. The study of German literature alone,—(we say nothing of the language, as, by Sir Walter's own confession, he only used it as a means of scrambling into the literature)—this new acquisition alone might serve, to a mind so prepared as his, as a sufficient stimulus to the work he afterwards achieved; and to it we cannot but attribute much of that richness of moral conception, much of the transparent depth of his philosophy of character, which is, to merely English readers, the most astonishing of his excellencies.

Here, then, we have gained some faint insight into the process by which an organization (probably of great original excellence) was made the most of, and rendered the constituent of a genius as kindly as it was powerful; that is to say, as healthy as it was rare. Such an organization may not be rare. We cannot tell; so little do we know of its mysteries, and so complicated is the machinery of education and of society by which it may be ruined or impaired. As probable as that there might be a Milton or a Hampden in Gray's presence, when he pondered his elegy, is it that there may be many Scotts in our regal halls, in our factories, in our grammar or dame schools; one weakened in the hot-bed of aristocracy, another withered by want and toil, a third choked with what is called learning, a fourth turned into a slave under the rod. It seems that some light is thrown upon the matter of education by such a case as the one before us. Here is a discipline diametrically opposite to received notions of what is fitting. Here is a boy,—not so unlike other boys in the outset as to make this case an exception to all

rules,—here is a boy lying about in the fields when he should have been at his Latin grammar; romancing when he should have been playing cricket; reading novels when he should have been entering college; hunting ballads when he should have been poring over parchments; spearing salmon instead of embellishing a peroration; and, finally, giving up law for legends, when he should have been rising at the bar. Yet this personage came out of this wild kind of discipline, graced with the rarest combination of qualifications for enjoying existence, achieving fame, and blessing society; with manners which were admitted by a king to ornament a court, although his accomplishments were to be referred solely to intellectual culture, and in no degree impaired the honesty of his speech and action; deeply learned, though neither the languages nor the philosophy of the schools made part of his acquisitions; robust as a ploughman, able to walk like a pedlar, and to ride like a knight-errant, and to hunt like a squire; business-like as a bailiff; industrious as a handicraftsman; discreet and frank to perfection at the same time; gentle as a woman; intrepid as the bravest hero of his own immortal works. Here is an extraordinary phenomenon, to result from an education which would give most people the expectation of a directly contrary issue. Here is enough to put us, on inquiring, not whether learning, and even school-discipline, be good things, but whether the knowledge usually thought most essential, the school-discipline, which is commonly esteemed indispensable, be in fact either the one or the other; whether the study of nature, in her apparent forms, may not be found a much more powerful stimulus to thought than it is at present allowed to be, let the study be pursued among the hills of Tweeddale, or in the laboratory, Botanic Garden, or Observatory: whether again, the discipline of pain and pleasure, appointed by Providence, may not effect more by being less interfered with than it is under our present educational methods, which leave scarcely any experience pure from artificial admixture. Many parents will say that they do not wish their children to become poets and romance writers, and will plead that Walter Scott was but little of a lawyer after all. But it should be remembered, that the generation and direction of power are very different things. It was the discipline of natural vicissitude which generated power in Walter Scott; its direction was owing to local and individual circumstances. The example might be followed exactly in the first particular, and only analogically in the other. This might be done without any apprehension; for no one will deny the practicability that there was for turning Sir Walter's genius in some other direction, if it had been thought desirable. There was such a practical character about all his undertakings, such good sense pervading his conversation and views of life, that there can be no doubt

of his power being of that highest kind, which is as flexible as it is strong; which can change its aims as readily as it can pursue them perseveringly. The question is, how to obtain this power, much more than how to direct it. The movements of society must not, it seems, be trusted to originate it; but the pressure of society may probably be trusted to direct it.

While few inquiries can be more interesting than that of how the genius of Scott grew up, few contemplations can be more pleasurable, more animating, than that of the same genius in its matured state. It is difficult to decide where to begin in reviewing the qualities which serve as tests of its healthfulness; but perhaps the most striking, not from its predominance, (where none can be said to predominate,) but from its importance, is its *purity*.

This purity is not solely to be ascribed to the purity of the aliment on which the genius was nourished. All the aliment presented to genius is pure in itself, whether it be the tranquil beauty of blue skies and verdant hills, or the mournful beauty which sanctifies the relics of things passed away, or the idealized beauty of works of art, or the suggestive beauty of passing circumstances, or that moving pageant in which many see no beauty, that display of society, in which crime, littleness, and woe, are mixed up with whatever is more honourable to humanity. All these things are pure, in as far as their action upon genius is concerned, as stimulants of sensibility, and provocatives to thought; and there can be little doubt that Scott would, if placed, without Byron's training, in Byron's position, amidst the licentious intrigues of fashionable life, have painted that life in all its hideous truth, with perfect purity of spirit. There is no more reasonable doubt of this than that Byron would have carried his stormy passions with him into the stillest nooks of Tweeddale, and wakened the echoes of Smailholm Tower with his bitter mockery of certain of his race. It is not the material on which genius employs itself that can ever be impure; since genius has nothing conventional in its constitution, and the purity or impurity which is thought to reside in objects, is wholly conventional. All depends upon how the material is received; whether as the food of appetite, or of the affections, chastened by philosophy. It is not true genius which defrauds its own aliment for its own pleasure; and where depravity exists in combination with genius, it is by a forced connexion, and the depravity goes to feed the appetites, while the genius finds its nourishment elsewhere. Such a combination exhibits the two-headed monster of the moral world, one of whose countenances may be regarding the starry heavens, while the other is gloating over the garbage of impurity beneath it. The employment of the one has nothing whatever to do with the contemplation of the other. The genius of an artist is no more answerable for his gluttony or drunkenness, than his gluttony

and drunkenness for his genius. Where genius is somewhat less unfortunate in its connexion, where it is linked with the licentiousness of caste and custom, rather than with that of brutality, it is supposed to be nourished by this licentiousness, and Don Juan is appealed to as a proof; but it is not the licentiousness, but the knowledge of human passions, gained by its means, (a knowledge which might be much better gained by a thousand higher means,) by which the genius is enriched. Genius accepts the knowledge, and rejects the poison amidst which it is conveyed. The more the experience savours of impurity, the less is there for genius to appropriate; the more there is of philosophic investigation, (and this was at the bottom of much of Byron's pursuit of experience,) the more is genius profited, and the less base are the excesses with which it is mixed up. Where, with this philosophical investigation, is united that chastened affection for humanity which makes the observer far-sighted, and connects him with his race by generous sympathies instead of selfish instincts, no impurity can attend any knowledge whatever of the doings of the race, no more than pollution could dim the brightness of an angelic presence passing through a Turkish harem, or kindle unholy fires in the eyes of the Lady while watching the rabble-rout of Comus. The genius of Scott was not only innocent as the imagination of a child—all genius is so in itself—it was also pure; that is, it did not bring into combination with itself any thing which could deteriorate its power, or defile its lustre. Its purity of thought and feeling was not of the still and cold, but of the active and genial character. It was not like the mountain snow, which is all whiteness under common circumstances, but which, if by chance melted, may be found to have held many dark specks engaeled within it; but rather like the running stream, which catches light, warmth, and colouring, from all substances through which it passes, and sweeps away, or buries, all with which it has no affinity. No one can dispute Walter Scott's knowledge of life, and his insight into the mysteries of society. He could have told, more than most men, of the intrigues of courts, the licentiousness of nobles, the secret revels of divers classes of men, and the excesses which follow close on both the gratification and the disappointment of all the stronger passions. No one had a warmer sympathy with the stirrings in men's bosoms, or could make larger allowance for frailty, or feel more genially the pleasures of conviviality and other social excitement; yet no man was ever more remarkable for combining perfect purity of conception with truth and freedom of delineation. He was himself temperate in his habits as genial in his temperament; and his works are like himself. The Templar, Varney, Mike Lambourne, Christian Dalgarno, find each their place in his pictures of life—they are not made the text of a sermon, but rather

allowed to speak for themselves in a not very sermon-like style; and the issue is, that they leave on the mind of the reader not a single impression which can defile, but instead, a conviction that, as respects the mind of the author, they came and went, leaving no spot or stain behind.

Closely allied with the purity of Scott's genius was its *modesty*—a modesty as astonishing to his distant admirers as it ever was amusing to his near friends. It is scarcely possible to imagine how, with his quick sense of the good and the beautiful, he should have remained so innocent of all suspicion of how much there was of both in his own works. If the ingenuousness of his mind had been less remarkable than it was, there would have been a pretty general suspicion that he was not above the common affectation of pretending to dispute the decision of the public; but the entire simplicity of his speech and conduct place his ingenuousness beyond question. It is certain that he alone failed to perceive or to bear in mind the power and richness of his own conceptions and delineations, while it is no less certain that, if he had met the most insignificant of his characters in any other novel, or had (like Dr. Priestley) stumbled upon a forgotten odd volume of his own, without the title-page, and had not known whither to refer it, he would have fallen into an enthusiasm of admiration upon it, as, to the great amusement of his friends, he was wont to do about productions of much inferior merit. Credulous as he was where merit was to be ascribed, here only he declined taking every body's word. Deferential as he was to the voice of society, here only he evaded its decision. Sometimes he seemed scarcely aware what was comprehended in the words of its laudatory decrees: sometimes he ascribed his success to novelty, sometimes to fashion; now to one temporary influence, now to another—to any thing rather than his own merit. This modesty so verges upon excess as to cause some passing feelings of regret, that it was impossible to inspire him with a due sense of what he had done, with that virtuous complacency which is the fair reward of such toils as his; till we remember that he could not but have had his private raptures over the beauties of his own creation; his thrillings of pleasure in converse with the divine *Die Vernon*, and of lofty emotion when winding up his most solemn scenes; and his paroxysms of mirth after calling up a *Friar Tuck*, or a *Triptolemus Yellowley*; till, reminded by the world that all these bore the closest connexion with himself, they, with the pride of pleasure they had afforded, were swallowed up and forgotten in his modesty. That they should be thus forgotten or lightly esteemed, still seems unfair, however the fact may be accounted for; and it is a positive relief to meet with a notice here and there, in Sir Walter's notes and prefaces, which indicate that he did derive some gratification from

his success, that he did consent to taste a little of the delicious brimming cup which his brethren of the craft are usually all too ready to drain before it is half full. "I have seldom," he says, "felt more satisfaction than when, returning from a pleasure voyage, I found Waverley in the zenith of popularity, and public curiosity in full cry after the name of the author. The knowledge that I had the public approbation, was like having the property of a hidden treasure, not less gratifying to the owner than if all the world knew that it was his own." We thank him for having let us know this. It is one of the most precious passages in his writings, though, if occurring in those of almost any other of the *genus irritabile*, it is probably one to which we should have given little attention. The delicacy of his modesty appears in the following passage, which, coming from a man who had stood as severe a trial of his humility as was ever afforded by the sudden acquisition of unbounded fame, bears a very high value, and ought to be taken to heart by many who are more frail, though less tempted than himself. Our readers have all probably seen it before; but a second, or even a twentieth, reading can do them no harm.

"I may perhaps be thought guilty of affectation, should I allege, as one reason of my silence [as to the authorship of the novels,] a secret dislike to enter on personal discussions concerning my own literary labours. It is in every case a dangerous intercourse for an author to be dwelling continually among those who make his writings a frequent and familiar subject of conversation, but who must necessarily be partial judges of works composed in their own society. The habits of self-importance which are thus acquired by authors are highly injurious to a well-regulated mind; for the cup of flattery, if it does not, like that of *Circe*, reduce men to the level of beasts, is sure, if eagerly drained, to bring the best and the ablest down to that of fools. The risk was in some degree prevented by the mask which I wore; and my own stores of self-conceit were left to their natural course, without being enhanced by the partiality of friends, or adulation of flatterers."

It may, however, be observed, that this degree of discretion is desirable, perhaps practicable, only where the authorship relates to light literature, and that it would be an injustice to works of a grave and scientific character, to deprive them of whatever advantage the author may gain by the discussion of his subject during its progress. In these cases, however, the discussion should be of the topics, not of the authorship; of the work, not of the writer. Simplicity is the true rule, as in all other cases so in this: the simplicity which was exemplified in the Author of *Waverley*, and which is equally far removed from the jealous unsocial secrecy of Newton respecting his scientific researches, and the prattling va-

nity of those weak-minded literati and philosophers who do all that in them lies to bring contempt on their calling.

In fairness, it should be added, that the genius of Sir Walter owed some of its modesty to his Toryism, which prescribed other objects of ambition than literary fame. To his aristocratic taste it was more agreeable to be ranked among the landed proprietors than among the authors of his country. He was better pleased to be looked up to as the local dispenser of justice than as the enchanter of Europe. He wrote a score of matchless romances for the sake of improving a patch of bad land; and while apparently insensible to flattery on the score of his works, and unable to account for even reasonable praise, he exhibited a gratified complacency in his title of "the Shirra," and in his rank as a country gentleman of Roxburghshire. So much for the variety in men's estimates of good!

This, his modesty, guarded by his Toryism, partly accounts for the extraordinary union of *frankness* and *discretion* in his character. It could only be by lightly valuing his achievements, by thinking little of himself and his doings, that a man of his sincerity could have been such a secret-keeper. It was not by measures of precaution as regarded his own conduct; it was not by plot and underplot, that the public was misled as to the authorship of the novels. It was by the coolness of his manner, and the simplicity of his speech and demeanour, that inquirers were baffled; and this coolness could scarcely have been preserved by one so ardent and simple, if he had thought his achievements as marvellous as they appeared to others, or if they had been the objects of his principal interest. In what light he regarded them may be gathered from a passage in which he offers us his views of the duties of those who are entering on a literary life. "Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, [vanity and irascibility,] I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in such mistakes, or what I considered as such. With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society; continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language which, from one motive or another, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were indeed the business rather than the amusement of life."

Whatever may be conjectured as to how much Sir Walter included under the term "literary pursuits," and as to how differently he might have estimated them if he had beheld another in his own position, the above passage vindicates the truth, that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The abundance of his heart did not consist of that of which he did not speak—of himself and his fame. He spoke of politics, of other men's literature, of antiquities, of planting and farming, of law and justice; of fishing and shooting; "of man, of nature, of society;" and of these things his heart was full. He did not speak or encourage others to speak of his labours of the desk, and of their rewards; and of these things his heart was not full.

It seems rather strange that he should have spoken thus lightly of literature, when he himself applied its forces to some of the gravest purposes in which they can be employed—in the delineation of the working of the darker passions. If the inquiry had been brought home to him he would scarcely have persisted that there was mere amusement to himself in the conception, or to his readers in the contemplation of such characters as his Dirk Hatteraick, Front-de-Bœuf, the Templar, Tony Forster, Varney and Leicester, and Rasleigh Osbaldistone, and many more, whose dark thoughts and deeds it would be as wrong as it is impossible to allow to pass before us as a mere spectacle, and be forgotten. There is no solemn a character belonging to the sufferings of Amy Robsart, and of the Master of Ravenswood, to permit their having no permanent effect on philosophy and morals, and too much depth in the genius which delineated them to justify the speaking lightly of such of its efforts as those in question. If the office of casting new lights into philosophy, and adding new exemplifications and sanctions to morals, be not the "business" of literary genius, we know not what is. It is the "business," the first business of every man, to deduce these very lessons from actual life; and we can conceive of no more important occupation than his who does the same thing for many, while doing it for himself; presenting the necessary materials, and their issues, unravelled from the complications, and separated from the admixtures which may impair their effect in real life, but no less palpably real, than if they had passed under actual observation. This is the task, the real "business" of moral philosophers of all ranks and times; of Socrates, Zeno, and Epicurus, in the temple and the garden; of the Fathers of the Church in their twilight cells of learning; of the philosophers and bards of the middle ages; and, in the present, of Scott in his study, no less than of the divine in his pulpit. How much more conscious Scott really was than he seemed, of the importance of his office as an exhibitor of humanity, can probably never now be known; but that that office did, in fact, constitute the real business of his life, is as certain as it will be evident, when not one stone of Abbotsford shall be left upon another, when the last tree of his planting shall have tottered to its fall, and the last relic of the man shall have been lost, except that which is enshrined in his works,

It may be said, that he had little to do with the darker passions, and proved that there are but few villains among the host of characters; but these dark passions cast their shade far and wide, and one villain modifies the fortunes of many innocent persons. Rashleigh is at the bottom of all that happens in *Rob Roy*, and ambition gives its entire colouring to the romance of *Kenilworth*. These dark passions cause the predominant impression left by moral pictures; as a thunder-cloud characterises the summer landscape, though the streams of sun-light may far outnumber the flashes of the lightning. That dark passions are introduced, and have excited an interest, is a sufficient basis for the argument, that their exhibition constituted an important part of the business of his life, who conceived and portrayed their workings.

The world, at least that part of it which knows what it is talking about, has ceased to be astonished at the union of *mirth* and *pathos* in the effusions of genius. That mirth is often found without pathos, and pathos without mirth, is no argument against their co-existence; as there have been some in every age to prove, beginning (at the nearest) from Solomon, when writing the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, and finishing with Sir Walter Scott. Indeed, as an acute discrimination of analogies is the basis equally of poetry and wit, and as the same discrimination, applied to the workings of human emotion, is the chief requisite to pathos, the wonder is rather, that Milton should have been able to keep ludicrous combinations of ideas always out of sight, than that Shakspeare should have been profuse in them; that the *Man of Feeling* should never have been moved to mirth, than that *Uncle Toby* should have brushed away his tears with a laugh. The power produced by this union has seldom been more fully shown than in the *Abbot Boniface* of Scott. While the *Abbot of the Monastery*, he is little better than contemptible. The man moves no sympathy, and is regarded as a fine satirical sketch; as a representation of an obsolete class, and in nowise interesting as an individual. How miraculously he comes out as the old gardener, grown innocent in his tastes, and crossed in his sole desire,—their harmless indulgence! The comic aspect of his official character is preserved, while we are made to feel a respectful compassion for the individual; and his last words sink deep into the heart, and return for ever upon the memory and the ear.

"The Ex-Abbot resumed his spade. 'I could be sorry for these men,' he said; 'ay, and for that poor Queen; but what avail earthly sorrows to a man of fourscore? and it is a rare dropping morn for the early colewort.'"

The most remarkable circumstance attending Scott's opposite powers of moving is, not their co-existence, but their keeping one another in check, as they ever did, except in the one (repented?) instance in which he allowed

his wit to run riot—in his sketches of the Covenanters in *Old Mortality*. None probably deny, that fanaticism is a most tempting subject for wit to divert itself upon, and that there may be little exaggeration in the reports given of Mause Headrigg's conversation and achievements; but there are also few to defend a needless outrage upon the religious prejudices of a nation, at the risk of disturbing something better than prejudices. Sir Walter did not excuse himself for this single indiscretion, or probably intend to do so, by his subsequent exposition of the absurdity of men of the present day clinging to the letter of the faith and practice of their forefathers. In all other instances his mirth was as discreet and innocent as his pathos was deep and true. Each enhanced, while it controlled the other; and their union afforded an infallible test of the power of the genius whose healthy development it characterised.

In no respect has the character of genius been more importantly vindicated by Sir Walter than in his habitual *cheerfulness*. There may be, and ought to be, an end for ever to the notion, that melancholy is an attribute of genius; for Sir Walter was as little given to melancholy as any whistling ploughboy within the realm of Scotland. If it be true, that genius dives deep into the recesses where pain shrouds itself from the light, it is also true, that genius opens up new and ever-springing sources of joy: while the common and wearing troubles of life are thrown off by its elasticity, and its own light sheds beauty on all that surrounds it. That many geniuses have been moody men, is not owing to their genius, but to habit of body or mind, which their genius was not powerful enough to overcome. If the mind be its own place, the highest mind must hold the happiest place; the wider its ken the more numerous the objects of good within the circle; the more various its powers the more harmonious the creation of which those powers take cognizance. Thus was it with Sir Walter Scott; his internal cheerfulness breathing music through the fiercest storms that gathered at his spell, and forming the basis of all the varied melodies which he drew from the chords of the human heart. It is never lost—not in the darkest scenes where his personages are raging, suffering, sinking under violence and woe: there is even here a principle of vigour in the humanity displayed,—a tacit promise, that there are better things beyond, which, without any obtrusion of the author's individuality, supports the reader's spirits upon the buoyancy of the writer's. We will not flatter even the dead. We will not say that this cheerfulness appears to us to spring so much from a lofty faith in humanity as from other causes, equally pure, but with which it is a pity that the faith we speak of should not co-exist. Walter Scott had a perpetual spring of joy within him from his love of nature, from his secret sense of power, from his wise regu-

lation of his tastes and desires, and from the kindness of disposition which endeared him to every one, and every one to him; but there are no traces of that long clear foresight of the issues of social struggles, no evidences that he caught the distant echoes of that harmony into which all the jarrings of social interests must subside; no aspirations after a better social state than the present; no sympathy beaming through its tears, for the sacrifices of patriotism, and the patient waiting of the oppressed for redress. No one showed more respect for opinion as the basis of practice, or more sympathy for individual sorrows: no one could put a more benevolent construction on what passed before his eyes, or was more disposed to make the best of whatever is; but his perpetual, fond recurrence to the past, his indisposition to change; in a word, his Toryism prevented his recognising the ultimate purposes of society, and reposing amidst that faith in man which is next to trust in God, (of which indeed it forms a part,) the best resting-place of the spirit amidst the tumults and vicissitudes of life. It was from a deficiency of support of this kind that his spirit once quailed: that once, that will never cease to be mourned, when multitudes, far his inferiors in all besides, were enabled to rejoice while he suffered, trembled, supplicated, all the more keenly, all the more urgently, from the might of the heart within him. The fear of change perplexed him, and he warned and petitioned against it ineffectually, and to his own great injury; when, if he could but have seen that change was inevitable, and might be directed to the most magnificent achievements, he might have been one of the adored leaders of a heroic nation, instead of being made a spectacle to the people while offering his affecting farewell—"Mortuus vos salutat." He had vigour to support his own misfortunes, and to set about repairing them with unflinching heroism. But he had not faith in man collectively as he had in individual man, and could not resist the sadness with which political change inspired him, and which, more than any private sorrows, were thought to accelerate his decline. From the hopefulness which springs out of faith in man's progression, he was cut off. It was a great misfortune. Far be it from us to taunt his memory with it, or to ascribe it to any thing but the outward circumstances of his training. If the world lost something by it, he lost more, and moreover suffered by infliction as well as deprivation: and all this makes the depth and continuity of his cheerfulness the more remarkable. This cheerfulness, this tendency to put a kindly construction on all which has been and is, accounts for his popularity notwithstanding his Toryism, and is, in its turn, partly accounted for by his industry—another test of the healthiness of his genius. On this industry little can be said. Its achievements are before every one's eyes, and are, we suppose, nearly as unaccountable to most people

as to ourselves. We give up the attempt to settle how he did all, and when he did it. We have his own word for his works (except during an interval of two years) being all written by his own hand; and if we had not had this unquestionable word, we should have dissentied from Goethe's supposition, that he sketched and touched up, and left it to inferior hands to compose the bulk of his works. There is such a character of unity amidst all the diversity; the duller scenes are so evidently enjoyed by the author, however little they may be so by the reader; there is such gusto, such an absence of all sense of drudgery throughout, that we could (as we said at the time) have staked our character for penetration upon the fact, before the disclosure was made, that every chapter in this library of novels was written by the same hand. How it was done is another matter. How he wrote for years together, sixteen pages of print per diem, on an average, while discharging his official duties in town, or before beginning his daily occupations and pleasures of hospitality in the country,—sixteen pages of historical, as well as fictitious, narrative, including all the research which either required, is to us matter of pure astonishment. We must be content with it as a fact; and taking it thus, we can understand how so perpetual a flow of fresh ideas, so animating a consciousness of power, so ever-present an evidence of achievement must have fed the springs of his cheerfulness, and have given that character of luxury to his intellectual refreshments which bodily toil gives to the meal and the couch of the labourer. There is a delight appertaining to earned pleasures which is common to all classes in the intellectual and social world; and herein was Sir Walter least of all aristocratic. His example of this truth is so valuable, his sanction so impressive, that we must be excused the triteness of our morality. If there be any in whose eyes industry has not hitherto been majestic, they may now perhaps be led to appreciate her dignity. All others will dwell thankfully on every new testimony to her congeniality with genius.

It is not easy to see how it can ever be tolerable to genius to be idle. To conceive achievements, and not attempt them; to discriminate beauty, and not reach after it; to discern that action is necessary to further contemplation, and not to act;—these things seem, if not contradictory, unnatural; and the impulses arising from them are quite sufficient, without any help from the ambition of which Sir Walter had a very small share, to account for any degree of exertion that physical and mental energy can sustain. They are enough to render the spirit willing; and where the spirit is willing, the might is strong; and this willingness and might together constitute industry; an indispensable grace of the lofty, (whatever some who are great in their own eyes may think,) as well as the most ennobling virtue of the humble. Genius implies toil, both as it

cause and its consequence; and the example of Walter Scott (unnecessary as a proof, though welcome as a sanction to some) will open the eyes of many as to a new truth. And herein we recognise another of his mighty services as a vindicator of genius.

The practical character of his conduct and conversation was another of his valuable characteristics,—implied in his industry, indeed, but remarkable apart from that. Good sense is as remarkable a feature of his most imaginative writings as illustration and humour were of his homeliest conversation. He had a considerable degree of worldly sagacity, not only of that which, being worked out in the study, makes a good show upon paper, but of that shrewdness which is ready for use in all the rapid turns of life, and sudden occasions of daily business. This is evident, not only in his portrait, and in his exposition of the system of Scotch banking, but in his most delicate delineations of his fairest heroines; in his records of the conversation of the glorious *Die Vernon*, in the *tête-à-têtes* of Minna and Brenda, and conspicuously in the interview between Rebecca and Rowena. It is the practical character, i. e. the reality which pervades his loftiest scenes, that gives to them their permanent charm: in the same manner as the writer himself was respected as a man of superior rationality, and beloved as an endearing companion, instead of being regarded as a wayward dreamer, merely tolerated on account of supposed genius.

Here we must stop for the present. In pursuing this inquiry into the education and characteristics of his genius, we seem to have done little towards expressing the emotions which his name awakens, exalted as it is amidst the coronach of a nation. We shall hereafter attempt some estimate of his achievements, and of his services to his race—services of whose extent he was himself nearly as unconscious as his contemporaries are proud.

From the Monthly Review.

PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE.

1. Chamber's Edinburgh Journal. Price, 1½d. W. Orr, Paternoster Row.
2. The Penny Magazine of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Price, 1d. Knight, Pall Mall, East.
3. The Saturday Magazine. Price, 1d. Parker, 445, West Strand.
4. The New Penny Magazine. Strange, Paternoster-row.
5. The Christian's Penny Magazine. Wood and Son, Poppin's Court, Fleet-street.
6. The Evangelical Penny Magazine. Howden, 194, Strand.
7. The Girl's and Boy's Penny Magazine. Strange.
8. The Boy's and Girl's Penny Magazine. Howden.

9. The Penny Story Teller. Howden.
10. Penny Lancet, a Medical Magazine. Berger, Holywell-street, Strand.
11. T. Dibdin's Penny Trumpet, to be blown weekly (not weakly) throughout the British Empire, and farther if required. Howden.
- *12. The London Penny Journal. Strange.
- *13. The Halfpenny Magazine. Seton, 26, Brydges-street, Covent Garden.
14. The Halfpenny Magazine; or, The Witness. Cowie, 312, Strand. 1832.
- *15. The True Halfpenny Magazine. Berger.
- *16. The Halfpenny Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. Thomas, 4, Birchington-lane.
- *17. The Cab. Price, ¾d. At Elliott's Literary Saloon, 14, Holywell-street, Strand.
- *18. The Literary Guardian, and Spectator of Books, Science, the Arts, Drama, &c. Price, 1½d. Tindall, 3, Wellington-st., Strand.
19. The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction. Price, 2d. J. Limbird, 143, Strand.
20. The Thief. Price, 2d. Strange.
- *21. Every Man's Paper of Useful and Entertaining Intelligence. Price, 3d. Tomlinson, 24, Great Newport-street.
- *22. The Political Observer. Price, 2d. Whitmore, George's Place, Holloway.
23. The Political Investigator. Bass, 7, Catherine-street, Strand.
- *24. The Weekly Miscellany; or, New National Magazine of Instruction and Amusement. Price, 1d. Dean and Munday, Threadneedle-street.
- *25. The Sunday Herald. Price, 1d. G. Cowie.
26. The Doctor. Price, 1d. Strange.
27. The Farmer's Magazine. Price, 1½d.—Strange.
28. The National Omnibus, and General Advertiser, a Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts. Price, 1d. Cowie.
- *29. The Popular Library of Religious Knowledge. Price, 1d. Hughes, High-street, Islington.
- *30. The Christian Corrector. Price, 1d. William Arnold, Little Surrey-street, Blackfriar's Road.
31. The Casket of Literature, Science, and Entertainment. Price, 1d. Steill, 26, Paternoster-row.
32. The New Casket. Price, 1d. Strange.
33. Asmodeus; or, the Devil in London. Price, 1d. Cowie.
34. John Bull's Picture Gallery; Political, Satirical, and Humorous. Price, 1d. Chubb, 48, Holywell-street, Strand.
35. The Crisis; or, the Change from Error and Misery to Truth and Happiness. Price, 1d. Dent, 39, Burton-street.
36. The Instructive Magazine; a Library of Interesting Knowledge, Rational Entertainment, and Useful Information. Price, 1d. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, 23, Paternoster-row.

37. The Guide to Knowledge. Price 1*d.* Jas. Gilbert, 228, Regent-street.
- *38. The Schoolmaster at Home. Price 1*d.* Steill.
39. Figaro in London. Price, 1*d.* Strange.
- *40. Church Examiner, and Ecclesiastical Record. Price, 1*d.* Johnston, Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate.
41. The Entertaining Press, and London Advertiser. Price, 1*d.* Harding, 3, Paternoster-row.
42. The New Entertaining Press, and London Advertiser. Price, 1*d.* Harding, 3, Paternoster-row.
43. The London Spy. Chubb.
- *44. Scrap Book. Sears, 29, Charterhouse-square.
- *45. The Sunday Chronicle. Price, 1*d.* Garman, 2, Johnson's Court, Fleet-street.
- *46. The Magnet, a General Repertory of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, Writing, Biography, and Amusements. Price, 1*d.* Berger.
- *47. The Argus. Price, 1*d.* Goulding, 1, Bell-yard, Strand.
- *48. The Squib. Price, 1*d.* Cowie.
49. The British Cyclopaedia. Price, 2*d.* Thomas, 12, Warwick-square.
50. The Fool's Cap. Price, 1*d.* Strange, 21, Paternoster-row.

To an ordinary observer it would appear as if the progress of English literature, since the commencement of the present century, were altogether of a downward character. In proof of the justness of his impressions, he would exhibit the number of inferior poets, novelists and historians, dramatists, tourists, and critics, who have sprung up within that period, whose works are already forgotten, and are now nowhere to be met with, except upon the linings of trunks, and occasionally wrapped round the small wares of the chandler's shop. It should, however, be recollected, that in all ages of the world, the valuable productions of men, in every mode of occupation, have been extremely few, compared with the number of those which have been of a worthless and perishable nature. In the days of Hesiod and Homer, bards were as common as potters or joiners; they wandered through every part of Greece, which they amused with their compositions and filled with their renown. But with the exception of the two poets just named, what remains of all that those bards frequently delivered to admiring audiences? Who can discover now among the cindered manuscripts of Herculaneum or Pompeii, a single line of that Codrus, who is said to have written a poem as long as the *Aeneid* in celebration of the heroic Theseus, and which took up so many days in recital in the Athenaeum at Rome, that Juvenal designates him by the name of the hoarse Codrus, "*rauci Codri?*" No offered reward, we fear, could now elicit from the ashes of antiquity a solitary verse from the once multitudinous compositions of

that "ingens Telephus," whose name has been immortalized by the same satirist, although not content with the space ordinarily assigned to text on the scroll, he overflowed the margins, and even the back of it, with his lucubrations. The "*scribimus indocti doctique poemata per- am*" of Horace has become proverbial. Equally well known is the "*scribimus inclusi, numeras ille, hic pede liber*" of Persius. The dawn of reviving literature in Europe, after the long sleep that followed the fall of the Roman empire, was marked by swarms of troubadours and *trouweres*, who won the heart of every lady fair and gallant knight in Provence and Normandy. Nevertheless, airy and elegant as we generally assume their compositions to have been, amidst all the poems which they have left behind them, exceeding some thousands, there is scarcely one that deserves immortality. Petrarch, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, stand out upon the literary history of Italy as names of glory. But look to the back ground of the picture, and you will behold there a crowd of poetasters as numerous, and almost as unknown, as the hosts of the Israelites, in Martin's magnificent representation of their departure from Egypt.

We need say nothing of Germany, where for a long period "Fairs" have been annually held for the sale of new works, which are concocted for the occasion, just as horned cattle, horses, sheep, and swine are produced and fed for similar markets in England. Compared with the number of books which have been printed in Germany, since the typographical art has been discovered, not one, perhaps, in thirty thousand survives at this day as a standard production. Numerous as have been our own publications, the proportions between those that have perished and those that still live, are not quite so bad as among these our Saxon ancestors. We greatly outshine France in history, parliamentary oratory, poetry, essay, travels, and novels; but we must yield her the palm in natural history, the sciences, the comic and tragic drama, (reserving, however, the rights of Shakspeare,) in memoirs, and the unrivalled eloquence of her pulpit. As to Spain, when we have named Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, we have numbered the chief lights in her literary constellation.

In every nation that has reached an adequate degree of intellectual improvement, it is in truth the necessary consequence of any one man's decided success in any pursuit that is open to others, to raise around him a number of imitators, some of whom may chance to equal or surpass him, while the crowd ever lag behind at an immense distance. Thus, in our times, what a number of romances followed those of Mrs. Radcliffe! What a swarm of historical novels have thickened in the train of Sir Walter Scott! And since Mr. Ward, Mr. Lister, and Lord Mulgrave, have painted the manners of genteel life, the steam engines have been scarcely sufficient, with all their hundred horse power, to keep pace with the "Fashionable

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Novel" writers of the day. But it would be unjust to say that amidst all the piles of paper which the active intellects of our time have blotted, there are not many works destined to go down to posterity. In addition to the poetry of Wordsworth, Crabbe, Campbell, Moore, and Byron, and the best of the Radcliffe, Waverley, and High Life novels, there are many other works of recent origin, witness those of Matthews, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Jamieson, Dr. Lingard, to mention no more, which will sustain the literary character of our age for many centuries still to come.

Doubtless we have produced, are producing, and will always continue to produce an infinite quantity of new literature; but it must be recollected that it is from molasses the pure spirit is to be distilled, and that the quantity of these, as compared with that of the ethereal fluid, must of necessity be immense. At the same time, although this must be so to a great degree from the very nature of things, yet it may happen, from a variety of causes, all of which cannot perhaps be very distinctly traced, that the molasses are sometimes less productive of the spirit than usual, and leave a more than ordinary mass of dregs behind. We apprehend this to have been very much the case of late in this country, and there is undoubtedly one cause, pre-eminent over all the others, to which this comparative barrenness may in a great measure be traced.

We think it must be conceded that, since the peace particularly, literature has become much more of a trade than it ever was before, both in England and Scotland. What we mean when we place literature and trade in juxtaposition is this: formerly an author sat down and composed a work from the unbidden influence of his own intellect; he felt a secret enjoyment—and man has few more delightful enjoyments—in arranging his original thoughts and his acquired information in order, in blending them together, and in creating from these two sources of inspiration a monument which he might call his own. He naturally gave it the impress of his own character: the style was personal: the fabric grew up by degrees under his own hand, every part being fitted to its place, and polished with all the skill he could command. He never thought of the bookseller, or the printer's devil, until his labour was brought to a close. Then if he could get a pecuniary reward for it, so much the better. No hard bargain was driven, at all events upon his side; and the work appeared in the world less solicitous of purchasers than of admirers. In that state of things the mind of the literary man was, as it were, its own kingdom, the "lord of all it surveyed." It was independent and happy; the thoughts came from a pure and lofty source, and the language easily flowered into those natural graces, which give to composition so many becoming charms.

But almost within our own recollection, the whole of this course of proceeding has been

reversed. We could mention many instances within our own knowledge, in which the bookseller has been the original moving power, instead of the mind of the author. We need mention no names, but we may suppose a case. A bookseller finds that a work of a particular description, say, for example, a novel of "fashionable life," published by a rival tradesman, has "gone off," as the phrase is, amazingly well, producing, of course, large profits. He discovers a man of ability, who has been dabbling, perhaps, in some other line of literature, and he proposes to him to furnish a similar work, of the same extent, three or four volumes, as the case may be, within a given time, for a certain sum of money. It is of very little consequence, in this kind of traffic, whether the author thus hired have a peculiar genius for novel-writing or not. He accepts the office, because he probably wants the money, and providing himself with a ream of foolscap he soon tunes his intellect, as it were, to his new labour. There is scarcely any kind of work which a man of ability may not handle with some degree of success, and accordingly the volumes are produced, as per order, within the time prescribed. They are printed with the best types, on fine wove paper, hot-pressed, and then made up in those drab or blue paper boards, the bare external freshness of which have so many attractions for all the frequenters of circulating libraries.

The actual publication of the work is preceded by a regular regiment of advertisements, the first of which appears in the form of a file of grenadier types, few and far between, five or six occupying a whole line in a column of a newspaper, as thus—

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and for some days the public are left to wonder at what these letters may be intended to intimate. When the curiosity of the said public may be supposed to be excited on the subject, a sly paragraph, *not* marked as an advertisement, appears in some of the newspapers which lend themselves to such sordid chicaneries, for the sake of the double or treble price paid for such paragraphs, disclosing in a sort of whisper, and, as it were, with a mysterious nod, the supposed character of the work thus enigmatically announced. Some unfortunate (fabricated) circumstance then happens to delay the appearance of the work; the cancelling of a chapter, which was supposed to be *too* personal, the difficulty of printing the vast number of copies already ordered, or some other equally veracious accident, that calls forth a new division of these flying trumpets, which proclaim the afflicting intelligence in all quarters of the kingdom. At length the important day is fixed, and the work comes forth amidst a new flourish of brazen sounds, enough to fright the isle from its propriety.

It is no wonder that, in consequence of all this preparation, the "new novel" is universally

sought after, and almost universally admired as long as it is difficult to obtain it at the library. People are generally held captive by imposing appearances, and as long as they can have it to say, that they have read this or that book before it has reached the hands of the multitude, they will exaggerate its merits, thinking (most ridiculously) that they thereby also exalt their own. And so the speculation succeeds, for the whole impression is bought. By and by, when the cover begins to look a little faded, and the freshness of the press has disappeared from the pages, some few quiet persons happen to read and inwardly digest this mass of printed paper; they find it not quite so entertaining as they expected. It next falls into the hands of some unbought and unpurchaseable critic, who, in the midst of the corruption that prevails, endeavours, as far as in him lies, to preserve the ark of his country's literature from being defiled by profane hands. He examines the much-lauded production, discovers its utter worthlessness, proclaims the foul imposture to the world, and what is the consequence? The following season "Ada" lies utterly neglected. A second larger edition, which had been printed to meet the expected renewal of demand, is sold as waste paper, and the trader in intellect is driven to the chances of some newer enterprize on the same plan.

It is upon this system, that what is called the literature of the country has been conducted, to our knowledge, during the last fifteen or twenty years. We would wish to speak in respectful terms of the memory of Sir Walter Scott; but while we are upon this subject, we cannot forget, that the success of some of his earlier works led him into temptations, which we could most sincerely wish he had resisted. Had he been satisfied with the ordinary gains of a successful author, or rather with the liberal terms which his genius might have commanded, he would never have grasped at shares in Ballantyne's trade of printing, or in Constable's trade of bookselling. By desiring too much, he lost a fortune, and has left his children houseless. The world saw in him a man of exquisite ability, of the most engaging personal character, who created by the magic talisman which he held in his hand, a beautiful residence, well stored with all the intellectual luxuries, and surrounded by a handsome estate to which the favour of a monarch who admired his talents appended the title of a Baronet. But he had scarcely sent his last novel into the world, decorated with all the embellishments of art, when it came to be discovered that his own life was the most affecting *fable* amongst all his works: that of all his creations his apparent fortune was the least real; and that he, an author, died the victim of debts which would have bowed a royal merchant down.

Who will now deny that even Sir Walter Scott *traded* in literature? It is admitted, that all the works which he has written since 1825 were produced under the painful pressure of

the burdens which he had brought upon himself, and with the view, the highly honourable view we must add, of diminishing those burdens as much as possible. It was doubtless the rigid necessity of the case, that prescribed a mode of dealing with respect to his works, which was not pursued with reference to any other. It is very well known to persons in the trade, though not to the world at large, that when a new novel was sent to the publishers in London, it was accompanied with an appendix of "dead stock," such as "Ballantyne's Novelists," or Scott's "Poetical Works," of which a large portion had remained unsold, and which the unfortunate London agent was obliged to take, and pay for at a stipulated price, before he would be allowed the privilege of publishing the novel in London.

But the vicious principle of *trade* has pervaded every species of literature, as well as novels. Moore's "Lalla Rookh," for instance, was originally brought out as an enormous quarto volume, for which, if we remember rightly, four guineas were charged. During the war, and for some time after its conclusion, the prices of all things, books among them, were enormously high. The booksellers formed extensive establishments, which they have been struggling to keep up ever since the year 1825, so fatal to all artificial fortunes, and they were therefore under the necessity of continuing, as long as they could, the high prices of former days. In order to maintain these high prices, literary journals were established, whose principal business it has long been to sound the loud notes of praise in favour of new publications. The consequence has been that very many works, both in poetry and prose, were puffed into notoriety, if not into fame, until the public at length became disgusted, and volumes of an expensive description almost ceased to sell.

The late Mr. Constable of Edinburgh, a shrewd though sanguine man, foreseeing in 1826, clearly enough the change that was about to take place in the state of the book trade, taking counsel with Sir Walter Scott, Captain Hall, and other Scottish literary friends, and hoping to gain by an extensive sale of works, at a very reduced price, more than he could expect to acquire in the limited market that then existed for high priced volumes, resolved on his "Miscellany." The three first volumes of the series, consisting of "Captain Hall's Voyages to Loo Choo and South America," and costing altogether only half-a-guinea, whereas the original editions of those productions cost four guineas, established at once a standard by which the actual reduction in the money value of literature was thenceforth to be measured. The "Miscellany" was favourably received, and has been continued to the present day, amounting now we believe to nearly eighty volumes.

About the same period, the Society for "the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" began to put forth, in an equally cheap form, small treatises

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on scientific subjects, to which they soon afterwards proposed to add works of a popular and entertaining character. Mr. Murray was at first to have had, jointly with some other booksellers, the publication of what was to be called the Society's "Entertaining Library;" but the negotiation went off; and the publication was entrusted to Mr. Knight of Pall Mall. But Mr. Murray did not conceive that he was thereby precluded from issuing a similar series of his own, and he commenced his "Family Library," which has been carried on with some intervals, indicative of varying fortune, to the present period. The house of Longman and Co. naturally desirous of not being shut out from this cheap market, undertook, with the aid of Dr. Lardner, their "Cabinet Cyclopædia" and "Cabinet Library," upon the Society's plan of mingling the *utile* with the *dulce*. Both of these series have also been continued to the present day, but with occasional interruptions, which betray a want of adequate popularity. More recently, the firm of Oliver and Boyd, at Edinburgh, without pledging themselves to any periodical regularity, have issued a series of volumes, entitled "The Edinburgh Cabinet Library," of which eight have already appeared, but with what degree of success, we are unable to conjecture.

While these various enterprizes were rivaling each other in one quarter, Mr. Ackermann, a printseller in the Strand, of German origin, introduced an imitation of the pocket almanacks of that country, which being ornamented with some pretty plates, short poems and tales, obtained amongst us at first considerable attention. The invention, as usual, was no sooner known, than it attracted the capital of other houses, and the *Annals* rose rapidly to a degree of improvement, which left their German prototypes at an immeasurable distance in the background. No doubt can be entertained that the talent and skill which have been bestowed upon the embellishment of these volumes, have given an impulse to the fine arts in this country, which has already succeeded in placing English engravings in a rank altogether unrivalled. Of such an impulse the arts in this country stood very much in need. It has not, of course, been confined to the mere steel plate of the artist: it has extended to paintings of portraits, landscapes, and especially to subjects of still life of which we had previously very few. It has also improved, though we regret to say not materially, the prospects of historical painting in this country, which continues too much neglected.

Another beneficial consequence arising out of the *Annals*, has been an immense reduction in the prices of excellent prints. The happy substitution of the steel for the copper plate, effaced the limits that before existed with respect to the number of perfect copies that might be taken from the same original. Besides this, after the lapse of two or three years,

the accumulation of plates upon the hands of the publishers induced them to sell the plates at a small price, or to hire them out for a certain number of impressions to the minor print-sellers, and thus prints which scarcely ten years ago could not be purchased under seven or eight shillings, came to be sold for six-pence. It cannot be denied that this reduction of prices has contributed very much to diffuse a taste for the fine arts, among the middle classes of society in this country.

But with respect to the literary merits of all these periodical publications, "Constable's Miscellany," the treatises and other publications of the Society, the "Family Library," Longman's "Cyclopædias," the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library," and the "Annals," we speak from close attention to the subject, when we say, that their effect upon the whole has been to lower very considerably the standard of literary composition in England. We by no means intend to say, that there have not been, among these publications, several volumes of distinguished merit; but these have been, for the most part, re-publications of volumes already known to the public—useful, we admit, and very cheap. With the exception of Sir James Mackintosh's splendid Dissertation on the Constitutional Epochs of our History, Sir W. Scott's "Letters on Demonology," and Sir D. Brewster's work on "Natural Magic," we remember at this moment no volume in the whole collection of the small Libraries, that deserves to be considered in the light of an original publication. The "Edinburgh Cabinet Library" is compiled and digested in an exceedingly careful manner, and indeed we could refer to many separate works in the different collections, which are written with much animation and grace. But the vice that pervades the principle upon which they are all founded is this, that they are written "to order." They are not, for the most part, the spontaneous effusions of full minds, but the elaborate tasks of minds which have "read up," as lawyers say, for the purpose.

With respect to the literature of the "Annals," it has gone on, constantly degenerating from the commencement. There seems something almost incompatible between the healthy, vigorous composition of unfettered genius, and the consumptive aspect of one of these hot-pressed pages. Many of the poems or tales, of which they consist, must be written to suit the plates by which the volumes are embellished, and of course must be written as "per order." Others are composed with greater freedom, and possess more or less merit.—Some are contributed by lordlings and commoners, who seek to shine in print; and a very dismal figure they exhibit in most instances. But it is a very remarkable proof of the degenerative influence of these loo-table and ottoman-books, that no poet of established celebrity, who has ever written in them, with the exception perhaps of Mrs. Hemans, has consigned

to their keeping a single stanza worth preservation. The general style of the "Annual" verse and prose has been of that spurious elegance, which marked the decline of classic taste in the Roman Empire.

But in addition to these various publications already mentioned, the long list prefixed to this article, shows the almost sudden creation of another class of periodicals, to the rapid increase of which, many persons in this country have looked with some degree of apprehension. We are not quite certain whether the first on the list, "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," did not exist before the commencement of the present year. But we can state from our own observation, that, perhaps with the exception of three or four, all the others have sprung up, like so many mushrooms, within the last ten months. The Journal of Mr. Chambers has been, generally speaking, well conducted. It contains a fair proportion of original matter, which, together with the columns selected from other works, we have always found of a useful as well as an amusing tendency. It does not profess to be learned; but it aims at being sensible and popular, and conducive to the welfare of society. The "Penny Magazine," of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, is nothing more than a fresh written abridgement of information already found in various works; it sometimes gives extracts from recent publications, and poetical selections. The first half dozen numbers appeared to have been prepared with considerable industry, guided by good sense, but it has for some time laboured under the malady of dulness. The number for Saturday, 20th of October, now lies before us. It is occupied with three columns descriptive of the mode of catching turtles on the coast of Cuba, about a column of dissertation on the Flemish language, two columns of dissertation on comets, two columns abridged from the Society's treatise on Herculaneum and Pompeii, three columns on "Fractions," an abridgement of the life of Captain Cook, and some make-weight paragraphs. The reader must decide for himself whether these, or a majority of these subjects be of a very engaging description. Of the accuracy of the knowledge conveyed in these publications a judgment may be formed, when we state that the "Penny Magazine" informs us, that Biela's comet, now so much the object of attention, will be at its nearest approach to the sun (perihelion) on the 27th November, whereas the "Saturday Magazine," of the same date, assures us that the same comet will reach its perihelion on the 29th of that month. The former asserts that at that point the comet will be seventy-two millions of miles from the sun; the latter gives the distance as exactly *eighty-three and a half* millions of miles. The "Penny" says that the nearest approach of the comet to the earth would take place on the 22nd of October; the "Saturday" fixes that important day for the

25th of the same month. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge calculate the distance of the earth from the said comet, when arrived at that point, at about forty-four millions of miles; whereas the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, have measured the distance, we suppose, by missionaries of their own, at about "fifty-one millions of miles." We must, however, observe, that of the two, the "Saturday Magazine" appears to us much the better conducted. The matter is more miscellaneous, more popular, and, at the same time, more neatly re-written and arranged. Its wood cuts are also of a very superior description.

With respect to the merits or demerits of the other penny and twopenny publications on our list, it is not our intention to make any observation. The open profligacy of "The Thief," which well maintains its ignominious title, by plagiarizing, in the most brazen-faced manner from all the higher periodicals and new books, has been put down by "due course of law." It has now descended to the less audacious system of affording a receptacle to stolen second-hand clothes—that is to say, to passages extracted from publications in which no copyright exists, or is likely to be claimed, and no doubt it will soon suffer sentence of death in the usual form. The "Political Investigator," which took an alias of "Observer," in its efforts to violate the stamp-laws, deserves no further notice.

Mr. Pinnock's "Guide to Knowledge" deserves great encouragement: but the only other penny journal in our catalogue, worthy of the least notice, is "The Crisis," which is conducted under the superintendence of Mr. Owen. The object of this publication is to advance the well known social system, of which he has been so long, and so ineffectually, the enthusiastic advocate. He has now established in Gray's-inn-lane a central "Labour Exchange," in connexion with branch institutions, upon the same plan, throughout several parts of the metropolis. The principle of this invention is to afford to the poor a market, in which they may barter one article for another; as for instance, so many pair of shoes for a chair or table, and so on. "The Crisis" trumpets forth the establishment of this exchange as the finest discovery of modern economy.

The stars prefixed to the titles of the works mentioned in our catalogue, (which, by the way, is in itself a curiosity,) indicate those which have already fallen before the ever-sweeping hand of time. We have little doubt that the new year will witness a still further destruction among them, for it is quite impossible that many of these works, which are stupid and worthless in the extreme, can continue to be carried on with any advantage to the proprietors. They necessarily employ a great many hands, they give infinite trouble to the agents, who receive but a very slight remuneration for their labour, and as they nearly all

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deal in old matter, dressed up under a new face, the stores on which they depend must, sooner or later, be exhausted, at least of every thing that is of a popular description.

We have not placed upon our list the encyclopedias, ancient histories, geographies, grammars, modern histories, law libraries, novels, and biographical works, which are now in course of weekly publication, upon the penny-per-sheet system. Of these, we must say, that Mr. Partington's "British Cyclopædia" seems admirably got up, in numbers of two sheets each. But we might ask, when such immense undertakings as these would be likely to reach their conclusion! At the rate of even two sheets a week, which Mr. Partington gives, his work must take from ten to fifteen, if not twenty years before it can be brought to a termination. Does he really expect that he can attach subscribers to his work during that period! Will he insure their lives! These speculations will have their day, too, and then, like the penny journals, they will go to the tomb of the chandlers and trunk-makers.

In the mean time, what, it may be asked, are the prospects of what may be called the sterling literature of the country! They are, in our humble judgment, of a much more satisfactory nature than people in general would seem to imagine. The effect of these numerous cheap journals, added to that of the "Libraries" and "Annals," may be compared to the occasional swellings of the Nile beyond the usual landmarks of its annual inundation. Many of the lower animals, some villages, with their inhabitants, are swept away by the extraordinary flood; many interests are injured, but the detriment is partial and temporary, whereas the general and permanent consequences are beneficial. The waters, on their subsiding, leave a rich loam behind them; wherever they have been, large tracts of territory, which, before the flood, were barren, become fertile; seeds are sown, and in due season golden harvests wave before the breeze, over extensive regions which had previously been no better than the desert.

So it will be with our literature. The decided tendency of all these cheap publications is to generate a taste for reading in the minds of the middling, the lower, and even the lowest orders. For a while they will be satisfied with the imperfect glances which they are enabled by these publications to obtain at most subjects of an interesting and useful character. But let their curiosity be once excited, and they will not rest satisfied with the baby-food which the penny works afford them. They will seek more substantial nutriment in higher quarters, and it will then be supplied to them on equitable terms. They will soon enough find out that men of real talent and information cannot afford to give their time to a "penny" journal. Showy and superficial pretenders to knowledge may continue to delude them for a year or two; but a better era will arise, when,

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abandoning the extravagantly high prices of former days, and the paltry *pennyism* of these, a fair compromise will be entered into by all parties. The mere *trading* principle having destroyed itself by its disgusting puffs, by its repeated attempts to assimilate books to iron or cotton manufactures, as a subject of commerce, and by the numerous bankruptcies which it has produced, or will yet produce, the old and only sound principle of publication will again resume its influence. The men who love literature for its own sake will again worship the sacred fire of genius in its own temples; men will write from their own spontaneous impulses; books will be published, not because they are necessary to keep up the trade, but because they are worthy of being read and admired; the market will not be overstocked, but the honour of British literature will be sustained, and its character, like the flag of our country, will be respected throughout the world, as the pledge of a free, generous, and enlightened people.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

SEA-BURKING;

OR, THE MYSTERIES OF LLOYD'S.

Every day a Ship is Lost.—From an examination of Lloyd's Lists, from the year 1793 to the commencement of 1829, it has appeared that the number of British vessels alone, lost during that period, amounted, on an average, to no less than one and a half daily. We learn from Moreau's tables, that the number of merchant-vessels employed at one time in the navigation of England and Scotland, amounts to about 20,000, having, one with another, a burden of 120 tons. Out of 551 ships of the royal navy of England, lost to the country during the period above-mentioned, only 160 were taken or destroyed by the enemy; the rest having either stranded or foundered, or having been burnt by accident—a striking proof that the dangers of naval warfare, however great, may be far exceeded by the storm, the hurricane, the shoal, and all the other perils of the deep. During the last great war in Europe, 32 British ships of the line went down to the bottom in the space of 22 years, besides 750-gun ships, 86 frigates, and a multitude of smaller vessels. The navies of the other European powers, France, Holland, Spain, and Denmark, were almost annihilated during the same period, so that the aggregate of their losses must have many times exceeded that of the kingdom of Great Britain. These numbers, we believe, very far exceeded what most people would have supposed. To this immense loss of ships of war and of commerce, the imagination must be left to supply the incalculable amount of wealth swallowed up with them, and the thousands of human beings who thus found a watery grave. More strength in the building might save half of this suffering.

The following account of loss and accidents of British vessels is extracted from Lloyd's List of 1829:—On foreign voyages, 157 wrecked; 284 driven on shore, of which 224 are known to have been got off, and probably more; 21 foundered or sunk; 1 run down; 35 abandoned at sea, 8 of them afterwards carried into port; 12 condemned as unseaworthy; 6 upset, one of them righted; 27 missing, one of them a packet, no doubt foundered. Coasters and colliers:—109 wrecked; 297 driven on shore, of which 121 known to have been got off, and probably many more; 67 foundered or sunk, 4 of them raised, 6 run down; 13 abandoned, 5 of them afterwards carried in; 3 upset, 2 of them righted; 16 missing, no doubt foundered. During the year, 4 steam vessels were wrecked; 4 driven on shore, but got off; and 2 sunk.

Sea-Burking, to the alarming extent of two thousand lives and upwards a-year.

THE following dialogue, between two clerks, sitting on the benches of the Royal Exchange, London, was lately overheard.

No. 129.—2 I

1st Clerk. What a melancholy loss that is of the Shannon whaler, with most of the crew!

2d Clerk. Ay.

What a dreadful state for the crew to be in, for seven days and six nights, without shelter, amongst wet, cold, frost, and snow, with nothing to eat and drink but flour, raw salt beef, and salt water, and obliged to drink their own blood for thirst, until some died raving mad, and others had the very flesh rotted off their bones!

Yes.

What a pity such disasters could not be prevented in future!

It would be a pity for some, but not for all.

Why not for all?

It would be no pity for ship-builders, shipwrights, and ship-trades men.

Why not?

Because another vessel will be required to supply the place of the Shannon, which gives employment to all these parties.

Then, do you mean to say, that it is to the profit of all these parties that vessels should be lost?

It is so clear, as not to admit of dispute.

But surely it would have been to the advantage of the owners that the vessel had been preserved!

I doubt that very much.

Why so?

Because, probably, it was insured to, or even above, its value.

I do not understand you.

Suppose, for instance, the ship to have cost, when new, six thousand pounds, and suppose it, during the time it lasted, to have made considerable profit, but to have much decreased in value, no person would probably have given above half value for it to purchase; but the owner, without doing any thing dishonest, or which is not done every day, may keep it insured to the full value it cost him, when new; and if it be totally lost, he gets three thousand pounds more for it than he could have got from a purchaser.

Ay; but you supposed it to have made a profit; suppose it had not made a profit?

Then, he has the more need to get quit of it.

Then, by that reasoning, a ship-owner may often make a profit by his vessel being lost?

It is done every day. It is as common a trade as selling old clothes in Rag Fair.

Then I am sure it would have been for the advantage of the underwriters that the vessel had been preserved!

That it most certainly would not.

How so, when the property was sacrificed in the sea?

It requires but little reflection to discover that, if there were no losses at sea, there would be no sea insurances; and it requires just as little to see that the underwriters must get more money than they pay away, otherwise they would become bankrupt.

Please to explain yourself a little farther.

If there be a million of money paid away in Lloyd's every year, for losses at sea, there must be above a million received; for instance, say a million and a half, and the half million, or surplus above what is actually paid away for losses, just goes into the pockets of the underwriters.

Then, by whom is this million and a half paid?

By the public.

But how is it paid?

By a tax on merchandise, and all sea-borne commodities.

I will again be obliged by your explaining yourself.

The Shannon whaler was going to the Davis' Straits whale-fishery, and was lost on the passage out; this, of course, made one ship less at the fishery; and, of course, there will be one cargo less at the market; and this increases the price of whale oil and whalebone: and if, instead of the Shannon only being lost, there be twenty more ships lost at the fishery, the price of these articles will just be increased by the amount, or value, of twenty-one vessels less at market.

I do not believe the public view the loss of ships in this light.

No. The great art is to keep them from knowing this: otherwise Lloyd's would be deserted.

How so?

I have already said, if there were no losses at sea there would be no sea insurances.

Had the whole crew of the Shannon been drowned, and the vessel not heard tell of, what would have been done?

The owner, or his broker, would probably have gone into the room up stairs, and offered, perhaps, 30, 40, 50, 60 per cent or upwards, of premium, for any person to take risks upon it, and insure its return.

What is premium?

Money paid to induce parties to take risks.

And what would be the consequence if the vessel did not return?

The party just loses so much over and above the premium he received, paid back for every £100 of risk he took upon it.

And if it did return?

He just pockets so much of premium, as he took of £100 risks upon it.

Does either party know where the vessel is all this time?

No. If they do, it is fraud.

Then, is this not a hazard upon an uncertain event, of which neither party knows what will be the issue?

It is precisely so.

Could vessels be built stronger and safer, and such melancholy accidents as the loss of the Shannon prevented in future?

With the greatest ease.

Then why is it not done?

Because it would be against the interests of all the parties I have already mentioned.

Is there any proof that vessels might be built stronger and safer?

Yes.

Where is it?

In men of war, or ships fitted by Government, as was the case with the *Isabella* and *Dorothea*, where (but we must keep this to ourselves) ships are not insured.

Then do you consider insurance to be the sole cause of so many merchant vessels being built unsafe, and lost?

I consider insurance to be the sole cause of it.

Would it not be to the advantage of the crews, that vessels should be built stronger and safer?

Unquestionably. It would preserve them from being drowned, or losing their property.

And of passengers?

And of passengers the same as the crews.

And of the public, where merchandize is concerned?

Undoubtedly.

And is this known to all these parties, ship-builders, ship-owners, and underwriters?

To many of them, it is as well known as it is to me.

Why this is very like a combination by all of these parties against the interests of the public?

And so it is.

Is this the practice of trade?

The whole principle of trade, is buying cheap and selling dear; and of the carrying trade, in keeping up the value of the stock, and making a profit above the expenses.

This, then, does not seem to conform to those principles?

It has no more similarity to them, than throwing the dice at Crockford's has with fair dealing. They are both speculations on a hazard, and the only earthly difference between them is, that insurance is carried on, under the sanction of law, and is considered a legal risk for the benefit of trade; the other is unprotected by law, and is considered illegal, but in principle they are both hazards of precisely the same kind.

Are there any other instances than men-of-war, of vessels being strongly built?

Yes.

What are they?

Merchant vessels which are not insured.

How does the East India Company do with their ships?

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To what extent do you suppose that lives are sacrificed every year, which might, if vessels were made stronger and safer, be preserved?

To at least *two thousand lives every year*.

Why, this is little better than Burking by wholesale?

It is precisely so, and the only difference between them is, that in the one case, Burking was detected, and in the other case, it is not known to the public.

And to what extent is property sacrificed every year, which might be preserved?

To at least a million sterling a-year.

Do you mean British subjects and British property only, or the lives and property of all nations?

I mean British subjects, and British property only. If we include all nations, the amounts will at least require to be doubled.

Upon what grounds do you make the calculation?

Upon statements and calculations which have lately appeared in the newspapers.

Then why do not the public insist on vessels being made stronger and safer, and this suffering and loss prevented?

The public are always slow to move, even where their own safety and interests are concerned, and to the vast majority of them, these things are not known; and when a vessel is lost, they attribute it to a dispensation of Divine Providence, shrug up their shoulders, bless God it was not themselves, consider it was a fair sea risk, and that it could not have been prevented.

Have no attempts been made to inform the public, that vessels might be built stronger and safer?

Yes. Many.

And what has been the result?

The public would not look at any publication, or receive any information on the subject. In fact, the public would as soon think of looking at a book in Hebrew or Chaldee, as they would at a book on strengthening ships.

But will ship-builders, ship-owners, underwriters, and surveyors of shipping, not look at them?

No. They all know well that it would be against their interests if ships were made stronger and safer, and therefore they are to a man interestedly prejudiced against them.

On what pretence do they object to vessels being made stronger and safer?

On pretence of the additional expense of building; but which is just a pretence to gull the public, and to make it pay for all vessels that are wrecked and damaged, and to fill their own pockets.

Then, if the public were made aware that their lives and property were sacrificed in the sea to fill the pockets of ship-builders, ship-owners, underwriters, and surveyors of ship-

* A charge was here made by the clerk against a party in the India House, of so strong a nature that we cannot allow it to be reported to the public without proof of its truth. Our clerk's facts and inferences well deserve attention; but we think him rather severe in his imputation of motives. Yet men, noways remarkable for inhumanity as individuals, often do strange things collectively. We have little faith in the justice or humanity of Trustees, Directors, Commissioners, Justices of Peace, or the Members of Close Corporations, when several act together.

ping, would they not take steps for their own safety?

I doubt it very much. There is such an apathy amongst the public, and such a general feeling, that what is every body's business is nobody's business; that, unless the whole nation could be aroused, it is most probable that nothing would be done, although the public were made fully aware of all these facts.

Have not many passengers been drowned in steamers, since the introduction of steam navigation?

Yes. Many.

And could similar drownings be prevented in future?

Yes. With ease.

Then, why does not the Legislature take up the subject?

The Legislature is tender of interfering with the property of private parties; and it considers that if one-half of the public are fleeced of their property and drowned, to fill the pockets of the other half, that this is all for the benefit of trade, (like the glazier's boy breaking the windows, and the doctor breaking the glazier's boy's head, both for the benefit of trade,) and that it is not their province to interfere between the parties. Besides, these drownings keep down the population, which Malthus says, should be kept down to the subsistence fund; and they are attended with this peculiar good consequence, that the parties never make any complaints to disturb the repose of the Legislature afterwards, as clamorous and dissatisfied emigrants sometimes do. For all these good reasons, the Legislature declines to interfere.

But suppose a transport vessel, full of troops, to be lost, and all the troops drowned.

Then Government just sends another, to run the same risk.

But is the loss of the troops not a great loss to Government?

No. What is the cost of a few hundreds or a few thousands of troops, drowned, (the lives are considered of no value whatever,) to the revenue which Government derives from the loss of vessels?

How does Government derive a revenue from the loss of vessels?

It increases the sale of timber, hemp, flax, iron, copper, pitch, tar, and all materials of which vessels and their equipments are composed, and on which there are duties. It also increases the sale of all documents connected with shipping, on which there are stamp duties, such as charters of affreightment, bills of lading, policies of insurance, arbitration bonds, protests, seamen's articles of agreement, apprentices' indentures, &c., and even increases the consumpt of paper, on which there are heavy duties, and materially increases the revenue of the Post-office.

Any thing else?

Yes. The duties on exports and imports.

How does it increase the duties on exports?

If a vessel be lost with an export cargo, another cargo will be required to supply the country, or place it was going to.

But, then, does not Government lose the duty on imports? Suppose, for instance, an East Indian coming home from China with a cargo of teas and silks, to be lost on the passage home, does not Government lose the duties on these articles?

No. The sovereigns of Lendenhall street, who supply the public with these articles, exactly as the Dutch supplied spices from Amboyana, order home another vessel, belonging to their High Mightinesses, with a cargo, which pays the duty in lieu of the one which was lost, and they charge the whole expense to the public.

But suppose a West Indianman, laden with sugar, rum, and coffee, to be lost, and which was not under the control of sovereign purveyors and sovereign carriers?

In that case, the supply of these articles is regulated by the demand for them; and if one vessel and cargo be lost, another will be sent to supply the demand, and Government does not lose the duties.

But suppose a Portuguese vessel, laden with wine, or an American vessel, laden with tobacco, to be lost, does not Government lose the duties?

No.

How is that?

Another vessel is just sent in the place of the one which was lost; and the only effect is, to heighten the prime cost of the article to the public, to pay the expense of the vessel and cargo which were lost, before the duties are laid on by Government.

Does this hold throughout all commerce?

Throughout the whole property in shipping, and exports and imports of the kingdom.

Then, it appears Government are as much gainers by the loss of vessels as ship-builders are.

They are more so, since the property of Government is only nominal, and consists only of duties, for which no real value is given; but the property of ship-builders is real material and workmanship.

Does this account, then, for the repugnance which Government have to encourage the building of vessels stronger and safer, which do not belong to the Royal Navy?

In my opinion it does so.

Was not there a committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the loss of steam-vessels, sometime ago?

Yes.

And what was the result?

A report of the House of Commons, recommending that steamers should be built stronger; which in all probability will be carried into effect in the year 1832, and, *Finis*.

Since you are so well informed on the subject, why do you not let the public know how easy it would be to prevent many shipwrecks and drownings?

Do you think I am a fool ?

No.

Then, how can you expect that I, having the fear of God, and of losing my situation, before my eyes, would furnish the public with information which might have the effect of taking my bread from me ?

How could giving the information be the means of taking your bread from you ?

If vessels were built stronger and safer, there would be fewer losses, and consequently fewer insurance-brokers, agents, and underwriters; and it then might happen that my employer might have no employment for himself, and consequently would have none for me. In fact, with all this immense establishment of Lloyd's, which is supported by the losses of vessels and merchandize, and which are paid for by a tax levied from the public, the business would almost entirely be taken away from it.

But could you not give the information to the public, without its being known where it came from ?

Would the loss of my situation not be punishment sufficient, without losing my money, and getting the ill-will of all parties in addition ?

You would not get the ill-will of the public.

No. But did you ever know the public to reward its benefactor yet ? Look to James Watt; look to Henry Bell; look even to the great Sir Isaac Newton. No, no. A grateful and discerning public takes special care that its benefactors shall be first duly starved to death, and then it raises monuments to perpetuate their memories. The public gratitude is very much like Falstaff's description of honour; therefore, "I'm for none on't."

I never thought our business had any connection with Burking by wholesale before.

It is rather a harsh expression, but it all tends to the same end, that of getting money from others.

Do you consider that any vessels are lost accidentally on purpose ?

Yes. Many.

From what reason do you suppose so ?

From the cupidity of human nature.

Please to explain yourself.

Where you see trials in the newspapers every year, and almost every month, of people insuring their properties, and then setting fire to the premises, to defraud insurance companies, depend upon it the same thing is done, to a much greater extent, with shipping, with a different element, being water instead of fire; and where a vessel is lost, accidentally on purpose, in 99 cases out of 100, detection becomes impracticable, and is never attempted, and the loss is effected therefore without risk. But it all comes off the shoulders of the public, who are well able to bear it.

But should not means be taken to inform the public of this ?

I question much whether the public would thank any person to inform them; since, when

they are robbed, and a portion of them drowned, without the survivors suspecting that they might both be prevented,—“where ignorance is bliss, ’twould be folly to be wise.”

But why do not ship-owners and underwriters look to prevent these losses ?

For the reasons I gave you before—that it is frequently the interest of a ship-owner that his vessel should be lost; and in no case where his vessel is fully insured does he need to care about it being lost; and that, if there were no losses at sea, there would be no sea insurances. And hark!—a word in your ear; but we must keep this to ourselves—instead of a vessel and a half being lost every day, some underwriters, ship-owners, and ship-builders, do not care a fig if there were a vessel and a half lost every hour, and the crew and passengers drowned, so long as it fills their pockets.

Then, how is this crying evil to be remedied ?

Only by the public voice being loudly and clamorously raised against it; or more effectually still, by prohibiting all sea insurances, when, take my word for it, there will not be one wreck for four that take place at present; and this would be more effectual than any interference of the Legislature, which the ingenuity of man might contrive means to evade.

But if sea insurances were prohibited, would not that check commerce ?

On the contrary, it would very much increase it. There is no difference of opinion, that if sea insurances were prohibited, vessels would be made very much stronger and safer, and at least a half of the shipwrecks which will otherwise take place would be prevented.

But would not that be too great a risk for the merchant and ship-owner ?

No. They would then have their property preserved in fact and in reality, instead of paying a tax upon it in an insurance office, which does not preserve it, and which is borne by the public. Indeed, if we look upon merchant shipping in its true light, as a bridge connecting distant countries together, it is evident the stronger and safer we can make that bridge, the less tax there will be required to be levied from passengers and goods; and on the other hand, the weaker and more insecure the bridge is, and the more repairs it requires, the greater tax must be levied from passengers and goods, to keep it up, and to pay for the repairs; and which expenses must just be paid for again by the consumers of the commodities, so that a stronger bridge would very much facilitate and increase, instead of checking commerce.

By your reasoning, then, it seems to be a pity that ever sea insurance was invented ?

It is chargeable with the loss of hundreds of thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property.

I always thought it was a good thing before.

And so many who have not considered the subject think yet. But so much are the best

institutions of men liable to be abused and perverted, that there is no doubt that the cause of three-fourths of the wrecks and damages to goods which take place in the world is owing to Insurance! Insurance! Insurance!

The conversation being here ended, the clerks rose and walked away.

From the Quarterly Review.

DR. CHALMERS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

As a preacher, a Christian pastor, a man of enlightened virtue and untiring benevolence, there is perhaps no one who occupies a more elevated place in the estimation of the public, or for whom we wish to be considered as entertaining deeper respect and veneration than Dr. Chalmers; but we cannot pretend to rate him so highly as a political arithmetician. It must have been remarked by all who are acquainted with his various productions, that the mind of this eloquent person is deeply imbued with one strong master-principle, eminently suited to the station and professional calling which he has so long adorned—a sincere, earnest, ardent spirit of Christian charity, and a vivid sense of the supreme efficacy of religion, in promoting the happiness of mankind. But it is the very intense and absorbing character of this feeling which, by leaving no room for other impressions, and shutting out every minor consideration, unfits him for an umpire in all those mixed questions as to the influence of other and more trivial circumstances on human welfare, which it is the province of the economist to determine.

We shall not be suspected of undervaluing the efficacy of a Christian education, when we hesitate to believe that this is the only desideratum in our civic and national economy, or the only remedy for the existing evils of our social condition capable of affording us the least glimpse of hope. Acknowledging the paramount importance of those objects which it is the duty as well as the happiness of this eminent divine to promote with all his strength, and mind, and eloquence, we yet cannot renounce, like him, the aid of other measures for removing that greatest blot of the present day, the depressed condition of the body of the population in this and one or two of the equally old and densely peopled states of Europe. And the conviction we entertain of the existence of other resources, not so utterly valueless for the advancement of this object as Dr. Chalmers believes, is the more gratifying, in that the pressure of the existing misery has at length reached an alarming crisis—while the proposed panacea of moral and religious culture can operate but very slowly and gradually—must,

indeed, by the confession of its most sanguine advocates, require many lustres, if not generations, to produce any very general or effectual improvement.

Our readers are already acquainted with some of the tenets of Dr. Chalmers on the subject of pauperism—his inveterate hostility to everything of the nature of a public provision for the poor—his adhesion to the Malthusian theory of population, and the Malthusian remedy for its apparent excess, 'the prudential check'—which check is always spoken of by both professors as *to xalaz*, the essence of virtue, the great end and object of moral instruction and religious sanction. This prepossession it is which forms the substratum of the entire system of political economy contained in the volume before us. The one main principle to which every argument on every subject is there referred, and by which every question is decided, is the Malthusian axiom, that the tendency of population to increase is so much greater than that of subsistence, that no relief can be afforded to the constant pressure of numbers against food by any measures tending to augment the quantity of food; since the numbers are sure to take a proportionate start and to be quickly brought up again to 'the limit of possible subsistence,' and only 'a mere unmanageable mass of misery produced.' (p. 318.) From this axiom the obvious deduction is, that all enlargements of the means of subsistence do more harm than good—that all improvements in agriculture, or any other branch of production, are rather of the nature of curses than benefits—and that our efforts should be turned from vain and hurtful attempts at increasing the quantity of human subsistence to the one solitary object of checking the increase of the persons to be subsisted! Upon this basis then, and with the aid of a license not uncommon with the economists, but which none has ever carried to so unconscionable a length as Dr. Chalmers—that of assuming ultimate effects to be constantly present, and what is true in periods of indefinite duration to be true at all times and in every particular instance—he proceeds to construct a series of propositions on the cause which influence the wealth and happiness of nations, not a little startling in many points, we suspect, to sober and practical people.

For example, it has been generally believed hitherto, that indirect taxation falls, for the most part, on the consumers of the taxed commodities, through all classes of society; but *nous avons change tout cela*, and it is maintained by Dr. Chalmers, that the landlords alone pay all taxes, direct and indirect, assessed and income taxes, customs and excise. And this he demonstrates in manner following:—Every impost laid upon the labouring class, or the articles which they consume, is immediately shifted upon their employers through a rise of wages; since it follows necessarily from the Malthusian axiom on population, that the wages of labour must always be at the minimum con-

* On Political Economy, in Connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. Glasgow. 8vo. 1832.

patible with the standard of subsistence recognised by the labouring class; and as that standard is not altered by the imposition or removal of a tax, population immediately enlarges or contracts itself, and wages rise or fall in proportion. (p. 270.) Capitalists in turn cannot pay any tax out of their profits, because 'like the labourers, they have the power of indemnifying themselves' by diminishing the supply of capital, and consequently raising prices upon their customers. And for this the recipe is very simple and easy of execution, and one, we venture to say, much resorted to of late, namely, *to spend more than their income*, and live upon their capital, until they have reduced its plethoric excess, and so raised the rate of profit to the desired amount. If for instance, a tax of ten per cent were laid upon profits, threatening to cut down the income of capitalists in that proportion, they have only, says Dr. Chalmers, to go on spending their former income, to secure their getting it, through the rise of prices consequent on diminished production. (pp. 273, 276.) This, we need not observe, is a charming discovery for the capitalists, especially in these hard times. *Crede quod habes, et habes*. If they wish for large profits (as which of them does not!) they have only to live as if they made them, and lo! their profits rise exactly to meet their expenditure! Fortunate! the wishing-cap is in their hands. But if the taxes cannot be taken out of either *wages* or *profits*, there remain only *rents* from which they can proceed; and thus the landlords are proved to be really the sole tax-payers in the community.

Our author very candidly observes, that however certain this fact may be, few people are aware of it; and it is difficult to make the vulgar, in their 'ignorant impatience of taxation,' sufficiently thankful to the landed interest for defraying all the national burdens; so that it would be infinitely better to commute all taxes whatsoever for one upon the net rent of land. There is one little difficulty, to be sure, in the way of the execution of this proposal—viz., that the amount of taxes to be levied reaches near sixty millions, while the entire rental of the land of the three kingdoms does not probably exceed forty; but this is a trifle, for the necessary consequence, according to Dr. Chalmers, of such a commutation, would be, a rise of rents and a fall of prices far more than sufficient to compensate the landowners, not only for the absorption of all their present rental, but also the odd twenty millions beyond it for which they would be assessed by the tax gatherer! Lest we should be suspected of exaggeration, we quote a few of the passages in which these peculiar doctrines and novel proposals are embodied. For example—

'It were no small advantage if landlords were made to bear the whole burdens of the state ostensibly, as they do really; that the importance, the paramount importance, of landed wealth and the landed interest might stand forth, nakedly and

without disguise, to the recognition of all men. So that it were well for them, if compelled, even though against their will, to pay all taxes.' (p. 301.) 'They would by this lose nothing, and besides have a clear and unencumbered gain from all the enlargement that would take place in husbandry. . . . The change that we venture to recommend would spread an augmented richness and value over the whole of their property. It were for their incalculable benefit, could they only be made to perceive it, that all taxes were commuted into a territorial impost. . . . This is the way to reconcile the necessary support of government with the utmost demands of liberalism; and in these days of fearful conflict between the two elements of order and liberty, we believe that nothing could more effectually harmonise them than this discharge of the general community from all the burdens of the state, along with the distinct and total imposition of them on the proprietors of the soil. We want the whole weight of our taxation to lie upon them visibly, even as we think it lies upon them virtually and substantially. They would be indemnified by the cheapening of all commodities, consequent on the removal of the present duties, and, more than indemnified, they would be rewarded and enriched by the new rents yielded to them from the enlargement of the agriculture.'—p. 307-309.

Nay, so inexhaustible is this source of national revenue in our author's opinion, that his chief regret is, that too little of the produce of the land is at present appropriated by government for the support of public functionaries, and that 'the mere proprietors, the *fruges consumere nati*, are allowed to reserve too much of it.' (p. 349.) He would adopt 'a more severe taxation than our politicians of the present day have the courage to propose;' 'a more fully equipped and better-paid agency in all the departments of national usefulness.' (p. 372.) To be sure, as some little compensation to the landowners, he speaks of the extra-taxation being laid out in 'a liberal provision in all the branches of the public service for their younger sons—whether in the law, or in the church, or in the colleges, or in the army, or in any other well-appointed establishment, kept up for the good of the nation.'

'Under this arrangement, we should combine, with a provision for the younger branches of families a greater efficiency and amount of public service; a remedy against the destitution of younger children, and withal a better-served nation.' In this way, 'through the organ of government, each estate may be looked upon as loaded with jointures for the sake of the younger members of families; who, at the same time, instead of simple receivers, have to labour in some vocation or other, for the benefit of the community. And, believing, as we do, that the real incidence of taxes is on land, we would enlist all the forces of natural sentiment and affection on the side of a larger revenue to government, and a larger allowance to public functionaries of all orders.'—p. 373. However, the landlords are not to get their money back on too easy terms, for—

'It will not for a moment be imagined that while we would apportion a much larger amount of the nation's wealth to the objects of public service, we contend for any hereditary or family right to that portion, on the part of the younger brothers of our aristocracy. It should lie open to the competition of all the worth and talent which may exist in any quarter of society. In the exercise of a *virtuous* patronage, it should always be disposed of to those who can give the largest return for it, in the value of their services. . . . And we contend for no more, in behalf of the younger sons, than that they should be admitted on equal terms to the competitions of this then larger and wealthier preferment, along with men of the requisite intelligence and accomplishment from all other classes of the community.'

We fear there will be many parents whose 'feelings of natural affection' will be inclined to prefer the vulgar mode of providing for their younger children by direct legal settlement, to the scheme Dr. Chalmers is kind enough to propose to them, of transferring a large portion of their estates to government, to be subsequently contended for by their sons in common with all other classes of the community. Even this boon will hardly reconcile the landed proprietors of Britain to take upon themselves the entire taxation of the realm.

That there is some truth, mixed with a great deal of error, in the novel opinions and arguments of Dr. Chalmers, we willingly admit; though we are compelled to add that as what is new in them is not true, so what is true is not new. The error will be found uniformly to have its root in that strong impression, already adverted to, of the impossibility of preventing the direful pressure of population against food, except by a restraint upon marriage, successfully inculcated upon the people as the very essence of morality and religion, by every pastor and instructor in the land. Fraught with this one prevailing idea, the imagination of the learned Doctor sees in every improvement of the condition of the lower classes but an opening for the generation of a greater mass of future misery; and, running through the catalogue of economical remedies proposed by other writers or statesmen for the evils of that condition, he rejects them all as ultimately pernicious, *for the very reason that they are immediately beneficial!* We will take a brief view of his labours in this course.

The work, very properly, begins by calling attention to the circumstances which influence the supply of food to a community, as the pivot upon which turn all questions relating to its economical condition. He proves (by the same argument we employed in a former Number) how inconsistent with fact is the assertion of those who babble about 'the decreasing fertility of the soil to which cultivation descends' necessarily occasioning a deterioration in the circumstances of the human race. He shows that every improvement, not in agriculture only, but also in manufacturing labour and in

commercial communications, allows an extension of cultivation over fresh soils, less fertile or accessible, less valuable, in short, than those already entered on, and a larger expenditure of labour and capital on the latter without any falling off in their returns,—in the quaint, but expressive, phrase of our author,—'brings both a broader belt and a deeper stratum of land under the plough.' But, though bold enough to desert his oracle, Mr. Malthus, on this point, he cannot get clear of the unfortunate proposition with which the 'theory of population' has inoculated him. Even while acknowledging, in so many words, that as the skill and knowledge of man increase, he is enabled to obtain from the poorer soils a more liberal subsistence than he could extract from the richest at the earlier stages of his history, the Doctor sees not in this fact, coupled with the equally undeniable one, that but a fraction even of the very richest soils of the globe are yet brought under cultivation, anything to absolve mankind from taking a more anxious care to prevent the growth of their numbers *now* than they have hitherto taken; but struck by the fancied vision of an ultimate limit to the quantity of food which the globe can be made to produce, he calls on us, as if the enemy were at the gates, to abandon all other considerations,—to take no thought about the means, possibly in our power, for keeping our subsistence, for a time at least, perhaps for ever, on a level with our wants,—but to apply all our energies to the great object of retarding the increase of our numbers! As if it were enough to prove our means to be limited, to make it clear that we ought to refrain from employing them as far as they will go! By this rule, since life will, alas! have an end, we ought on no account to prolong it. Man can never be made perfect; how wrong then to attempt his improvement! Happiness, like population, has an ultimate limit; we had better be content with misery! In one instance the rule does hold good. There is a term to the patience of the public; and we warn the anti-populationists that, if they value their reputation for sanity, they would do well to refrain from provoking it any further.

It is, indeed, an extraordinary *monomania* which affects these gentlemen. The idea of an ultimate limit to the globe's possible productiveness tyrannizes over their imaginations, and gives rise to the strangest opinions and rules of conduct. Dr. Chalmers overtops them all: his whole soul is absorbed by the frightful prospect of the time when every rood of soil on the face of the earth shall maintain its full complement of human beings, and it will be impossible for one additional individual

—'quocunque loco, quocunque recessu,
Unius sese dominum fecisse lacerta.'

Like Alexander, the Professor

'Frets at the pigmy limits of the globe.—'
'Æstuat, infelix, angusto limite mundi.'

It might be enough to laugh at this preposterous fallacy. But since it is, *mirabile dictu!* the fundamental axiom from which all the propositions of Dr. Chalmers are directly and specifically deduced, we think it but fair to give the principal parts of the passage in which he conceives himself to have established its truth, and analyze the value of his argument, or, rather, for that is its true name, his assumption. In spite of the increasing powers of man to extract subsistence from the less naturally fertile soils,

'Yet it must be quite evident,' he says, 'that whether in single countries, or in the whole world, this is a process which cannot go on indefinitely. The time may be indefinitely distant, and, indeed, may never come, when the absolute and impassable barrier shall at length be arrived at.' [With submission to his abler logic, we should presume to conclude from this that the process *can* 'go on indefinitely.'] 'To be satisfied that there is such a barrier, one has only to look to the extent and quality of the land in any region of the earth. . . As sure as every country has its limit, and every continent its shore, we must acquiesce in it as one of the stern necessities of our condition, that the earth we tread upon can only be made to yield a limited produce, and so to sustain a limited population. . . It seems very generally admitted that *should it ever come to this*, the population brought to a stand-still in respect of numbers, must either have to encounter great positive distress, or must anticipate this distress by a preventive regimen. . . But then the imagination of many is, that not until the world be fully cultivated and fully peopled, shall we have any practical interest in the question. They seem to think of the doctrine of Malthus, that the consideration of it may, with all safety, be postponed till the agriculture of every country and every clime shall have been carried to its extreme perfection; and that, meanwhile, population may proceed as rapidly and recklessly as it may.'

We acknowledge ourselves of the number of those who think that until we have approached somewhat nearer the utmost limit of the globe's capabilities for supporting us than the immeasurable distance which at present divides us from it, we may safely leave the progress of population to the laws which nature has established, uninterfered with by artificial 'checks' or stimulants; and that sapient calculations, as to the extreme number of myriads of human beings that might find elbow-room on the globe without pushing each other into the sea (a consideration which our author seriously moots), have no more rational bearing on our actual situation, and the most fitting line of conduct for us to adopt in the present day, than the old scholastic problem as to how many angels can dance on the point of a needle. If we saw the owner and sole occupier of an extensive estate cultivate only the single field which immediately adjoined his habitation, and, though complaining bitterly of his straitened circumstances and want of the necessities of

life, yet refuse to send his plough into the more distant fields belonging to him, on the alleged ground that there was an *ultimate limit* to his property, and that, *therefore*, it was incumbent on him to pinch his appetites, and limit his desires to what he could contrive to grow on his home field,—if under this impression he was to refrain from marriage, and deny himself the society of his family and friends, though sorely against his natural tastes,—should we not pronounce him a hypochondriac, if not a lunatic! But in what particular would such a fantasy differ from that of a writer who proclaims a pressing necessity for every nation of the earth to guard carefully, by restraints upon marriage, against any increase of their numbers, beyond what the limited territory they happen to occupy will support,—at a time when but a fractional portion of the earth's surface is yet cultivated at all, and that very imperfectly—when myriads of acres of the richest soil, in the finest climates, are yet covered with forests or jungle, and tenanted but by reptiles and brutes! And be it remarked, that in this comparison we have greatly favoured the Malthusian disciple, because the hypochondriac has, perhaps, a right to look forward to a fixed ultimate limit to the possible produce of his estate; whereas the limit of the potential produce of the globe is indefinite—the productive powers of man being unlimited, and continuing to augment, at the same time that the area on which he exercises them is, if he but wills it, enlarged.

Dr. Chalmers does not allude to that exquisite proposition in which it was arithmetically and mathematically demonstrated, that while man, who, on the highest estimate, but doubles his numbers, in twenty-five years, multiplies in a *geometrical* ratio, the multiplication of wheat, which increases from ten to sixty fold in one year, proceeds only in an *arithmetical* ratio. We must believe, however, that he had been studying it when he asserted, that 'no human skill or labour could make the produce of the soil increase at the rate at which population *would* increase?' We see a direct practical contradiction to this bold assertion in numerous points—in America, north and south, New South Wales, &c., where no artificial checks are in operation, where population has its full swing, and the only want experienced is that of *men*, to develop by their labour the infinite capacity of the soil, and to consume the abundance with which it is ready to reward their lightest efforts. The Malthusian philosophy would not obtain credit for an hour there. And ought not this consideration alone to convince its propagators, that the redundancy which affrights them is local, not general, and to be cured far more easily and with a happier result, by a spreading of the local excess, as fast as it appears, over 'fresh soils and pastures ever new,' than by putting matrimony in *taboo*?

These spots form really 'the extreme mar-

gin of cultivation,' where the question is to be solved, and the lesson learnt of the comparative tendencies to increase of subsistence and population—not the belts of poor land in England or the Netherlands, which the purely local circumstances of demand and supply of food, under the influence of monopolies, poor laws, and a complicated and highly artificial state of society, cause to be, from time to time, taken under the plough. But the fact is, that except in the passage we have just quoted, where the capacity of the world at large to supply mankind with sustenance, is handled, as we think we have shown, in no very lucid or logical manner, and a short subsequent chapter on emigration, which we shall presently notice, Dr. Chalmers, throughout his work, like his predecessor and master, Malthus, confines his view to a limited territory,—in truth, though not avowedly, to the British islands alone; and finding a slowly receding barrier to the safe extension of population within those limits, shuts his eyes to the facility of overstepping them, and sails away in proud and triumphant conviction of the solidity of the sieve in which he proposes to navigate the ocean of political economy. In fact, however, the learned divine should have spared himself the trouble of writing any further than his first chapter; for in the one assumption therein laid down, he has settled the whole question. If it is once established as a fundamental proposition, that 'food cannot be made to increase so fast as population,' it is surely a waste of time to go on to indite a volume, for the sake of proving that neither home nor foreign colonization—nor remission of taxes—nor extension of trade—nor a more equal distribution of property—nor the cottage and cow system—nor a poor law—can so accelerate the increase of food as to make it keep pace with population. Our author, however, sees not this; but having first, in the short paragraph we have quoted, begged the question in the lump, proceeds with great gravity, and much labour, and an infinite expenditure of eloquent language, by parading this postulate over and over again, in an endless variety of brilliant phrases,—to 'demonstrate' it in detail!

The first windmill attacked is home-colonization. One touch of his magic lance of course overthrows this project; for if the whole globe is too narrow for the supply of our increasing wants, so *a fortiori* must be our little speck of an island. The object of the next encounter is the supposed increase of employment to be obtained by an extension of trade. And here the Doctor discovers something very like 'a mare's nest,'—the principle, namely, that 'employment is productive of nothing but its own produce.' 'All,' he says, 'that a stocking-maker contributes to society is simply stockings.'—(p. 49.) And the same is true (strange as it may sound) with every branch of manufactures and commerce. 'None of these add anything to the means of subsistence at the

disposal of the community, which would remain the same though they were all put a stop to.' Now the first of these propositions will be disputed by none. But the corollary which follows is not by any means a necessary consequence. Manufactures and commerce, it is true, only produce commodities of secondary importance, since they are not essential to the support of man; and, in a late article we have ourselves endeavoured to call attention to the fact of the subordinate rank which these employments occupy, as compared with agriculture, by which we are supplied with the first necessities of life. So long as there is an abundance of these, the mass of the community must always be in comfortable circumstances; even though there should be a comparative deficiency in their supply of manufactures and articles of luxury. But no abundance of the latter class of objects can at all compensate for a falling off in the production of food. On the contrary, such objects could in that case only encumber the market, the comparative scarcity and dearness of necessities leaving the great body of consumers nothing to throw away upon superfluities. Still, though considering it highly important that this broad distinction should be recognized between the two great classes of productions, necessities and luxuries, we are far from stretching the argument to the length of declaring, that manufactures and commerce are of trifling importance, and might be put a stop to without any serious loss to society,—or that their increase is not productive of essential advantages. The stocking-trade, we willingly allow, produces only stockings; the clothing trade, cloth; the wine-trade, wine; and so on. But just as 'trifles make the sum of human things,' so, in the aggregate, these several branches of trade produce all that there is in the country of wealth, comfort, splendour, taste, civilization—all that distinguishes us from a horde of barbarians, clothed in skins, and tolerably provided with coarse food. Moreover, the extension of commerce and manufactures reacts upon agriculture, and tends to increase the production of food. Our author admits that this was the case throughout Europe at the termination of the middle ages; and himself, in an able sketch after Adam Smith and Robertson, traces the economic change which then took place, in virtue of the new tastes and habits inspired in the owners and cultivators of the soil, by the presentation to their notice of those articles of splendour and luxury, which manufactures had produced and commerce brought to their doors. But he denies that the further extension of the arts of luxury can have any effect in the present day on agriculture. We think he is both inconsistent and wrong, for the stimulus is enduring. It is a constant principle of human nature, that our wants increase with the means of gratifying them. And well is it that we are so constituted. Were man the sober, chastened, and easily contented animal, which ne-

ralists have sometimes, with false views of human welfare, attempted to make him—did a mere shelter from the weather, and a sufficiency of wholesome food and coarse clothing, satisfy his wishes, 'content to dwell in decencies for ever,' his species would probably have forever remained in a condition little superior to that of the cattle he has domesticated. Art, science, literature,—all the pleasures of refinement, taste, and intellectual occupation, would have been unknown; more than this—the ingenuity by which the gifts of nature and the enjoyments of mere animal existence are multiplied and heightened, would never have been called into action, and the prospect which, in spite of local and temporary checks, seems to us continually brightening, of a progressive and indefinite amelioration in the circumstances of mankind, would have been closed at once. But it is not so. Every augmentation in the number and variety of the means of human gratification has the certain effect of increasing the number of human wants and desires, and of stimulating industry and ingenuity to satisfy them by increased labour or skill in the production of those commodities, by exchange for which the desired objects may be obtained. Even if we admitted, which we are far from doing, that the improvement of our manufactures and the increase of our foreign and internal trade have no stimulating influence on our native agriculture, and, therefore, add nothing to our home supplies of food—yet it is impossible to deny that by offering novel and varied gratifications to the inhabitants of other countries, more fertile and less highly cultivated than our own, we must and do excite them to greater industry and energy in the creation of those agricultural products of which we stand in need. Should this operation likewise be too slow in its progress, and neither the advance of our own agriculture nor that of the foreign grower fully supply the demand of our increasing population for food, there remains the simple and obvious resource,—which our author's favourite prejudice alone hinders him from perceiving,—of enlarging the area of our own cultivation—of employing our own surplus labour and capital in raising the required food from the fertile soil of our colonies,—considering them, as we have a right to do, in the light of mere outlying portions of British territory. By the adoption of this resource, our agriculture, our manufactures, and our commerce might continue to extend themselves and mutually stimulate each other's increase, their joint progress effecting a continuous amelioration in our social condition, without any perceivable limit or hindrance to the process, but such as could proceed from wanton error and mismanagement alone.

All this, however, would by no means suit Dr. Chalmers's views. Therefore, having disposed of trade, he goes on to consider whether the increase of *capital* holds out any promise of relief. This, of course, is easily

negated by virtue of the assumption upon which he set out: for *within a territory of limited extent and fertility*, where all but the very inferior qualities of land are already cultivated, the profits of capital must be kept down by the slow rate at which improvements in the productive powers of agriculture proceed; and this low rate of profit must check, in turn, the accumulation of capital. Why we are to confine our view of the field for the employment of capital within such narrow limits, is not mooted; but it is clear that such a limitation is purely imaginary, and that 'the margin of separation between the cultivated and uncultivated land,' the place to which Dr. Chalmers professes to bring all his propositions to be tested, may be indefinitely removed by the judicious outlay of capital upon some of the millions of acres of yet virgin land within our reach, without any falling off in the profit derivable, but much more probably with a great increase, as is shown by the high rate of interest in all colonies and newly cultivated countries. Standing, however, upon his narrow and 'slowly receding margin,' with the same faith as if he were fixed upon a rock of adamant, the Professor of Divinity triumphantly oracularizes in the following manner, *c. g.*—

'When the progress of agriculture becomes slow or difficult, or, most of all, when it touches upon the extreme limit, then the impotency of accumulation on the part of capitalists must be severely felt. Each new investiture, in fact, will then be followed up by an adverse reaction or recoil upon themselves. As they grow in capital, they will decline in revenue. There is no escaping from this consequence. . . . Capital is thus hemmed in on all sides by a slowly-receding boundary, which it cannot overpass; and beyond which, if it attempt to enlarge itself, it is broken into surges at the barrier by which it is surrounded.'—p. 105.

We need scarcely repeat that there is no such extreme limit to agriculture, except the distant and indefinite limit to the capacity of the globe, to which we are probably no nearer now, than we were five thousand years ago. Bound within the necromantic circle which Malthus has forbidden him to dream of overstepping, the doctor's predicament reminds us of the poor bird, whom a conjurer persuades that he has fastened him down to a table, by drawing a chalk line upon the board on which he rests his head.

'The next resource which dazzles the imagination of philanthropists and statesmen, is foreign trade. This is held to be a fountain-head of wealth and employment, which in the eyes of many are altogether indefinite.' So says Dr. Chalmers, and forthwith proceeds to break a spear against this doctrine, taking first the case of a country which imports no food. He combats, as before, 'the delusion' that anything else accrues from foreign trade to a nation, 'beyond a slight increase of enjoyment, the substitution of one luxury for another.'

'There is mysticism in the assertion that the wine-trade of Portugal confers any other benefit on the nation, than simply the benefit of wine, or the West India trade, than sugar and coffee, or the China trade, than tea. The East and West Indies are regarded as the two hands of the empire; and the imagination is, that were our connexion with these destroyed, Britain would suffer as much as from the lopping off of two hands, or, in other words, would be shorn of its strength and its capacity for action, in virtue of this sore mutilation. It would positively be shorn of nothing but its sugar and tea!' . . . 'Should we consent to forego these enjoyments, then, at the bidding of our will, the whole strength at present embarked in the service of procuring them, would be transferred to other services; to the extension of home-trade—to the enlargement of our national establishments—to the service of defence, or conquests, or scientific research; or Christian philanthropy.'—p. 191.

This is quite M. Purgon in the 'Malade Imaginaire'—'*Vous avez la un œil droit, que je me ferais crever si j'étais en votre place. Ne voyez-vous pas qu'il incommoder l'autre, et lui dérober sa nourriture?* Croyez-moi, faites-vous le crever au plutôt, vous en verrez plus clair de l'œil gauche.' But Argan's answer, 'Cela n'est pas pressé,' will be that probably of our merchants to the assurance of Dr. Chalmers, that 'our commerce, though lopped off by the hand of violence, would leave untouched the strength and stamina of the nation.' (p. 223.) 'It would be as great and flourishing a community as before—as competent to all the purposes of defence and national independence; and, *though shorn of her commerce and colonies*, though bereft of these showy appendages, as available, and, we think, *more so*, for all the dearest objects of patriotism.' (p. 230.) These doctrines, we fear, will not be more popular on 'Change,' than will be the proposal to commute all the taxes for one upon rent, in Parliament. Whether in time Dr. Chalmers's eloquence will persuade us to realize his Utopia of a 'self-contained' nation,—producing all it consumes within its own limits, shutting itself out from all communication with the rest of the world, and sedulously keeping down its population by 'virtuous efforts,' considerably within the number which its internal resources are calculated to maintain in plenty,—we know not. This, however, we know, that if our first parents had acted on these principles, their descendants would never have spread beyond the boundaries of Mesopotamia.

Our attention is next called to the case of a country which imports agricultural produce. The doctor begins with drawing a distinction between the natural population of a country, that which is chiefly supported on food the produce of its own soil, and the 'excrecent' portion of its population, which, when a country possesses any superior advantages for manufactures or commerce over its neighbours, is maintained chiefly on food imported from

thence in exchange for its labour in those capacities. This is all right enough; we do not, however, agree with our author, when he deprecates this 'enlargement of our population beyond the limits of our own agricultural basis,' and says—

'The only effect is to foster an excrescence, which, if not mortal to us as to other commercial states, is just because, with the uttermost of our false and foolish ambition, we cannot overstretch the foreign trade, so far as they did, beyond the limits of the home agriculture. By thus seeking to enlarge our pedestal, we make it greatly more tottering and precarious than before; for, like the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's image, it is composed of different materials, partly of clay and partly of iron. The fabric bulges, as it were, into greater dimensions than before; but while its original foundation is of rock, the projecting parts are propped upon quicksands; for the sake of lodging a few additional inmates in which, we would lay the pain of a felt insecurity, if not an actual hazard, upon all the family. We rejoice in the luxuriance of a rank and unwholesome overgrowth; and mistaking bulk for solidity, do we congratulate ourselves on the formation of an excrescence, which should rather be viewed as the blot and distemper of our nation.'—p. 231.

We have quoted this passage at length both as a specimen of Dr. Chalmers's peculiarity of style, and because there is an apparent plausibility in the argument it contains against the allowing, if we could help it, any increase of our population beyond what our own soils will supply. But, in the first place, not being believers in the efficacy of the Malthusian specific, we do not admit that we have the power of trimming and squaring our population as we may think fit; and, when at any time they have increased, or threaten to do so, beyond what the agricultural produce of our own soils will support, it is surely better to allow the surplus to maintain themselves in independence by working up manufactured commodities which they can exchange with foreigners for the food they require—than, by prohibiting or throwing restrictions in the way of such an exchange, to drive them to consume, in *unproductive pauperism*, a portion of our home-growth, already, by the supposition, but barely sufficient for the remainder of the population. Secondly, our author's argument, which is only the old one, (dressed up in a new and more flowery fashion,) of the danger of depending for a portion of our food on foreigners—even if conceded with regard to them, is not applicable to the principle of *colonial* supply. It is not considered unwise to allow the growth of an 'excrecent' population in Middlesex or Birmingham, beyond what the county or parish could sustain; or to encourage the dependence of numerous families in Lancashire upon provisions imported from Ireland. Nor can we see that it would be a whit more imprudent to extend the division of labour in the same manner throughout the empire at large, and to

employ our Canadian fellow-subjects in growing on their rich soils the corn which is needed for the support of a portion of our English or Scotch population, who are in their turn occupied in availing themselves of the peculiar advantages this country possesses in its coal and iron, mechanical inventions, manufacturing establishments, and consummate skill, in producing articles of clothing, utensils, or luxuries for the use of the Canadians. Our author commits a strange blunder when, in order to strengthen his argument, he endeavours to show that 'a given excrement population betokens only half the amount of wealth or resources in a country which an equal natural population does.' (p. 234.) We have not room for the entire quotation, which, like most of his demonstrations, is rather prolix—but the *given* 'natural' population is reckoned by him twice over, once as a body of manufacturers and once as agriculturalists, so that no wonder it appears to be double the given 'excrement' population, which is only counted once. He proves, in short, that an artisan supported on home-grown food creates double the amount of wealth that is created by an artisan maintained on foreign-grown food, by reckoning as the creation of the former the produce of the agriculturist who feeds him—that is, of a *second* workman. By the same rule a man who, before the division of labour, spent half his time in providing himself with food and the other half in procuring clothing, was twice as productive as when, in the progress of improvement, he spends his whole time in one occupation alone, as growing food, and provides himself with clothing by exchange with another whose labour is equally confined to the production of that class of commodities.

In spite of this, Dr. Chalmers is by no means favourable to restrictions on the importation of foreign corn, but acknowledges that

'to this quarter we may look for a certain stretch or enlargement of external resources, whereby room and sustenance would be afforded for a greater number of families than we can now accommodate. Yet, after all, like every other augmentation in the outward means of support, it would but afford a temporary relief to the pressure under which we are at present labouring. As is usual with every increase, from whatever quarter of the means of subsistence, it would be speedily followed up by a multiplication of our numbers, and so land us in a larger, but not on that account a better-conditioned community than before. . . . It is not by means of economic enlargements, but of moral principles and restraints, that the problem of our difficulties is at length to be fully and satisfactorily resolved. No possible enlargement from without will ever suffice for the increasing wants of a recklessly increasing population. We look for our coming deliverance in a moral change, and not in any or in all of those economic changes put together, which form the great panacea of so many of our statesmen. Without the prudence and virtue of our common people, we shall only have

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a bulkier, but withal as wretched and distempered, a community as ever.'—p. 239.

In short, the burden of the song—the assumed disease and the specific, the bugbear and the exorcism, are introduced to solve this question as well as the rest.

The next resource, whose efutility is demonstrated by the same logic, is the remission of taxes, which, far from being any gain to the working or middle classes, it is declared, would only be 'a sacrifice of the public good to the splendour and effeminacy of the upper orders of society; . . . that the landed and the funded aristocracy may be more delicately regaled or more magnificently attired and attended,' (p. 260.) We have already shown by what process of reasoning the author thinks he has proved that all taxation, whether laid on income or on commodities is resolvable in its effects into a tax on the net rent of land;—namely, by the hypothesis, that both capital and population are possessed of such extraordinary elasticity, as to maintain profits and wages always at a minimum, so that 'any remission of taxes which bear upon the maintenance or employment of the industrious would be but the *momentary* loosening of a bondage, immediately followed up by a growth which will cause the pressure to be sensibly and really as great as before.' (p. 298.) And in the same manner, were any additional impost laid on the industrious classes, they would be *speedily* 'compensated by' (what think ye!) 'a gradual process of decay!' 'Through this we should be at length landed in a smaller society, and a smaller capital for conducting its business than before.' Our author admits, that this *compensatory* process would be 'a melancholy one'—that 'taxes on industry and capital *do* operate just as a blight on the quality of the soil'—that 'it is only by a lessening of the country's food, and through a midway passage of penury and distress, they lead to a lessening both of capital and population;' while a removal of taxes from the industrious classes to the landed and monied, *would* cause 'a subsequent enlargement of the wealth of the former classes, *until* they were overtaken by the increase of capital and population.' (p. 300.) In other words, taxes on the industrious, it is acknowledged, *are* paid by them *until* they are starved and ruined into absolute insolvency; and the remission of such taxes *would* proportionately raise both profits and wages, until both capitalists and labourers had, 'in the heyday of their prosperity,' *so multiplied their wealth and numbers*, as by the effect of competition once more to lower the returns to them! And *these* are the grounds upon which, in the same page, it is asserted, that the direction of taxation is a matter of indifference—that all taxes are paid by the landlords alone, and none by the other classes of society, who are accused of entertaining 'a misplaced antipathy to taxation,' and a doltish ignorance of the advantages that accrue to them from every increase of the public burthens!

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The fallacy by which our author is led into such gross inconsistencies evidently lies in his assumption of ultimate for immediate effects, jumping over the intermediate processes of decay or prosperity, by which he believes the supply of capital and labour to be contracted or expanded on the imposition or removal of a tax, as 'ephemeral,' and not worth taking into account. These processes, the 'consummation' of which is by him supposed to be instantaneous, *can*, however, in truth only be arrived at with regard to *labour*, after the lapse of a generation at least, but in all probability never, owing to the interference of the numerous disturbing causes which so long a period of time always introduces. And this is upon his own hypothesis of a limited agricultural area. With the unlimited field for the utilization of labour and capital which the world really affords, there is evidently no tendency whatever in the increase of either to bring about a reduction in their remuneration.

The subject next considered is tithes; and we are happy to be able to coincide in much of what the doctor urges, in impressive and forcible language, upon this topic. He denounces them to be sure, in their present form, as 'an incubus on agriculture,' preventing a wide enlargement of the field of cultivation; and is clear that they should be commuted for a rent-charge, or for land, in which case they would be precisely on the footing of rent—and all the vast benefits of a church establishment would be placed in security at no expense or sacrifice whatever to the community. We do not think it necessary to enter into this part of the subject here:—it is one that could not be adequately discussed in a short space—but we are happy to quote the following just and sagacious general remarks of a Presbyterian bystander:

'The support of a priesthood has been set in opposition to the general comfort of families. Its only opposition is to the greater wealth and luxury of landlords. The men who do something are eyed with jealousy, because in possession of an interest and a property, which, if not theirs, would but serve to enlarge the affluence and useless splendour of the men who do nothing. Never were the feelings of generous and high-minded patriotism more egregiously misplaced, or the public good more in danger of being sacrificed to the mere semblance of a principle. We often hear of the omnipotence of truth; and that the prejudice of many ages, the deep-laid institutions of many centuries, must, at length, give way before it. If the ecclesiastical establishments of our land shall be of the number which are destined to fall, and that because the temporalities which belong to them have been pronounced, by the oracles of our day, as an oppression and a burden on the general population, then, instead of truth being their judge or their executioner, they shall have fallen at the hand of cunning and deceitful witness—they shall have perished in the midst of strong delusion, at the mandate, and by the authority, of a lie.

'When power gets into the hands of the multitude, the danger is, that it may be exercised not

for guidance, but for destruction. They generally act by impulse, and not by discernment; and if only possessed with the idea, or rather with the watch-word, that the church is an incubus on the prosperity of the nation—no voice of wisdom will arrest the determination of sweeping it utterly away. We hold that a church establishment is the most effective of all machines for the moral instruction of the people; and, that, if once taken down, there is no other instrumentality by which it can adequately be replaced. We are aware that it may be feebly, and even corruptly administered; but the way to rectify this, is, not to demolish the apparatus, but to direct its movements. We should hail the ascendancy of the popular will, if it proceeded on this distinction; and instead of deprecating, should rejoice in the liberalism of the present day, did it but know how to modify so as not to extinguish. It is because democracy, instead of a regulating power, is a sweeping whirlwind, that we dread its encroachments. It is here, not with skilful fingers to frame and adapt the machinery of our institutions; but with the force of an uplifed arm, to inflict upon them the blow of extermination. Whatever the coming changes in the state of our society may be, there is none that would more fatally speed the disorganization and downfall of this great kingdom, than if a hand of violence were put forth on the rights and revenues of the church of England. Even with the present distribution of her wealth, it will be found that the income of her higher, as well as humbler clergy, has been vastly overrated; and nothing, we believe, would contribute more to soften the prejudices of the nation against this venerable hierarchy, than a full exposure of all her temporalities, grounded on the strictest and most minute inquiry. And, certain it is, that, with the best possible distribution of this wealth, it will be found hardly commensurate to the moral and spiritual wants of the now greatly increased population. If all pluralities were abolished, and the enormous overgrown towns and cities of the land were adequately provided with churches, it would be found, that the whole of the existing revenues would hardly suffice for a requisite number even of *merely working ecclesiastics*. We cannot imagine a policy more ruinous, than that which would impair the maintenance of a church that has so long been illustrious for its learning, and that promises now to be the dispenser of greater blessings to the people, than at any former period of its history, by the undoubted increase of its public virtue and its piety.'

We are surprised that Dr. Chalmers should adopt that silly cant phrase of 'working clergy'—as if a faithful bishop were not in truth a more hardly-worked man than any parish priest in his diocese;—but making allowance for this slip, the passage which we have quoted appears to us well worthy of careful meditation.

We next arrive at a discussion of the question, whether the interests of a community can be advanced by a greater or less subdivision of its landed property, through the laws of inheritance. Our author's opinion rests upon the peculiar theory he espouses on the incidence

of taxation; and indeed his reasonings tend to make it appear the perfection of policy, for the government of a country to be its sole landlord, with a dependent aristocracy of placemen and *gens de bureau*. We heartily agree with him in deprecating a minute subdivision of landed property, 'in which case there would be few, if any, of the landed proprietors that could command any of the higher enjoyments of life,' and in the belief, that 'in virtue of elegance, luxury, and leisure, being an inheritance, there is a blessing in the present system of things to the whole mass of society'; that 'from this higher galaxy of rank and fortune, there are droppings, as it were, of a bland and benignant influence on the general platform of humanity.' But 'why mistake reverse of wrong for right?' why forget that the sole choice does not lie between two extremes! Because an agrarian partition of the land would be an injury to all classes, it does not follow that the smaller the number of landed proprietors the better. He recommends, that 'instead of letting down the peerage of our realms to the external condition of our peasantry, we should rather go forth among the peasantry, and pour such a moral lustre over them, as might equalize them, either to peers or princes, in all the loftiest attributes of humanity.'—(p. 370.) This, with reverence, is the figure of speech styled flummery. It is not thus that the great question is to be argued, as to where lies the happy medium between the extremes of subdivision and concentration of landed proprietorship, and by what modification of the laws of inheritance it is to be secured. We have not space here even to touch upon this subject, but it must be obvious to all, that if there are great evils in the agrarianism of France, there are likewise some attendant on the excessive accumulation of landed property into few hands, which has been in gradual progress in the country during the past century, to the almost complete extinction of those two most valuable classes, which once formed the staple of English society, the minor resident country-gentleman and the independent yeoman.

The last (but one) of all the expedients for restoring the distempered community to health, which our author discusses and dismisses as inefficacious, is emigration. Now we submit that he would have acted more wisely, by taking this first, because the arguments by which he has attempted to prove the inadequacy of every other resource, whether increase of employment, of commerce, of capital, or the remission of taxes and of tithes, were all based on the assumption of a necessarily limited area, whence our increasing population could supply themselves with food; and it, therefore, surely behoved him to begin by proving the existence of such a limitation, and the impossibility of widening it by emigration. The fact, however, is, as indeed we have already made it appear, that his entire work, precisely like that of his great master, Malthus, with the exception of

this very scanty chapter on emigration, has reference only to a country absolutely limited, in its supply of food and the disposal of its population, to its own soils, and those already in a high state of culture. When such a country can be pointed out to us, we may think it worth while to enter more at large than we have done into the arguments with which the doctor has been labouring to destroy shadows of his own creation.

Let us now see in what manner, when obliged at length to face the question of emigration, and acknowledge that no country, least of all this, is surrounded by an impassable wall, he contrives to avoid perceiving the clue it affords to all the embarrassments which the assumption of a limited area has enabled him to draw around a labouring population given to the heinous offence of 'marrying and being given in marriage' without an accurate previous calculation of all the circumstances likely to affect the demand and supply of labour in the course of the ensuing generation.

'When the agriculture of a country arrives at its limit, there is a pressure that would not be felt, but for the tendency of the population to increase. But long before this limit is reached, is the pressure felt; because the tendency to an increase in the population exceeds the rate of enlargement in the agriculture.'

Agreed; and now for the conclusion from these premises:—

'The probability, then, is, that even emigration will not eventually alleviate the distresses of our land. The same cause which outstrips the enlargement within, may also outstrip the efflux abroad.'—p. 379.

Was there ever such a *non sequitur*? Is it not like saying, that because a man is thirsty, the probability is, he would drink the Tweed dry; or that it were vain to give liberty to a captive, because the same cause which makes him find his cell too confined for his wishes, will lead him, like Alexander, to think the world all too narrow likewise! The limit to the agriculture of a country, under the circumstances of Great Britain, is a receding, not a stationary limit. Granting that it recedes less slowly than the population increases, and that there is a consequent pressure, is there any reason to presume from this that the pressure would continue, if the whole uncultivated world were opened to the agriculture of the same population? But our author says, 'the question may be made a matter of computation.' Certainly it may; and we wish he had attempted the calculation—not by a piece of mathematical jargon, about 'geometrical and arithmetical ratios', as imposing and almost as correct as Mr. Jenkinson's discourse upon cosmogony in the Vicar of Wakefield,—but by a fair estimate of the quantity of cultivable soil at our disposal on the surface of the globe, and of the millions which it would maintain in comfort. Nothing of this sort has been attempted by our author. We will, however,

endeavour by a brief sketch to supply his deficiency.

The extent of *land* in our colonial territory of North America, including the British provinces, Hudson's Bay territory, and Western or Indian territory, but exclusive of the North Polar region, reaches, according to Mr. Bouchette, to about 2,700,000 square miles. But if we reckon only the one million of square miles which lie south of the latitude of London, this will give us a surface *eight times as large as that of all the British islands*, and not a whit inferior to them in climate or, it is believed, in soil. With regard to the Cape and Australia, so little is known of the interior of these two great continents, that it is difficult to form any judgment as to the extent of land at our disposal in them. But if we only count upon a belt of land averaging a hundred miles in depth from those parts of their sea-coasts which we have surveyed and taken possession of, this will give us in these two quarters of the globe a surface of more than twenty millions of square miles. Here then, without going further, is an area of twenty-one millions of square miles, the population of which at present is a mere fraction, not worth speaking of. Now the actual population of Great Britain and Ireland is about two hundred and five to the square mile, and supposing one-fortieth to be 'excrement,' or supported on foreign-grown food, it will appear that every square mile in the British kingdoms, deficient as is our agriculture in many districts, especially throughout Ireland, supports two hundred souls. We have no reason to suppose the proportion of cultivable to non-cultivable surface to be less in our colonies than at home. We know, indeed, many of their extensive savannahs and primeval forests to be more fertile than our very best soils in Britain, and able to bear many repeated croppings without manure. But allow that they are, on an average, only equal in fertility, and it will be seen that the application of our yet very imperfect agricultural processes to our colonial soils would provide support for at least 4,200,000,000 of persons at the present British standard of maintenance, or about one hundred and seventy times our present numbers; so that if our increase were to continue at the rate of a doubling in fifty years, which it has pretty steadily maintained during the present century, (under the stimulating influence in England of a badly-administered poor-law, offering a direct premium to parents on the birth of every additional child,) nearly *four centuries* must pass away before there could be a greater scarcity of food felt than at present, even upon the incredible supposition that our agricultural skill should in the mean time remain unimproved. We may therefore feel ourselves tolerably safe as yet.

If it be asked what room there is for a similar development of the other nations of the earth, we answer, first, that there is but too much reason to fear that their misgovernment, dis-

turbances, want of security for property, and frequent exposure to the scourges of war, pestilence, and famine, will yet for many generations to come prevent their making much progress in population. But should a more favourable state of things turn up, Europe alone has, we are convinced, a sufficiency of surface-soils to support, if duly cultivated, a hundred times her present population; and in Asia, Africa, and the two Americas, with the exception of a small part of China and India, the resources of the soil are as yet hardly entered upon. Look, for example, at the almost boundless plains of South America, which intervene between the Andes and the Atlantic—plains chiefly composed of deep alluvial soil, fertilized and intersected in every direction by the most magnificent navigable rivers and a rich maze of tributaries. Look at Asia Minor, Persia, Central Asia, and the vast extent of Asiatic Russia,—can it be doubted that these districts, under a government which protected industry from unjust exaction, would afford sustenance to very many times their present number of inhabitants? Of the capabilities of Northern Africa for colonization, an experiment is now, we hope, in course of trial. It is known that a great extent of its surface was once highly cultivated, and supported a dense population; and we can see no reason for doubting that, with the aid of modern skill and science, it might again be brought to at least an equal state of fertility. Of the central parts of that vast continent, south of the Sandy Desert, too little is known for us to speak with any confidence of its resources; but harassed and brutalized as its inhabitants are, for the most part, by the odious traffic in slaves, oppressed by predatory tribes, and subjected to the tyranny of atrocious despots, it is impossible to believe that their numbers have as yet made anything like an approach to the limits of the capacity of the country for their support. So far, therefore, from its being true, that the population either of the British kingdoms, or of the world at large, is already as numerous as can be maintained off the soils which are at their disposal, we believe it does not reach the one-thousandth part of the number which these soils would feed, were the agricultural skill, and science, and other resources which the most advanced among the nations even now possess, judiciously applied to their cultivation; and we can see nothing to prevent those resources being, in the course of time, themselves multiplied a thousand-fold by future discoveries and improvements. It has been calculated, that one square mile now may be made to maintain as many human beings as could live upon a thousand square miles of hunting ground, in an age when man lived by the chase alone. Can we presume to assert, that in the progress of husbandry, agricultural chemistry, and vegetable and animal physiology, other improvements may not carry us as far forward again, so that, if need were, even the thousandth part of a

myre mile might support as many as the mile does now! Strange as this may sound in the present state of our knowledge, things that would be strange to our forefathers have already been brought about.

But it is said, we *must* be brought to a standstill at length, for the surface of the globe will afford elbow-room for but a limited number! Dr. Chalmers seriously adduces this ultimate prospect as an argument, and shudders at the risk of men becoming as thickly packed 'as mites in a cheese!' Now, in the first place, the predicted calamity does not appear to us so very fearful—the mites, for aught we can see, have a very happy time of it. In the next, we submit, that when there appears any near prospect of such an over-peopling as that—of a deficiency of standing-room for the inhabitants of the world—it may be time to consider the propriety of crying 'hold hard' to the young men and maidens who are rashly inclining to be connoisseurs. And it ought to relieve the anxiety of these philosophers for the fate of such as may have their lots cast in those distant times, that in the works of Mr. Malthus and Dr. Chalmers, of which doubtless that remote posterity will possess the ten-thousandth edition, they are provided with a specific—*infallible*, by their account, in its effect of 'upholding a well-conditioned state of society,' by checking the rate of increase at any point where it may be considered desirable—within 'the limit' of comfortable arm's length for example, or the proportion of square feet of stowage that is allowed to each individual on board a man-of-war! The very confidence the Malthusians possess in the excellence of their specific ought to be enough to convince them, that no ultimate injury need be apprehended from the over-increase of population, with so obvious and easy a resource at hand. But to persuade us to have recourse to it now, is indeed right midsummer madness—the *se plus ultra* of moonstruck, Laputan philosophy. Some member lately objected in the House of Commons to any reduction in the duty on coals exported, on the ground that we ought to husband our stock, since it is limited, and, according to the calculation of experienced geologists, not more than enough to last us, at our present rate of consumption, about 6600 years! We should take this 'prudential' gentleman to be a Malthusian philosopher. And our only wonder is, that these expansive philanthropists—who would starve the present race of man in their benevolent care for the comfort of his posterity in the hundredth generation—do not likewise preach a crusade against artificial fires, as robbing the atmosphere of its oxygen; stint us of spring water, lest we drink the heavens dry, or shrink the level of the ocean; and call for a prohibition of dark colours, as tending by their absorption to exhaust the sun of his light. Air, light, and water—like the food-producing powers of the earth—have their ultimate limits; and we are about as near to the one as to the others.

But Dr. Chalmers has an objection to emigration peculiar to himself, and strongly characteristic of his style of reasoning. 'Emigration is *injurious*, in spite of its effects in relieving the evils of a crowded population, because it stimulates population.' Still if, at the same time that it stimulates the growth of population, it prevents all that is evil in that increase, where is the harm of such stimulus, allowing that it is one? But indeed, by our author's argument, it only stimulates population by increasing the comforts of life, and affording the means of plentiful subsistence to greater numbers; and if this be an evil, we are ready to face it, exclaiming, 'Evil, be thou our good!' On this ground, every invention tending to enlarge the powers of mankind for procuring subsistence or additional comforts, is a horrid mischief, to be deprecated and avoided with especial caution. The system of turnip husbandry and other late advances made in this country in agriculture admitted of the support of a larger population, and consequently encouraged its growth; these, therefore, come under Dr. Chalmers's ban. The labours of the Board of Agriculture must, in his eyes, be pestilent; nay, the very invention of agriculture itself, as well as all its subsequent improvements, should, in consistency, be stigmatized by him as an evil of the first magnitude. It was, to the full as much as emigration can be, 'a bounty on the multiplication of the species.' Mankind, therefore, has been all along under a grievous mistake in supposing gratitude due to those who have multiplied the productions of the earth. Mr. Coke and Mr. Curwen are plotters of evil, Ceres was the incarnation of a malevolent principle, and Triptolemus the true arch-enemy of his race!

If there is any one desire or design more manifest than another throughout the works of nature, or more worthy of the benevolence of nature's great Author, it is that there should be the utmost possible multiplication of beings endowed with life and capacity for enjoyment. We do not see that nature has contented herself with establishing little groups of organized beings in snug corners, to thrive there in security and content, through a nice adjustment of their numbers to the food within their reach;—whether proceeding from a mysterious adaptation of their procreative powers to their numerical state, as in Mr. Sadler's gratuitous hypothesis,—or, from a self-regulating power, dictated by instinct, or prudential intelligence, according to Mr. Malthus's equally unnecessary suggestion. No! abundance, extension, multiplication, competition for room, is the order of creation; and the only limit to the increase of each species, the mutual pressure of numbers on each other. But, if there is any one species of the animate world, whose multiplication we may venture to suppose an especial object of the Divine regard, can it be other than that which alone of all He has endowed with a particle of His spirit—with intellect,

reason, speech, the faculty of *improvement*, and an *immortal soul*! Whilst every other species is taught to spread and multiply as widely as its relative powers allow, is MAN alone, though conscious of his sovereignty over all the rest of living creation, to confine himself carefully within a limited area,—alone to apply his energies to *prevent* the increase of his numbers, the enlargement of his resources, and the extension of his dominion? How blinded to the ONE GRAND OBJECT OF CREATION must he be, who would so limit the expansion, and annihilate the bright future of his race!

Our author is wrong when he asserts of emigration, that 'the longer it is prosecuted the more impracticable it becomes.' (p. 381.) On the contrary, experience has always proved, that it is the first commencement of a colony which alone presents any serious difficulties, and that the further its settlement advances, the more easily may it be extended. Even Mr. Malthus admits this; and that it must be so is obvious enough. Again, Dr. Chalmers errs sadly when he assumes that emigration can only take place as a consequence of 'extreme general destitution and distress,' and that, on this account, the continual spreading of population must be a process of continual suffering. It is quite sufficient that there should be a certain preponderance of wealth, comforts, or enjoyment of any kind, to be met with abroad, to tempt to a continual efflux, provided the means are not wanting, and the institutions of society do not interfere as a check. It is not 'the experience of great distress and destitution' which causes the annual flitting of thousands from the eastern states of America to the Western. It is not merely the most wretched among our paupers who can be persuaded 'to forego all the recollections of their boyhood, the scene and the dwelling-place of their dearest intimacies,' by migrating to Canada or Australia. On the contrary, it is notorious that capitalists, persons possessed of thousands, are continually moving off to settle there. And, if a double profit overcomes the repugnance to 'voluntary exile' in the wealthy capitalist, will not a double wage do as much for the labouring class? Their condition in the mother country may be good; and yet to induce them to remove to the colony, it may be sufficient that they have a prospect of its there being *better*—perhaps twice—perhaps ten times as good.

But, may we not turn the tables upon those who would substitute for the natural, ancient, and easy resource of emigration in the case of a state which is, or threatens to be, crowded, an unnatural, and we believe, impracticable, restraint upon marriage? When they urge that it must be 'no light evil' from which the emigrant makes his escape, may we not retort, that it is no inconsiderable sacrifice to forego the *domus et placens uxor*—the sweets of domestic happiness—the pleasures of marital and paternal affection? While they accuse the

advocate for emigration of urging the poor to break the natural ties of home and kindred, they are themselves striving to prevent the formation of those ties which are of all the strongest, the most virtuous, and the most dispensing—those of the father and the husband. If the emigrant quits his parental roof, the wound soon heals, for it is in the course of nature that he should do so, and he exchanges for it a roof-tree and a family of his own, of which the Malthusians would deprive him. In fact, their scheme is merely to substitute one privation for another, a greater for a less, with the additional disadvantage of a general narrowing of the numbers of mankind, and the aggregate happiness, through the selfish desire of a few to monopolize the bounties provided by nature for the whole race, and a timid and short-sighted doubt of their sufficiency. The conduct recommended by these writers as the acme of human virtue, and the great end of Christian instruction, is, in fact, precisely that of the man in the parable who wrung his talent in a napkin, instead of putting it out where it might multiply.

The last expedient of which Dr. Chalmers professes to demonstrate the inefficacy, is a legal provision for the poor. Our readers are already aware of the deeply-rooted hostility he has always manifested to such an institution—an hostility which, like all his other economical errors, springs directly from the unhappy and unreasonable persuasion of the want of room for man upon the earth. We have lately said so much upon this subject that we shall abstain from further comment on his mistaken preference of what he calls 'the ministrations of spontaneous and individual benevolence—the fortuitous and free gratuities of the philanthropist,'—that is, in plain words, a system of mendicancy and vagrancy, over one of regulated and legalized relief: but, passing this, and other propositions, which he reiterates as if they had not been over and over again exposed and refuted—such as the bold assertions, in the face of the contrast presented on all these points by Ireland and England,—the one with, the other without a poor law—that an institution of that nature *necessarily* impoverishes a country!—deepens the wretchedness of the peasantry!—deadens charity!—and destroys the security of property!—we will merely notice one fatal mistake which alone would render Dr. Chalmers incompetent to reason on the subject: we speak of his imagining a poor law to be merely 'legalized or compulsory charity.'

The virtue of humanity ought never to have been legalized, but left to the spontaneous workings of man's own willing and compassionate nature. Justice, with its precise boundary and well-defined rights, is the fit subject for the enactments of the statute-book: but nothing can be more hurtful than thus to bring the terms or the ministrations of benevolence under the bidding of authority.'—p. 415.

The truth, however, on the contrary is, that

the poor have a decided claim, in justice, to a support from off the land on which Providence has placed them, if that land is capable of affording it to their exertions. Such a provision, therefore, instead of being a matter of charity and benevolence, 'a thing of love, not law,' is but the legal concession of a right antecedent even to that of the owners of the soil—a divine right—a right based on the eternal and immutable principles of intuitive justice. And its necessity may be equally proved on less high grounds. The only mode of preserving the peace of society, is to afford to every one suffering the extremity of want, some resource short of plunder and violence. The expediency of a poor law, as a mere measure of preventive police, may be easily demonstrated. It is in truth called for as imperatively by policy as by humanity, and by justice still more clearly than by either.

Dr. Chalmers, however, is only consistent in his opposition to it. Under the assumption on which he reasons, of its being impossible to keep subsistence level with population, he is quite right. Only he should not have stopped short of the conclusion to which his premises will necessarily conduct him—the propriety of passing a law to put out of their misery, at once, those 'for whom there is no room on the earth,' seeing that they must perish by inches, and during this process inflict much evil on the rest of society by encroaching on the bare sufficiency it possesses for its own wants. Private charity is quite as injurious and as nugatory in this light, as a poor law. It can only relieve one individual at the expense of another; and we refer the doctor to Mr. Malthus himself, who declares expressly, what indeed is a necessary consequence of his principle, that a poor man cannot by charity be enabled to live better than before, without proportionately depressing others of the same class.* We submit, therefore, that the true policy deducible from the Malthusian premises, is, that we should not merely abolish the poor laws, but go on to despatch the surplus population as fast as it appears. Malthus was decidedly wrong in hesitating to follow his principle up to its full extent. He contents himself with recommending that relief should be administered 'sparingly.' This is execution by slow torture. Dr. Chalmers, on the other hand, dwells with delight on the 'fullness of relief' afforded by spontaneous charity, forgetful that, on his own principle of a limited quantity of food, what is given to beggar Paul, must be taken from labourer Peter. This slight discrepancy between the professors is, however, no more than what has often appeared in the modes of 'fortuitous and free philanthropy' of other ages—

'God cannot love, says Blunt, with tearless eyes, The wretch he starves,—and piously denies. While the good bishop, with indulgent air, Admits and leaves them Providence's care.'

* Book iii. chap. 4.

Having thus gone through the whole list of political expedients for securing the well-being of the community, and 'demonstrated their futility' in succession, by help of the postulate which declared it from the first,—our author brings us in triumph to the 'argal' at which he has been all along straining, viz. that since nothing can make food keep pace with population, all our efforts should be turned to make population keep pace with food; and the only specific for this is 'prudent restraint upon marriage,' self-imposed by each individual, and inculcated by a Christian education.

Now we will not yield even to Dr. Chalmers, in a fervent zeal for the spread of 'moral and Christian education.' We need scarcely say, that we agree wholly with him in the vast benefits derivable from national endowments for this purpose. But we cannot agree in the opinion, that it is any part of the duty of a moral and Christian pastor, to interfere with the dictates of nature, as to the proper period for marriage. We do not, in short, recognise any necessary connexion between religion and celibacy—virtue and abstinence from wedlock. We desire general education as a means, not of proportioning the numbers of mankind to their food, but of providing them with that intellectual alimen, which, at the same time that it enlightens them on their true physical interests, adds to their mental and social gratifications; and while affording them the prospect of eternal happiness in another world, equally assists them to secure their welfare in the present. None shall go beyond us in anxiety to inculcate universally the principles of 'prudence and foresight.' We only differ from our author as to the true application of those principles, which we should prefer directing towards the means of procuring a sufficiency for the maintenance of a family in respectability and comfort, rather than towards the avoidance of the burthen of a family, lest their maintenance should not be procurable. We know where it is said, 'He feedeth the ravens who call upon him.' And, though blaming as much as any an indolent and careless reliance on Providence,—though assenting, in its moral sense, to the truth of 'Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera,'—the 'prudence' that we recommend, is an active, not a negative one—a judicious struggle against threatening evils, not a cowardly and Fabian retreat before them—a determination to push back by all imaginable means the apparent barrier to our onward progress, not a timid shrinking within ourselves, lest we haply receive a rub or two against it. And since we are quite confident that the barrier is in truth imaginary, or rather conventional, the offspring of our voluntary arrangements, and to be kept at any distance we please—that

—'spatium Natura beatissimum
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti'—

that the foresight of the members of a civilized community, judiciously directed, and unin-

terfered with by mistaken laws or officious advice, will enable them to procure a plentiful subsistence for all their possible numbers, either from within or without the geographical limits of the district they at present inhabit—we do think it no part of the duty of a Christian minister, to endeavour to give a different direction to the 'prudence and foresight' of his fellow-citizens, and we are quite sure, that by so doing, he will only be fighting against nature, and must do far more harm than good. By discouraging matrimony, he will probably but encourage illicit indulgence—

'*Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret;*' at the very best, he enforces a needless amount of privation, and checks the production of a large increase of human happiness.

The moral tendency, indeed, of this doctrine, we consider indescribably pernicious. By holding out to all, that improvements of any kind are useless, and even mischievous, for that 'every enlargement of our resources only tends to land us in a larger, it is true, but a more straitened population,' it directly discourages all attempts at the amelioration of our condition, whether public or private; and fosters in all classes a selfish and apathetic indolence, a mean distrust of our own powers, instead of that confident resolution to employ them to the utmost, which, under fair play, is almost certain of overcoming every obstacle. We need no stronger illustration of the proof of this than the book we are reviewing. Here are half-a-dozen resources canvassed for raising the condition of the body of the population—each of them is *admitted* to be more or less efficacious towards that end, but because it is assumed that there is an ultimate limit to the efficacy of each, they are all dismissed as unprofitable, deceptive, and even hurtful, and we are gravely told to cease our efforts for enlarging our resources, and direct them wholly to limiting our wants!

Again: by this doctrine the wealthy and the powerful are completely absolved from the duty of contributing to relieve the distresses of their poorer neighbours, either by direct charity, or a just and wise attention to the economical means for improving their condition; since all such attempts are declared to be not only fruitless but mischievous. It absolutely frees a government from all responsibility for the sufferings of the mass of the community, by throwing the blame entirely on *Nature* and the improvidence of the poor themselves, and declaring the evil to admit of no remedy from any possible exertions of the legislature. We cannot imagine any theory more destructive than this would be, were it generally received, whether among the higher and more powerful, or the lower classes themselves; and we must consider those who labour to propagate it, though including, we are well aware, many of the most ardent and benevolent philanthropists of the age, to be, unconsciously, the enemies of their kind.

We hope Dr. Chalmers, in particular, will pardon the freedom of our remarks. We cannot sit by in silence and see the weight of his authority and the force of his eloquence exerted on the side of what we consider a most potent and abominable doctrine. We implore him to re-consider his opinions. The welfare of existing millions—the existence of future myriads, depends on the destruction of the miserable sophism, which lies at the bottom of his whole economical system.

From the United Service Journal.

STEAM NAVAL WARFARE.

It is now very clearly seen, that the whole naval system of this and every other maritime country is about in a few years to be overturned by the superior powers and advantages of steam frigates, steam fortifications, and steam guns; and, therefore, if England would maintain her supremacy on the seas, it is time, by an immediate attention to the new system of naval architecture, to prepare for a very extensive and inevitable change in all our maritime affairs.

To estimate the various advantages of steam shipping is perhaps impossible, whilst no engagement has yet taken place between steam vessels of war; but it is very apparent that engines must now be used to propel all our naval vessels, even to the largest ships of the line. That this will be indispensably necessary, appears from the great disadvantages and dangers which the largest ships, and even whole fleets, must encounter in calm weather, from the attacks of an inferior force of steam frigates. Thus, if a fleet of twenty sail of the line, built upon the present principle, were cruising in the Baltic, the Mediterranean, or any other inland sea where calms are frequent in the months of summer, a single steam frigate, hovering around and watching for a still time, might approach whilst the fleet is lying immovable on the water, and take a raking position by means of its own power of locomotion, whilst the enemy is compelled to remain stationary; the steam frigate might thus with impunity, and out of the reach of the fire of its helpless antagonist, sink in succession every vessel of the fleet. Nor will a dead calm be the only time when this destructive advantage will belong to the steam vessel, for a raking position may be maintained in any ordinary weather, though not with the same effect altogether; for, in a still time, from the steadiness and precision of the fire of the steamer, the position of a sailing vessel must be the same as though becalmed under a fortification. Nor will the usual methods of altering the position of a sailing vessel in a calm—by means of sweeps or paddles,—be effectual for bringing her into a line with the steam frigate, since the latter could alter her position with more celerity by means of steam; and thus, notwithstanding the partial coming round of the ene-

my, the raking position might be maintained till the sailing vessel should be captured or destroyed. A very clear notion of this species of warfare may be formed from the situation of the ships of war in the Gut of Gibraltar a few years since, where a ninety-eight gun ship is said to have been almost reduced to strike to a few gun-boats, which in a calm raked her in this manner for hours,—the metal of the ship being unable to bear upon the skipjacks around her. It is, therefore, certain that steam engines alone in all our vessels of war can enable them to meet these advantages, and that the peculiar attention of the Admiralty ought now to be directed to the equipment and trial of steam frigates.

That many very experienced and talented officers of the present naval school are averse to the acknowledgment of the superior powers of steam warfare, is certainly true; nor is it strange that a reluctance should be felt to part with a system in which so much glory has been earned. Thus the remarks of Captain Napier, in the *United Service Journal* for May, though in many respects judicious and valuable, yet certainly do not exhibit the full consequences of the use of steam in our future naval operations. The gallant Captain informs us, that "he is not one of those who fancy that our line-of-battle ships will become useless, and that naval warfare will be carried on by steamboats only;" and further he asserts, that "our ships must be fitted with paddles, which will at once put them into a situation to defend themselves." Now, in opposition to this opinion of Captain Napier's, I beg to repeat, that paddles will by no means enable a vessel to change her position with celerity sufficient to meet the corresponding movements of the steamer; for the utmost that paddles can do is to move a ship from four to five knots an hour, and as the steamer can move at the rate of ten or twelve—or more than twice as fast,—it becomes apparent that the latter can maintain a raking position in defiance of paddles, sweeps, or tow-boats; and, though an unpleasant truth to be told, it is equally clear that our double bankers must either be fitted with engines, or laid up for ever; since we cannot now enter upon a war with the meanest powers of Columbia or Portugal without steam vessels of war, or the hazard of our navy falling an inglorious prey to a few steam privateers bought from the builders in Baltimore.

That a combination of steam power with the usual equipment and trim of masts and sails is practicable, is apparent from the several very superb steam ships which have crossed the Atlantic Ocean from the United States, and one steam Indiaman, which, under the command of Captain Johnston, made the passage to Calcutta from the port of London. That the latter had an unusually long passage is said to be attributed to a mistaken experiment in shaping her course to India. It is remarkable, however, that no second attempt has been made, either

by the merchants or the East India Company, for shortening that most tedious and expensive voyage, by means of steam shipping, as there exists no doubt that by avoiding the error of Captain Johnston—so favourable for steam navigation is the whole region of the trade winds—that the passage to the East Indies might be regularly performed in half the usual time. The first steam ship that crossed the Atlantic was the *Savannah*, from the port of Savannah, in the United States, which arrived at Liverpool in twenty-six days, and proceeding thence to St. Petersburg, returned to the United States, in the words of Captain Rogers, her commander, "without loss of screw, bolt, or rope-yarn." Another most splendid steam ship, of seven hundred tons burthen, called the *Robert Fulton*, was built at New-York, and plied as a packet between that port and the harbours of Charleston, the Havana, and New Orleans, performing that long track of navigation with great regularity in about nine days. This fine ship was a model of naval architecture; but being found to be of too expensive a construction, it was sold to the Emperor of Brazil, who took out the engine, thereby depriving himself of an immense advantage in his war with the republic of Buenos Ayres; and the *Robert Fulton* is now a sailing frigate in the Brazilian service. Indeed the ship-builders of the United States supply vessels of war not only to the governments of Brazil and the other South American powers, but to the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan, the Pacha of Egypt, and other petty sovereigns, from which it may be worthy to remark, that we ought not to be too supine in our preparations for steam warfare, from a reliance upon our own ingenuity, and the backwardness of other countries in mechanical knowledge, since steam shipping may be purchased by any government from the private builders in the United States; and no unprejudiced person, who has seen the state of things in the harbours of that country, can deny that in every point of naval architecture, vessels may be obtained in the United States equal to any that can be built in England.

The paramount difficulty to the progress of steam navigation consists in the weight and great space required for the coals, furnaces, chimney, and other appurtenances of the land engine; but may it not confidently be anticipated, with all the scientific knowledge of Great Britain alive to this object of national importance, that means will, ere long, be discovered to remedy these disadvantages?

As an improvement upon the present plan of placing paddles at the sides, stern-wheels might be substituted. It is argued by the opponents of steam shipping for the purposes of war, that the dependence upon such complex machinery in a time of engagement will be very precarious, especially as the all-important wheels are exposed at the centre and outside of the vessel, and a single shot lodged in one of the paddle-boxes, these persons invariably

say, will send the whole concern to the devil. Certainly the paddle-boxes are in a very exposed situation in the sides, and therefore I propose to introduce the American plan of placing the wheels in the stern of the vessel. This method has for some years been resorted to upon the Mississippi river, in consequence of the immense quantities of drift wood and floating ice which, in the spring of the year, cover the stream, and, by obstructing and breaking the paddles at the sides of the boat, formerly rendered steam navigation almost impracticable. To remedy this deficiency, stern-wheels were invented, which are placed upon each side of the rudder, leaving merely room for its full play, by which contrivance not only the original purpose was obtained of avoiding the floating logs upon the river, but a great increase of propelling power has also been obtained, and all the fastest boats now upon the Mississippi are those with stern-wheels. For it is clear, that the wheels at the sides, being at the centre, are at the widest part of the vessel, and therefore at the utmost distance from each other, thus acting least in concert in that position; whereas, at the stern the wheels are placed within a few feet of each other, which produces a greater combination of power; and there are clear mechanical reasons why, with a proper adjustment of the build of the vessel, and the weight of the engine and cargo, the very greatest purchase may be obtained at the stern. It is, however, for the purposes of security, that this method is most worthy of consideration for vessels of war, the wheels being thus removed from the most exposed situation in the centre and outside, to the least open part under the stern, and effectually concealed and secured. Thus, excepting in the rare instance of a vessel in pursuit directly astern, a shot could never be lodged against the wheels; and perhaps they may be covered altogether, and rendered invisible, and by ironwork impenetrable. It is also remarkable that vessels with stern-wheels are less liable to be *swagged*, the term applied to that broken-backed appearance common to steamboats, from the perpetual pressure upon one part, of the weight of the engine, whilst the removal of the wheels to the stern, near the cabin, always the lightest part of the vessel, produces a more equal distribution of the burthen, and tends to the greater strength and durability of the vessel. Moreover, a vessel, when not under steam, will sail better with the sides divested of the encumbrance of paddle-boxes; and the operation of unshipping the wheels in a rough sea, may be performed with greater facility at the stern, after the manner of hoisting a boat. It is also worthy of consideration how much this improvement adds to the graceful appearance of the vessel, by removing from the sides those hideous excrescences the paddle-boxes; for it is much to be regretted that an invention the most useful ever to be conferred upon mankind, should yet be destructive of all symme-

try and beauty; and whilst all other vessels from a canoe to a ninety-eight gun-ship, possess an appearance of grace and grandeur, the modern steamboat is yet the very ugliest monster that swims the sea, and has been aptly compared to a jackass wading with a couple of hampers. Therefore, every reason of security, celerity, and beauty, tends to the introduction of stern-wheels; and to my very great surprise, in no one instance have I ever seen this fine invention in any of the harbours of England.

In time of peace, and to the commerce of the world, how vast will soon be the results of steam navigation! Its most important benefits will undoubtedly be seen in the eastern world; for the passage to India, China, and New Holland, even by the present circuitous route by the Cape of Good Hope, will probably be shortened to a period of sixty days. This may be fairly deduced from the performance of his Majesty's steam-packet *Firebrand*, which, in sixty-six days, during the present summer, has traversed a distance of 11,500 miles of sea, in two voyages from Falmouth to Corfu, and one from the same port to Lisbon. This distance of 11,500 miles is almost equal to the passage to the East Indies; and such a performance in the present day, when the adaptation of the hull of the vessel to the steam-engine is immeasurably far from perfect, proves that, in a few years, a period of two months will be the usual passage to the eastern world. H. F.

From the United Service Journal.

PROPOSED EXPEDITION TO ASCERTAIN THE FATE OF CAPT. ROSS.

WE have not been amongst the last to advocate the propriety and the means of ascertaining the fate of Capt. Ross, and the gallant expedition which left our shores, more than three years back, for the purpose of attempting the North-west Passage. Indeed, we have reason to believe that a suggestion on that subject, which appeared in our pages, has not been without weight in promoting the plan now actively set on foot for carrying into effect an expedition for the purpose above stated. That we most cordially concur in this project, it is unnecessary to add; and we earnestly recommend and invite the members not only of the naval but of the military branch of the *United Service*, to co-operate, both by their influence and subscriptions, in the accomplishment of a design, which, in such a case, assumes the character of an imperative duty. We add the following details for the information of those who take an interest in this expedition:—

"The object of this expedition will be to penetrate across the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company to the shores of the Arctic Sea, primarily to ascertain the fate of Capt. Ross, who, it is well known, has not been heard of since he sailed in a steamboat three years ago, with the view of

thus effecting a north-west passage to the Pacific; and, subordinate to this object, to extend our knowledge of those shores—in particular, to endeavour to fill up the interval between Cape Turnagain (the eastern limit of Sir John Franklin's discoveries) and the Straits of the Fury and Hecla, where Sir Edward Parry was stopped by the ice, when attempting to penetrate to the westward along the coast; or, should these prove, as some imagine, merely the entrance of an inlet, to determine where else is situated the north-eastern extremity of the American continent.

"The hopes entertained by Captain Ross's friends that he and his companions are still alive, and may be extricated from their critical position by efforts yet made for their relief, are founded, partly on the extent of his preparations, which were calculated to meet his wants for three years,—partly on the amount of stores which, it is presumed, he would find untouched in the wreck of the *Fury*, abandoned by Sir Edward Parry, in 1825,—and partly on an account (given by Hearne, and quoted by Mr. Barrow in his *Chronological History of Arctic Voyages*, pp. 276-8,) of the fate of the crews of two Hudson's Bay vessels, who were cast on shore on Marble Island in 1719, and of whom it was ascertained, afterwards, that some survived nearly three years.

"Capt. Back, R. N., one of Sir John Franklin's companions in both his journeys, has volunteered to conduct the expedition, the plan of which was originally sketched by Dr. Richardson, and has been since carefully revised and re-considered by both these able officers. The party will be forwarded early in February next to New York; whence it will proceed, by way of Montreal, to Great Slave Lake; and descend the Fish River as early as possible, probably in August. But two seasons, at least, will be requisite to execute the service in any degree satisfactorily; and, in every case, the scale of operations, their extent, continuance, and ultimate success, will mainly depend on the means obtained for their execution.

"Subscriptions towards the Arctic Land Expedition are in course of being received by some principal bankers in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin; and the amount will be placed under the control, and administered under the sole authority, of a Committee of Noblemen and Gentlemen, who have signified their willingness to accept the trust."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE DEPARTED OF XXXII.

A COUPLE of years ago, we concluded a volume, in a tone perhaps too trivial for the importance of the occasion, with some pages of remarks on the wondrous decadence of thrones and dominations which had marked the year 1830. In all quarters of Europe change had been at work; and the haughtiest monarchies, the most ancient powers, the best-fenced principalities, were either shaken down to the dust, or rocked with imperfect assurance of being finally able to remain fixed.

The year 1832 has been marked by a series

of extinctions of another kind. It has swept off more distinguished names than any year in human memory, and its obituary is green with a garland of prouder fame than ever before blossomed simultaneously in the grave. The year 1830 will be what we may call a greater landmark in history—for kings serve in chronology as the mile-stones by which we mark the lapse of time; but, without talking treason against the majesty which environs the crown, we think that what has happened in the year 1832, will be considered as of more importance, of deeper interest to the human race.

The great names of the first quarter of our century are fast passing away, and few now remain. The number has been deeply diminished by the deaths of this year. The great heroes of the war have fallen, with only one exception: the Duke remains. Napoleon, and the most famous of his school, Massena, Ney, Beauharnois, Murat, are long since gone.—Blucher and Gneisenau are with Frederic and Keith. Of the second in rank, Soult, Bernadotte, the Archduke Charles, and Marshal Beresford, are the sole survivors. When they and the Duke of Wellington depart, there is an end of the thunderbolts of war, whose names filled the world, while the contest excited by the French revolution agitated the earth. The great naval heroes are confined to our own country, and even the captains of Nelson are passing away. The statesmen who gave impulse to their movements, with one remarkable exception, have departed. Pitt and his disciples are wholly gone; and of those who opposed or supported his principles on the continent, that strange old man, who may be seen hobbling to the Traveller's Club, Talleyrand, lingers alone. This year has taken off Gentz, whose influence in European politics was greater than posterity will be inclined to think from his writings. He revived the national enthusiasm which kept the princes of Germany on their thrones, and, finally, after a hard but heart-ennobling struggle, expelled the godless invaders from his father-land. He will, however, share the usual fate of writers on ephemeral politics—such writers, we mean, as treat them in an ephemeral style—and be forgotten. The blast of the trumpet stirs the heart at the moment; but that past, the trumpeter is known no more. Some soldiers and statesmen will be included in the obituary of 1832; but Casimir Perrier, or Lamarque, will leave no more trace behind than Lord Hutchinson, or Ballasteros, both of whom have descended to the grave in the present year, and though somewhat conspicuous in their small spheres for their hour, are already consigned to oblivion.

Of master minds in other departments of genius, two have gone. Needless is it to say that we mean Goethe and Scott. These were indeed the topmost men of their generation; and that their place will be in our days filled, may safely be pronounced to be impossible.

But of them we have already spoken as much as perhaps it is in our power adequately to speak. We may, by a slight misapplication of the original meaning of the famous phrase, "*Si monumentum quaris, circumspecte*," indicate the extent of our loss. If you want to know what a vacuum their departure has made in the intellectual world, look round at those whom they have left behind; the *effete*, the weary, the retired, the idle; or the fribble, the pretender, the feeble driveller, or the impudent fool.

Crabbe, a great name in any literature, though not attaining to the highest praise of genius, is among the deaths of the year. He had outlived, not indeed his fame, for talent never dies, but the class of poets to which he had originally belonged. Let Lord Byron pretend what he may, the didactic of Pope is dead among us, and Crabbe's adherence to its form, if not its essence, rendered it impossible that he could command the deep-seated admiration of his contemporaries. The paths of some of his pieces will make them live for ever; but what may be called the conventional part of his poetry is gone already. Even in his pathetic he made a mistake. He drew the crimes and vices of the poor, sympathising little, if at all, with the privations and misery from which their misfortunes proceed. He wrote verse—and touching and pathetic verse it often was—in the spirit of Malthus, not of Sadler; and the better nature of the world could not avoid being somewhat revolted, in spite of the powerful writing and the harrowing emotion of Crabbe's poems, by the cruel fidelity with which vice of low degree, and all its miserable consequences, were painted, without a word of palliation or excuse. How differently do we feel while reading Goldsmith from the manner in which we are affected by Crabbe. Yet will he ever preserve a high name among us, and in his own school of poetry must be pronounced a magnate; one who infused into ornate and artificial forms of versification, a depth of feeling of which it had been deemed incapable, and a power which, except in satire, it had scarcely ever exhibited. The Village Workhouse—some of the Tales of the Hall—must remain as long as our literature endures;—and where are we to look for the equal of Sir Eustace Grey?

Butler—Bentham—Mackintosh—each had his admirers. The Benthamites will, of course, be shocked with us for not placing their idol far above all chance of competition with his brother-lawyers. They claim for him the merit of having laid the foundation for new codes, and establishing a system of principles which is at last to be the guide and example of all legislature, political or forensic. Others see in him nothing more than a crack-brained and crotchety old man, dreadfully spoiled by the perpetual flattery of surrounding sycophants, incapable of giving utterance to a rational sentence, dogmatic, self-opinionated, and imperti-

nent. It is beyond question, that the docking subserviency of those who in his old age surrounded Bentham, was carried to the most ludicrous extent; and it worked its effects. He became the oracle of his own circle, and all the others who composed it were no more than the tinkling pots of Dodona, moved about by his *afflatus*. It is equally true, that all the books he ever wrote since his hangers-on began to exalt his fame, (and really, his first book, the *Essay on Usury*, is too trifling in itself, and too questionable in its principles, if ever an attempt should be made to reduce them to practice, to allow its author any great modicum of renown), are composed in a chimerical motley jargon, to which the enthusiasms of Lily and his admirers are clear and intelligible English; and that he never was readable unless when Dumont expounded him in French; he thereby doing for Dumont—i. e. supplying him with ideas on which to work,—which Dumont (falsely, we believe) asserts he had done for Mirabeau. Certain also is it, that in practical affairs Bentham never did any thing of the slightest value; and, by the leave of the *Examiner*, which is, we believe, the only clever production in which he is panegyrised, (we put the *Westminster* out of the question, because that Review was, in a great measure, if not entirely, his own property), he has not exerted any influence on the master-minds of the world. We venture to say, that there is more legal philosophy in any given title of the *Pandects*—more sound sense in any of the ordinary recognized principles of the common law of England, than is to be found in all the works of the philosopher of Queen's Square. The antediluvian lawyer, as Cobbett rather happily nicknamed him, would never have drawn up a code which could have operated for five years, without entailing upon it a commentary as bulky as the statutes at large. Heretical as the assertion may appear to his followers, he had little *philosophy*, in the true sense of the word, about him; he was more at home in regulating the details of a panopticon or a balloting-box, than in gauging or measuring the motives of human actions. He looked at mankind from the wrong side. In old institutions, he saw only objects to be changed; in old matters of belief, nothing but what should be scoffed at. From a mind so constituted nothing great could come. The praise of Bentham must terminate with cleverness, shrewdness, whimsicality—nothing more. To compare him to Bacon, as some of his more enthusiastic devotees have ventured to do, strikes us as being nothing short of literary blasphemy. But he was a remarkable man, after all. How magnificent was his hoary head! It was a perfect triumph of old age.

Butler, in his own profession—conveyancing, a queer and intricate science—by far the first, was, in other respects, a man worthy of attention, though we cannot call to mind any of his works which are likely to live, except an

the shelves of the collectors of curious things. His position among the Roman Catholics had made him the depository of many a strange secret, and we imagine that many a paper of his lurks unpublished, calculated to throw strange light on the obscurer portion of the history of the last century—of the history of those who appeared not in public, but who yet moved, and made others move. We understand that considerable mystery prevails concerning the fate of his property and his papers; and it is conjectured by those most concerned, that much of what is most valuable of both has disappeared. He is, at all events, the last of his race. A literary Roman Catholic gentleman cannot exist any longer among us. Those of that persuasion who henceforward desire to distinguish themselves, must do so by abandoning all pretensions whatsoever to the character of gentlemen, or the fair pursuits of literary fame. They must be prepared to howl with the Irish rabble for the prostration of the aristocracy under worse than swinish hoof, and to believe, with the bloated priest, in all the ignorant legends of their creed, polemic or historical, without daring to dispute the authenticity of a single point of either.

And Sir James Mackintosh! another of the temporary reputations of a perpetually writing age. Last year, five hundred voices—and some of no mean name—would have pronounced Sir James to be one of the leading lights of the age: he is scarcely remembered now—by this day twelvemonths he will be forgotten, unless, what we do not believe to be very probable, his posthumous work may do more for his permanent renown than any thing which he effected in his life. We have never been admirers of Sir James, but we hope that what we have heard about the intentions of Longman's house respecting the unfinished *History of England*, which Mackintosh has left behind, will not be carried into effect. We have been assured that the book is to be completed, and revised by some "eminent hand;"—that is to say, by some rascally hack, who will totally destroy the distinctive character of the work. If we are to have Mackintosh, let it be Mackintosh—not some dirty-shirted doer of all-work, at a farthing a line.

The three lawyers, then, we have just mentioned will be forgotten, or, at least not remembered in any thing like the manner which their several friends prognosticate. Another, too, higher in professional rank than they, has descended in the same year to the tomb—Lord Tenterden—of whom the memory, except in Reports, or such reminiscences as those with which our agreeable correspondent supplies us, will be equally transient. In offering such an opinion, we escape the imputation of being swayed by politics—for his lordship was a Tory of our own school. As a judge, upright, honourable, intelligent—master of law, in principle and practice—impartial and inflexible—he was the perfection of the judicial character.

Museum.—Vol. XXII.

In almost all the qualities which we have here enumerated, except in honesty, we think that the learned personage who now fills his place will be found a woful contrast.

Rémusat, the Oriental scholar—clever, but petulant, and sadly given to traducing the exertions of others; Rask, in many departments of Eastern literature of high renown; Chaptal, a respectable person in chemistry; Say, the economist, and the great name of Cuvier, must complete our list. But there are many more of smaller note, and in literature less known. Scarpa the anatomist, Zach the astronomer, for instance—Anna-Maria Porter, whose novels we loved in the days of our youth—old Bishop Huntingford, once, more renowned for Greek than Hallam—fifty beside, of whom many a fond tongue would wish to speak, on whom we cannot afford to linger. Their names must suffice. Something, however, may be said.

It is impossible to look over the list just enumerated so hastily, with ordinary feelings—without being impelled to the reflection, that we are about to open a new era, in which the ideas and aspirations of the days of old are to pass away. Sure we are, that the temper which is afloat is inconsistent with the permanence of any institutions, or the durability of any principles. Can it be, that the spirits of the great are taking their flight before ancient order is destroyed, and the anarchy which the greatest among them dreaded, deplored, and opposed, shall have become the rule of the world and its works;—that, as the gods of the ancients were fabled to have departed, with rustling noise through the sky, before the advent of the true religion, so, the brightest defenders and the most shining ornaments of pure and honourable faith, are now in truth winging their departure from among us, before the coming

— "of the day of doom,
Smoky shade, and lowering gloom!"

Other rules and standards of opinion are now set up; and they who stood by those which formerly prevailed, may depart in peace. Some of the names upon the list which we have gathered, were not, in any sense of the word, great; but those who are infinitely smaller than the smallest among them, are now setting up, without fear or hesitation, unprepared, untought, and unthinking, boldly to pronounce on questions which the greatest approached with caution and reverence. What to the mind of Scott or Goethe appeared matter of difficulty or discussion, we see now every day decided, with the most rattling dogmatism, by every one to whom is entrusted the task of filling up a column of a newspaper. The School-master is indeed abroad; but of what school is he the teacher? what is the doctrine which he communicates to his millions of disciples? In the earliest history which

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we read, we know that then too he was abroad, and that he communicated the fruit from the tree of knowledge with liberal hand. Deeply are we deceived, if the schoolmaster now let loose among us is not of the same academy as he

"who first

Brought death into the world, and all our wo;"

and that the power which is offspring of the knowledge attained by his means, will be so exercised as to do him acceptable service. This, of course, will be scoffed at; but nothing is more easy than scoffing, or more symptomatic of the school to which we have been referring. It will be allowed, however, by all, that a change is at hand—change deep and sweeping; and none but those who are strong in that ignorance, which, as it knows nothing, fears nothing, will venture to predict what are to be its results. To us the voyage on which we are bound, seems

—dark, dark, dark,

And still fiercer runs the stream,

The longer floats our bark;

We know not whence we come,

And we know not whither we go—

A starless sky above us,

A fathomless deep below.

So be it: we cannot arrest the flood.

Let every one philosophise as he pleases—if any one have leisure to philosophise amid the roaring and tumult, which now, in all departments where intellect used to be cultivated, where talent was displayed, where genius triumphed, fills the earth with a blatant and deafening clamour. We recur to our theme. It is undeniable, at all events, that this year has thinned the brilliant phalanx of the great minds in whom we rejoiced; and that, while those who still remain, fatigued or overborne, melancholy or disgusted, are retiring from the arena, no one is arising to fill the place of the mighty. We are fallen upon times when the dwarf struts where once towered the giant. The "*infiniment petits*" of Béranger are, coming indeed; and if the theory of the Turks be true, that the approach of Gog and Magog, to destroy the world, will happen in the days when the human race is shrunk to the most contemptible dimensions, the shrinking of mind and soul which we see around us, would justify us in expecting every moment the apparition of the demon precursors of the conflagration of the earth.

From the London Examiner.

ON THE NECESSITY OF UNITING THE QUESTION OF CORN LAWS WITH THAT OF TITHES.

On looking round and surveying the attitude and movements of the constituencies, both new and reformed, which have been created by the late Act, we see reason to congratulate the friends of improvement upon the definiteness

of their objects, and the zeal and unanimity of their exertions. Scarcely a voice has been raised for any causeless or fantastic change, nor has any capriciousness been exhibited about mere forms and phrases. This, indeed, would have been inconsistent with the positive, practical, matter-of-fact character of the English mind. Almost as seldom has the advocacy of any act of individual wrong—of the plunder of any man's property, or the blighting of his reasonable prospects,—met with encouraging reception from any body of electors. There is enough of integrity and self-control, and respect for the just rights of others, in the English character, to forbid this. The reforming spirit has fastened upon the real grievances, and with the greatest intenseness upon the most crying and barefaced of these. General rectitude of purpose has produced unity of purpose. The Reformers in all parts of the island proclaim the same objects, proclaim them as with one voice—a voice destined ere long to silence all other sounds except its own echo.

To this unanimity one question forms a solitary exception. That indeed is an alarming one, and may even yet become a firebrand of discord in the ranks of the sincere Reformers, unless disposed of soon and well,—not with the kind of prudence which is synonymous with indecision and cowardice, but with that true and statesman-like kind which can *foresee* as well as see, and of which the foremost ingredient is courage. This question, the only one within the compass of probability from which a Tory reaction, among any considerable part of our population, can ever again be apprehended, is the Corn Laws.

On this question alone, among the many which are now vehemently agitated, is Reformer at variance with Reformer. On all other subjects the contest will be solely between the stationary principle and the progressive; between the spirit of Toryism, whether under its own or under Whig colors, and the spirit of Reform. On this alone a division is manifesting itself between the two great sections of the people; and there is imminent (though not immediate) danger, that the representatives of the manufacturing and commercial towns, and the representatives of the counties, the agricultural towns, and Ireland, will, by the artifices of the common enemy, be set one against the other;—the agriculturists under a total misapprehension of the *nature* of their interest in the question, the manufacturers greatly over-estimating the *degree* of theirs.

We may be sure that nothing would serve the purposes of the Tories so well, as to be able to pick a quarrel between the two great divisions of the reforming host, on this the only subject of dissension ever likely to afford them such an opportunity.

So deeply are we impressed with the importance of frustrating these tactics of our enemies, that if a question which affects, be it ever in so slight a degree, the condition of the

most numerous class, were not in our eyes important beyond any other, we would gladly put off the discussion of this question, until others, on which there is less difference of sentiment and of apparent interest, shall have been set at rest. We do not, indeed, think that the immediate interests of the working classes are so deeply concerned in this as in several other questions. The effects of the *present* Corn Laws in any way, be it for good or for evil, are in our estimation far short of what either party habitually assumes. But when we consider the transcendent importance of the *principle* which is at issue, where the dispute is (what it here is) between the drones of society and the bees; when we see that both the drones and the bees *think*, however erroneously, that it is a question of life and death between them—when, too, we perceive how generally the members, both for the counties and for the towns, are coming to the new Parliament, if not positively pledged, at least with a distinct expectation on the part of their constituents, that they will give their strongest support or opposition to any abatement of the existing “protection to agriculture;” we cannot doubt that this discussion must be among the earliest which will come on, and that it is not too soon to begin to consider by what means it may be prevented from becoming a source of disunion among the Reformers, and of strength to the Conservatives, by rallying round the standard of Anti-reform in general, the enemies of one particular Reform.

An opportunity now offers itself, such as does not occur once in a century, and which might seem as if sent on purpose to carry England safely through this difficult passage.

The cry is now irresistible for the extinction of Tithes. There is not a rational person throughout the country, whatever be his wishes, who thinks it possible that this odious impost can exist one year longer. Now, the way to make peace for ever between the agriculturists and the manufacturers would be this:—Unite the question of the Corn Laws with the question of Tithes. Throw yourselves upon the country with the boon of relief, at one stroke, from the two most flagrant of its grievances, the two most keenly felt of its burthens. Come with the Tithe in one hand—the freedom of the Corn Trade in the other: hold out the one to the farmer, the other to the manufacturer. A minister who should thus act, would save the country from its worst chance of prolonged intestine divisions, himself from a perilous shoal on which even a strong administration can with difficulty avoid being wrecked, and would obtain a new lease of public confidence, which would enable him, with ordinary good sense and good intention, to retain as long as he pleased the control of the movement in his own hands.

These two questions, of which policy so strongly dictates the union, are besides in their own nature so intimately allied, that no philo-

sophical statesman would ever think of looking at either of the two, except with immediate reference to the other.

The people of England are supplied with food by two channels—home production, and importation. Both are taxed: what is Tithe, but a tax on the home growth? What are the Corn Laws, but a tax on the importation?—Now, it is not only admitted by every one whose opinion is worth counting, but is obvious to the merest tyro in the principles of commerce, that these two modes of procuring corn, if taxed at all, ought to be taxed exactly alike. To lay any burthen exclusively on either of the two, is to tax the community for the sake of a factitious encouragement to the other. If, for instance, there were a Tithe, and no Corn Laws, the effect would be to force an importation, when additional food might be grown with less labour from our own soil. If, again, there were Corn Laws, and no Tithe, there would be virtually a bounty on home production; forcing cultivation on bad soils to raise a portion of food which the nation could obtain with a less expenditure of labour and capital by importation.

Accordingly, the only argument among those urged in favour of Corn Laws, to which a thinking man would pay the slightest regard, is the existence of Tithe, or of other burthens on the cultivation of the soil, generally, but erroneously, supposed to be analogous to Tithe. Take away the Tithe, and there is not a word to be said for the Corn Laws; but take away the Tithe, leaving the Corn Laws, and you add just so much to their pressure. Every weight taken off the shoulders of one of two competitors is tantamount to laying an exactly equal burthen upon the other.

Only consider how all the practical difficulties of both questions will be alleviated by disposing of them in conjunction. What, in truth, is the leading objection felt by every one to the total extinction of Tithes? The fear lest what is taken from the clergymen should be merely given to the landlord. To obviate this (a consequence which all agree in deprecating), fifty cumbersome, and troublesome, and uncertain contrivances have been thought of and propounded, for not abolishing but *commuting* the Tithe into a land-tax, or rent-charge, to be collected on account of the Church or on account of the State. All this operose machinery is but needless perplexity. For giving the benefit of the remission of Tithe to the consumer, instead of the landlord, there is a far simpler way. Abolish the Corn Laws.—That is the true commutation of Tithe. Do away with both the bread-taxes, utterly and at once. Let the Tithe disappear and be no more heard of. A provision, of course, must be made for lay impropiators and existing incumbents; at present, too, the time has not yet come when the endowments of the Church of England will be cut down to the value of the Church lands: some equivalent, probably, will

this time be given to the clergy, for at least a portion of the Tithe. Let these expenses, then, be borne by the nation at large. Let them be included in the estimates of every session, with the other yearly expenses; or let stock to the necessary amount be created for the purpose, and placed, as Lord Henley proposes, in the name of a Parliamentary commission. To grudge such a price for the repeal of the Corn Laws, would be that penny-wisdom which is pound-foolishness. The penny, it is true, may be taken before your face, and the pound behind your back: yet a penny is but a penny, and a pound is a pound.

This course, it will be found, and no other, will do justice to all. Yet, instead of being intricate, it is the simplest—instead of being difficult of execution, it is the easiest and most commodious—of all means of adjustment which have been proposed. It has the advantage, rare among reforms, that it alienates no one, not even those who profited by the abuse, since the redress of one wrong is made to operate as an indemnity to those who would suffer by the removal of another.

The agriculturist, indeed, if the matter were propounded in the abstract, might question the sufficiency of the compensation. But they could scarcely do so when their attention was drawn to the fact, to how very low a fixed duty the present Corn Law is equivalent. The whole of the wheat which has been imported since the act of 1828 came into force, has paid, on an average, not more than 6s. 6d. per quarter. The Tithe, if it were exacted in full, would, at the present average prices, be about an equal sum. It is not so, we know, in fact; because much of the land of the United Kingdom is either tithe-free or under a *modus*, and because the parson seldom obtains his full dues. But the inconvenience and annoyance, and litigation arising from the tax in its present form, are of themselves a substantive burthen upon the occupation of a farmer, at least sufficient, we cannot but suppose, to make up all that the Tithe falls short of a full tenth of the produce. The gain of the Tithe, then, would be a full equivalent, both to the landlord and the farmer, for the loss of the Corn Laws: while, in common with the entire community, they would gain in the cheapness of their food, and the impulse given to the industry and wealth of the country; and the farmer, as a capitalist, would gain in addition, along with other capitalists, in the greater facility of maintaining his labourers.

With the exception of Tithe, there are no peculiar burthens on the growth of food which can form a reasonable pretext for keeping up a peculiar tax upon its importation.

The poor-rates are often erected into such a pretext, but improperly; as is apparent for several reasons:—

In the first place, a free trade in corn, by cheapening food, will reduce the burthen of the poor-rates. Take away the Corn Laws then,

and you take away, to a very great extent, the argument for having Corn Laws.

Secondly, if the poor-rates press more severely on the agriculturists than on other people, why is this? Solely because in the purely agricultural parishes the condition of the poor is worst, and those abuses of the poor-laws which have pauperised and demoralised the labouring classes have there been carried to the highest pitch. But of these abuses the landlords themselves, in their capacity of magistrates, have been the authors. They have no right to come upon the general public for indemnity from the consequences of their own ignorance and imprudence.

Then, too, as they have been the causes of their own burthens, which by means of Corn Laws they now strive to shift off upon other people, so it rests with them, by reversing the cause which did the mischief, to undo it: either by a more judicious exercise of their power, or, (and to that they must at last come) by abdicating their functions into the hands of wiser men. We know from the best authority, that the inquiries recently made by the Poor Law Commission have ascertained that, in the very worst districts of the worst counties in England, parishes exist, where the exertions even of our wise and energetic country gentleman or clergyman have sufficed not only to correct the maladministration, and greatly diminish the amount, of the rates, but in a few years actually to unpauperise the whole labouring population. If this can be done in one parish, it can in another. Let the landlords then bestir themselves, or make way for better men; and cease to plead, as an argument for taxing every one who lives by bread (and putting the money into their own pockets), the enormity of a burthen which owes its very existence to their mismanagement, and which will continue to press upon them so long and no longer than that mismanagement shall endure.

As for the county rates, to claim "protection" on that score is absurd; other people pay for roads, and gaols, and paving, and lighting, and police, as well as the landlords, and are not disposed to pay for themselves and the landlords too. We shall be told, perhaps, of the land-tax; but the landlords have no more title to be indemnified for that than for their debts. It is not a tax taken from the landlords, for they never had it. They bought their estates subject to that deduction from the income. The land-tax is a rent-charge in favour of the State, which is to that extent a co-proprietor in the soil. Besides, if the landlords bring to account every trifle they pay to the State, we on our side must be permitted to raise up in judgment against them every thing that they do not pay. They have exempted their land from the legacy duty,—a heavy tax, which is levied upon all other property without exception.—This fact ought to stop their mouths whenever they presume to talk of their peculiar burthens.

Our conviction is, that if Tithes were abo-

the simultaneous removal of the present import duties (which we regard as little if anything more than an equivalent for the Tithe) would not increase the importation of corn in a perceptible degree—would not throw a single acre out of cultivation, or a single agricultural labourer out of employment. But if the event should prove otherwise, the course of good sense and justice would be plain. Let it be ascertained what are the parishes which, from the prevalence of poor soils or other causes, had suffered by the change. Let it be found out in what parishes the rates had greatly and suddenly increased, without any assignable cause except the repeal of the Corn Laws.—Wherever this fact could be established, the State ought to relieve that parish from this artificial increase of its poor, and should either assist them to emigrate, locate them on waste lands, or provide for them other permanent employment, if any more eligible can be found.—To do that for labourers pauperised by a salutary reform, which it has so often been in contemplation to do for the whole surplus labouring population, is what no person with any pretensions to reason will, we presume, object to.

There is thus every imaginable motive for joining in one great scheme of national policy these three measures—the extinction of Tithe, the total abolition of the Corn Laws, and a vote of credit for the emigration of unemployed labourers, with the alternative of home colonisation. And to this, as part of a suitable programme of the approaching session, we invite the attention of public men.

We are fully satisfied that it would be the part of true prudence to face all the three questions at once. Such, however, is rarely the prudence of practical legislators. From those in whose hands the destinies of England are for the moment placed (though they are not worse, but, on the contrary, far better than the generality of public men,) we wish rather than hope for any of the wisdom of which boldness is an ingredient. We have our fears, that, shrinking from the difficulty of dealing with more than one question at a time, they will look only at half a question at a time; will never see where one reform would impede, and where, on the contrary, it would help another; and they will never accomplish any thing but some paltry botching, which will require to be undone in a future session by themselves or others—something which, instead of calming agitation, will prolong it—instead of settling men's minds, will keep them unsettled, until they insist upon settling every thing in their own way. An exaggerated dread of innovation at this crisis, may adjourn the possibility of a stable government in England for an indefinite period.

But let us, in all conscience, see before we decide: let no man be condemned untried. A great change in the constitution should make a tabula rasa of past conduct and professions, and give every statesman who chooses to claim it,

a clean character to set up with. Such a character the present ministers shall have with our hearty good will: but beware the first spot!*

From the Athenæum.

C. R. LESLIE, R. A.

LESLIE stands high in the rank of our painters of domestic scenes, or subjects connected with life and manners. He is all nature, not common, but select—all life, not muscular, but mental. He delights in delineating the social affections, in lending lineament and hue to the graceful duties of the fireside. No one sees with a truer eye the exact form which a subject should take; and no one surpasses him in the rare art of inspiring it with sentiment and life. He is always easy, elegant, and impressive: he studies all his pictures with great care, and, perhaps, never puts a pencil to the canvas till he has painted the matter mentally, and can see it before him shaped out of air. He is full of quiet vigour: he approaches Wilkie in humour, Stothard in the delicacy of female loveliness, and has a tenderness and pathos altogether his own. His action is easy: there is no straining: his men are strong in mind, without seeming to know it, and his women have sometimes an alluring *naïveté*, and unconscious loveliness of look, such as no other painter rivals.

It is so easy to commit extravagance—to make men and women wave their arms like windmill wings, and look with all their might—nay, we see this so frequently done by artists who believe all the while that they are marvellously strong in things mental—that we are glad to meet with a painter who lets nature work in a gentler way, and who has the sense to see that violence is not dignity, nor extravagance loftiness of thought. We could instance many of the works of Leslie in confirmation of this: nor are his pictures which reflect the manners and feelings of his native America more natural or original than those which delineate the sentiments of his adopted land. In this he differs from the best American writers: they are strong upon transatlantic earth, but the moment they set their foot upon British ground, their spirit languishes, and much of their original vigour expires. We are inclined, indeed, to look upon some of Leslie's English pictures as superior even to those which the remembrance of his native land has awakened. Roger de Coverley going to church amid his Parishioners—Uncle Toby looking into the dangerous eye of the pretty Widow

* Since this was written, Lord Althorp, in an election speech, has declared it to be his opinion that the Corn Laws ought not to be reconsidered in the approaching Session.

We have much confidence in the goodness of Lord Althorp's intentions; but if this be a sample of the judgment, and power of appreciating his position, with which those good intentions are to be carried into effect, all our fears are more than verified.

Wadman, and sundry others, are all marked with the same nature and truth, and exquisite delicacy of feeling. He touches on the most perilous topics, but always carries them out of the region of vulgarity into the pure air of genius. It is in this fine sensibility that the strength of Wilkie and Leslie lies: there is a true decorum of nature in all they do: they never pursue an idea into extravagance, nor allow the characters which they introduce to over-act their parts. In this Leslie differs from Fuseli, who, with true poetic perception of art, seldom or ever made a true poetic picture: Leslie goes the proper length, and not one step farther; but Fuseli, in his poetic race, always ran far past the winning-post, and got into the regions of extravagance and absurdity. When Leslie painted Sancho Panca relating his adventures to the Duchess, he exhibited the sly humour and witty cunning of the Squire in his face, and added no action: when Fuseli painted the Wives of Windsor thrusting Falstaff into the bucking-basket, he represented Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page as half-flying: the wild energy with which they do their mischievous ministering, is quite out of character with nature, with Shakspeare, and with the decorum of the art.

The pictures of Leslie are a proof of the fancy and poetry which lie hidden in ordinary things, till a man of genius finds them out. With much of a Burns-like spirit, he seeks subjects in scenes where they would never be seen by ordinary men. Some of his brethren single out nothing but the most magnificent themes for the pencil, as if their object was to show how low their flight is, compared to the height which the matter requires; but it is the pleasure of Leslie to take such subjects as are fit for mortal skill to delineate—which are out of the common road, because they are common, and to treat them in a way which surprises us with unexpected pleasures, and far exceeds our hope. His judgment is equal to his genius. His colouring is lucid and harmonious; and the character which he impresses is stronger still than his colouring. He tells his story without many figures: there are no mobs in his compositions: he inserts nothing for the sake of effect: all seems as natural to the scene as the leaf is to the tree. His pictures from Washington Irving are excellent: 'Ichabod Crane' haunts us; 'Dutch Courtship' is ever present to our fancy; 'Anthony Van Corlear leaving his Mistresses for the Wars' is both ludicrous and affecting; 'The Dutch Fire-side,' with the negro telling a ghost story is capital, and 'Philip, the Indian Chief, deliberating,' is a figure worthy of Lysippus.

We wish Leslie would seek more than he does for subjects in the poetry of the country: there are more of nature to suit his feelings in the songs of Scotland alone than would form a gallery. The images contained in that splendid minstrelsy are defined and graphic, and are of all characters and kinds: all is limned visibly to the eye: you see men's faces, and hear them

speaking—nay, the very place where the story is laid is given, to the life. An artist would have really less to do in giving shape and colour to these vivid embodiments of the northern muse than in making pictures where he had to provide all that is to render them beautiful. We are induced to point to the north for another reason than the exquisite lyrics of Caledonia: Leslie, we are told, is of Scottish extraction, and has a liking to "Albyn's hills of wind." But we have no wish to lure his mind wholly from his native America, to which his genius is an honour: there are poets across the Atlantic whose strains abound with pictures according to his spirit. Let him paint what he likes—and what he likes alone: he can do nothing that will be unwelcome. We may look for many paintings from his hand, for he is but a young man.

From the Athenæum.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.*

WE announced the promised appearance of this work some time since—and, in common, we suspect, with many others, have been rather curious to see what sort of a volume our "Friends" would produce. We certainly had not anticipated anything quite so gay as green and gold. Let us, however, acknowledge, at once that it does great credit to all parties; there are but two illustrations, but they are both good, and the 'View of Rokeby' is most elaborately engraved by Miller; the literature is throughout respectable, and some papers are excellent. The Howitts, Bernard Barton, Sarah Stickney, Amelia Opie, J. H. Wiffen, Thomas Doubleday, J. J. Gurney, and H. F. Chorley, are among the known contributors; but there are clever papers by persons unknown in the literary world, and we should refer in proof to 'A Day among the Alps,' by T. G. Ward, and 'Lord Dudley's Lime Quarries,' by P. M. James.

There is one passage in 'George Fox and his Contemporaries,' by William Howitt, which we must extract:—

"The greatness of George Fox is of so striking and unequivocal a character, that whosoever has greatness in himself, cannot fail at once to discover and acknowledge it in him. For my own part, as a member of that religious society which was founded through his instrumentality, I may be considered as a partial judge; but I do not hesitate to avow, and they who know me will testify to the truth of the assertion, that I am, by no means, an admirer of any sect, as such. I am disposed rather to believe, that we carry our attachment to particular parties in the christian church, to an extent injurious to the interests of that universal church, and thus become habitually prouder of our particular badges and opinions, than zealous

* A Literary Annual. Edited by Members of the Society of Friends. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Emport. London: Tait.

for the simple truth of Christ. I, for one, should rejoice to see the day when all sects should be merged in one wide and tolerant church, which should demand of its members no test, no title to admission, but an honest avowal of their belief in God, and in Jesus Christ, as his Son, and the Saviour of the world; leaving to every one the same liberty of shaping his opinions on the doctrines of the New Testament, by the light of his own judgment, and by that of the Universal Spirit which dictated the sacred writings, as we claim in all other matters. This is my idea of the liberty of the Gospel. The christian world once arrived at this temper, we should see all sects and parties fade into nothing, and the cause of a thousand discussions and heart-burnings annihilated forever. With these views, I pride myself in the principles of Friends, only in so far as they are the principles of christianity."

This is admirable; but the philosophy of the rest of the paper is much less to our liking. Mr. Howitt overlooks one great and universal truth, that persecution and fanaticism are twin brothers.

We shall conclude by transferring to our pages a sweet little poem by Mrs. Stickney.

The Brook and the Bird.

BIRD.

Little brook that windest
On thy noisy way,
Tell me if thou findest
Pleasure all the day!
Art thou ever roaming
Where the woods are green,
Thy bright waters foaming
Flowery banks between?

BROOK.

No! through distant meadows
I must on my way;
Not for evening shadows
Would I wish to stay;
Piercing as I wander
Many a silent cell,
While my streams meander
Through the gloomy dell.

BIRD.

When the winds are howling
O'er thy silver breast,
And the skies are scowling,
Findest thou no rest?
Hast thou not a cavern
For thy nightly home,
Like a peaceful haven,
Where no wild winds come?

BROOK.

No! I never slumber,
Never want the light;
But I watch and number
Every star of night;
Marking all the beauty
Of the heavenly throng,
Mingling joy and duty,
As I glide along.

BIRD.

When the tempest lowering
On the distant hills,
Sends the torrent pouring
Down thy gentle rills;
Art thou still believing
Storms will cease to be,
Never, never, grieving,
O'er the change in thee?

BROOK.

No! and for this reason,
Will I know no fear,
Each returning season
Comes with every year,
Thus I'm never weary
Of the sleet and rain;
Winter winds are dreary,
But summer smiles again.

From the London Literary Gazette.

GODWIN'S CALEB WILLIAMS.

AN author's own history of his production is always interesting; we shall therefore give Mr. Godwin's account of the "concoction" of *Caleb Williams* nearly entire.

"I formed a conception of a book of fictitious adventure, that should in some way be distinguished by a very powerful interest. Pursuing this idea, I invented first the third volume of my tale, then the second, and last of all the first. I bent myself to the conception of a series of adventures of flight and pursuit; the fugitive in perpetual apprehension of being overwhelmed with the worst calamities, and the pursuer, by his ingenuity and resources, keeping his victim in a state of the most fearful alarm. This was the project of my third volume. I was next called upon to conceive a dramatic and impressive situation adequate to account for the impulse that the pursuer should feel, incessantly to alarm and harass his victim, with an inextinguishable resolution never to allow him the least interval of peace and security. This I apprehended could best be effected by a secret murder, to the investigation of which the innocent victim should be impelled by an unconquerable spirit of curiosity. The murderer would thus have a sufficient motive to persecute the unhappy discoverer, that he might deprive him of peace, character, and credit, and have him for ever in his power. This constituted the outline of my second volume. The subject of the first volume was still to be invented. To account for the fearful events of the third, it was necessary that the pursuer should be invested with every advantage of fortune, with a resolution that nothing could defeat or baffle, and with extraordinary resources of intellect. Nor could my purpose of giving an overpowering interest to my tale be answered, without his appearing to have been originally endowed with a mighty store of amiable dispositions and virtues, so that his being driven to the first

act of murder should be judged worthy of the deepest regret, and should be seen in some measure to have arisen out of his virtues themselves. It was necessary to make him, so to speak, the tenant of an atmosphere of romance, so that every reader should feel prompted almost to worship him for his high qualities. Here were ample materials for a first volume. I felt that I had a great advantage in thus carrying back my invention from the ultimate conclusion to the first commencement of the train of adventures upon which I purposed to employ my pen. An entire unity of plot would be the infallible result; and the unity of spirit and interest in a tale truly considered, gives it a powerful hold on the reader, which can scarcely be generated with equal success in any other way. I devoted about two or three weeks to the imagining and putting down hints for my story, before I engaged seriously and methodically in its composition. In these hints I began with my third volume, then proceeded to my second, and last of all grappled with the first. I filled two or three sheets of demy writing-paper, folded in octavo, with these memorandums. They were put down with great brevity, yet explicitly enough to secure a perfect recollection of their meaning, within the time necessary for drawing out the story at full, in short paragraphs of two, three, four, five, or six lines each. I then sat down to write my story from the beginning. I wrote for the most part but a short portion in any single day. I wrote only when the afflatus was upon me. I held it for a maxim, that any portion that was written when I was not fully in the vein, told for considerably worse than nothing. Idleness was a thousand times better in this case than industry against the grain. Idleness was only time lost; and the next day, it may be, was as promising as ever. It was merely a day perished from the calendar. But a passage written feebly, flatly, and in a wrong spirit, constituted an obstacle that it was next to impossible to correct and set right again. I wrote therefore by starts; sometimes for a week or ten days not a line. Yet all came to the same thing in the sequel. On an average a volume of 'Caleb Williams' cost me four months, neither less nor more. It must be admitted, however, that during the whole period, bating a few intervals, my mind was in a high state of excitement. I said to myself a thousand times, 'I will write a tale that shall constitute an epoch in the mind of the reader; that no one, after he has read it, shall ever be exactly the same man that he was before.' I put these things down just as they happened, and with the most entire frankness. I know that it will sound like the most pitiable degree of self-conceit. But such perhaps ought to be the state of mind of an author when he does his best. At any rate, I have said nothing of my vain-glorious impulse for nearly forty years. When I had written about seven-tenths of the first volume, I was prevailed upon by the ex-

trema importunity of an old and intimate friend to allow him the perusal of my manuscript. On the second day he returned it with a note to this purpose: 'I return you your manuscript, because I promised to do so. If I had obeyed the impulse of my own mind, I should have thrust it in the fire. If you persist, the book will infallibly prove the grave of your literary fame.' I doubtless felt no implicit deference for the judgment of my friendly critic: yet it cost me at least two days of deep anxiety before I recovered the shock. Let the reader picture to himself my situation. I felt no implicit deference for the judgment of my friendly critic; but it was all I had for it. This was my first experiment of an unbiassed decision. It stood in the place of all the world to me. I could not, and I did not feel disposed to appeal any farther. If I had, how could I tell that the second and third judgment would be more favourable than the first? Then what would have been the result? No; I had nothing for it but to wrap myself in my own integrity. By dint of resolution I became invulnerable. I resolved to go on to the end, trusting as I could to my own anticipations of the whole, and bidding the world wait its time before it should be admitted to the consult. I began my narrative, as is the more usual way, in the third person. But I speedily became dissatisfied. I then assumed the first person, making the hero of my tale his own historian; and in this mode I have persisted in all my subsequent attempts at works of fiction. It was infinitely the best adapted, at least, to my vein of delineation, where the thing in which my imagination revelled the most freely, was the analysis of the private and internal operations of the mind, employing my metaphysical dissecting knife in tracing and laying bare the involutions of motive, and recording the gradually accumulating impulses, which led the personages I had to describe primarily to adopt the particular way of proceeding in which they afterwards embarked. When I had determined on the main purpose of my story, it was ever my method to get about me any productions of former authors that seemed to bear on my subject. I never entertained the fear, that in this way of proceeding I should be in danger of severely copying my predecessors. I imagined that I had a vein of thinking that was properly my own, which would always preserve me from plagiarism. I read other authors, that I might see what they had done, or, more properly, that I might forcibly hold my mind and occupy my thoughts in a particular train, I and my predecessors travelling in some sense to the same goal, at the same time that I struck out a path of my own, without ultimately heeding the direction they pursued, and disdaining to inquire whether by any chance it for a few steps coincided or did not coincide with mine. Thus, in the instance of Caleb Williams, I read over a little old book, entitled the *Adventures of Mademoiselle de St. Phale*, a French

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Protestant in the times of the fiercest persecution of the Huguenots, who fled through France in the utmost terror, in the midst of eternal alarms and hair-breadth escapes, having her quarters perpetually beaten up, and by scarcely any chance finding a moment's interval of security. I turned over the pages of a tremendous compilation, entitled, *God's Revenge against Murder*, where the beam of the eye of Omniscience was represented as perpetually pursuing the guilty, and laying open his most hidden retreats to the light of day. I was extremely conversant with the *Newgate Calendar*, and the *Lives of the Pirates*. In the mean time no works of fiction came amiss to me, provided they were written with energy. The authors were still employed upon the same mine as myself, however different was the vein they pursued: we were all of us engaged in exploring the entrails of mind and motive, and in tracing the various rencontres and clashes that may occur between man and man in the diversified scene of human life. I rather amused myself with tracing a certain similitude between the story of Caleb Williams and the tale of Bluebeard, than derived any hints from that admirable specimen of the terrific. Falkland was my Bluebeard, who had perpetrated atrocious crimes, which, if discovered, he might expect to have all the world roused to revenge against him. Caleb Williams was the wife, who in spite of warning, persisted in his attempts to discover the forbidden secret; and, when he had succeeded, struggled as fruitlessly to escape the consequences, as the wife of Bluebeard in washing the key of the enangrained chamber, who, as often as she cleared the stain of blood from the one side, found it showing itself with frightful distinctness on the other."

From the *Metropolitan*.

NEWSPAPER REPORTING.

THE Press has been appositely termed the fourth estate of the realm, for if it be not itself a substantive power, it is that from which the three acknowledged powers of the constitution receive their impulse and direction, and by which they are paralyzed or rendered omnipotent to good or evil. Like the upraised hand of the prophet, it can appease the hurricane of the passions, at the crisis when the social machine is ready to burst asunder; or, like the writing against the wall, it can raise the whirlwind and scatter desolation. What was effected among the ancients by oratory in the forum, or in the middle ages by religious enthusiasm and chicanery, and afterwards by the fanaticism of the pulpit, is now produced with infinitely greater power by this greatest of all modern inventions. Having laid down this basis of my future observations and deductions, it would be illogical were I to proceed any further without answering the question which must naturally

arise—what is strictly meant by the press, as the fourth estate of the realm, or as the source of vigour or decay to the other three?

Those who imagine that the public mind is materially influenced by what are termed "leading articles" in the daily or weekly newspapers, can have considered the subject but very superficially, and can have made but shallow observations upon public life. A newspaper is a speculation involving immense and incessant hazards to a large capital, and requiring a quick and very great return, in order to bear the heavy and interminable demands upon it. Of all descriptions of property it is the most fluctuating and insecure, and consequently, the copy-right or proprietorship fetches but a few years' purchase in the market. A newspaper, therefore, must be guided by the current of public opinion, or it must be the mere organ of a party, and in no case can it advance much before the spirit of the age. Men, therefore, resort to leading articles of newspapers, for the gratification of their predilections, and of their sentiments already formed, or they are read as matters of business by the partisans of the adverse faction. There is no species of writing that has so little effect in convincing the judgment, or in forming the opinions of the community. I recollect no instance of a newspaper's obtaining decided success by means of leading articles of pre-eminent merit, exclusive of a character for general intelligence, and for some superiority in its miscellaneous matter; but the instances are numerous of papers obtaining the greatest circulation by dint of these last two characteristics, notwithstanding their leading articles were universally acknowledged to be beneath contempt. Where a newspaper is good in all these points, success still depends upon the dexterity with which its leading articles are adapted to the prevailing sentiments, and upon the adroitness with which they ebb or flow, or shift according to the changes in the force or direction of the current.

The part of the press that forms the public mind to receive the political matter of a newspaper is of a very different description, and it is curious to watch how it precedes the spirit of its times, and gradually raises all around it to its own exalted level. From the primer to the most erudite class of work, a change is in perpetual progress, and that change is an unerring barometer of the progressive improvement of society. The most celebrated works of one age often sink in the succeeding age into positive contempt or obloquy, whilst others rise from infamy into permanent fame.

Many of the works of Locke, at the time of their publication, were considered by far more infamous than were the writings of Thomas Paine, thirty years ago. Bishop Warburton thought that by one contemptuous sneer he had consigned Hume's essays to oblivion; but the essays go through edition after edition. The disappearance of Gibbon's second volume from libraries indicates either the pious fraud of

withdrawing the dangerous matter from circulation, or the eagerness of persons to possess the knowledge they desire even by dishonest means. Middleton's Essay on Miracles is read by every scholar, whilst the names of his antagonists are all of them that are remembered. Who does not recollect the efforts to write down Bentham, and to make his publications ridiculous, and yet they have worked their way through the principal languages of Europe. Many of our readers would be surprised at the religious and political books which find their way into our colleges in despite of anathemas, and which are more read than the works not prohibited. At Cambridge this murring sign of the times has been deeply deplored. Such facts are indicia of the "march of intellect," of the progress of the public mind, beyond which a newspaper in its political writing must not proceed, and with which few scarcely dare to keep pace.

That part of newspapers which may be strictly termed the fourth estate of the realm, and which directs, and eventually governs king, lords, and commons, is nothing more than the branch composed of reports. Reporting forms the mirror which reflects the thoughts and actions of men in all their infinite varieties and shades of good and evil, of greatness and degeneracy. It illustrates practically the working of every institution, and the effects of every doctrine, study, and speculative opinion. It is a perpetual stimulant to improvement in every function of the intellect, and engenders from experiment and illustration a public opinion and a fixed resolve, by which kings, lords, and commons must guide their deliberations, and fix their conduct.

The utility of reporting is as incalculable as its effects are universal; and perhaps that which is deemed the most humble of its class, is the most useful. The police report is the poor man's law book, and but too often his only code of morals in his worldly dealings. It imparts the most useful of legal information to the middle, and even to the upper classes; it is a source of the prevention and detection of crime above all contrivances of laws and police; it is an astonishing type of the infinite aberrations of the heart and mind, under every variety of circumstance and caprice of fortune; and above all, it is the copious source of mercy and benevolence to the poor, for it acquaints the affluent with the unspeakable sufferings of the miserable, and teaches pomp to take physic, and to "learn to feel what wretches feel." Our police reports often reflect the highest honour upon our nature, for I have known them to exhibit the firmest integrity, the most tender kindness and generosity, and even the most sensitive delicacy, amidst a class whose habits and sufferings from poverty might well lead to a supposition that they were rendered impervious to all but coarse and selfish feelings. It is from this, and many other reasons, that I regret so often to see police reports made the vehicles of ribald

jest and low buffoonery, in which the sufferings of the poor are turned to heartless ridicule. Vice is never forgotten in its woe, but the humourous and harmless peculiarities of the lower orders, the legitimate sources of wit and a fund of amusement, too often escape the obtuse reporter. It must be observed, that police reporters form no part of the aristocracy of the reporting corps. They are paid by the piece, at a penny or three half-pence, or sometimes at two-pence, a line, and are seldom attached to the establishment of any respectable newspaper. They have no communication with the parliamentary reporters, and even the persons of each class are seldom known to each other. Perhaps the hauteur and jealousy of the different classes of reporters, may remind the reader of Sheridan's joke of the quarrel between the ladies for precedence, which was settled by the order in which the articles of their husband's trades were put upon the dinner table, and in which "tobacco came last of all." But this mode of paying police reporters produces a singular feature in the profession. It acts as a bounty upon long reports, and engenders every vice of composition. The police reporter spins out his account of the proceedings before the magistrate to a length beyond conception, and multiplying his copies by the polygraph, upon the silver paper, they are sent to the different newspapers *ad captandum*. Those that are so fortunate as to be purchased, are then abridged, and the average proportion of length between the original, or "FLIMSY," as it is called in newspaper technicology, and the abridgment, may be stated at about twenty to one. It is obvious that the chances of the public not obtaining strictly accurate police reports are much increased by this system of business.

The greatest subject of regret is, that police reporting is the only class of reporting that has led to no direct or immediate improvement of our laws. It has, however, brought our police laws into the greatest disrepute, and prepared the public mind for a total change of principle and detail in our whole system and practice. The besetting sins of our code are, the commutation of offences for money; the rigorous, and even cruel interference of the law and police in matters purely personal, and in which society has no concern; and the total impunity which they give to conduct in which all society is deeply interested. Decisions daily reported in newspapers, are some of them such a violation of the laws of nature, such an outrage upon all rational ideas of morals and justice, that they would be incredible among the worst horde of savages that ever existed. At the moment of writing this, (Aug. 25,) the Times newspaper contains a police report, in which the magistrate at Marlborough Street is made to complain, that the convenient decisions of police magistrates, in a description of cases more deeply affecting the morals and happiness of all classes, but especially of the poor, than any other, have all been set aside by a decision

of Lord Tenterden in the Court of King's Bench. But for this Marlborough Street report, it would have appeared to me impossible, that any man not absolutely insane or depraved beyond conception, could have made a decision contrary to that of the chief justice of the Court of King's Bench. His lordship's decision was simply, "that no man could be compelled by law, to support a wife and pay her debts, whilst she was cohabiting with a paramour who had seduced her from his arms." A foreigner would naturally be at fault to conceive out of what class of society English magistrates are selected—what education could produce in English gentlemen such abhorrent notions, or how any man of honour or common honesty, could hold a place which compelled him to a practice now set at naught by the chief justice of the kingdom. It is due to Sir Peter Laurie to say, that, to the horror of his brother magistrates, he preceded the lord chief justice in this obviously sound decision.

In the courts of equity, and in the three superior courts of law, the reporting is generally performed, for the morning papers at least, by barristers, at from three to five guineas a week. The ecclesiastical courts are but little attended to. Trials at assize are reported by barristers, or by the parliamentary reporters, specially sent for the purpose by the newspapers from their respective establishments, during the vacations of parliament. These persons are not permitted to charge above a guinea per diem, with their expenses of stage or postchaise hire; and in cases where their established salary is not continued during their journey, their rate of remuneration does not exceed that of the lowest class of travellers for the lowest of the commercial houses.

Almost all the community derive from newspaper reports, all the knowledge they possess of the laws of the country in which they live, on which all they possess is at stake. They are with many lawyers a principal, and with all a very material source of professional knowledge. "The deeper still" in "the lowest depth" of pandemonium, is not more in contrast to "the high empyreum of heaven," than is our constitution, as laid down in theory by Blackstone, compared to the working, the practical effects, immediate and distant, of our laws, as exhibited in the newspaper reports of the term and nisi prius cases in our courts, civil, criminal, and of equity. Few but professional men read Blackstone to understand him; and none, I presume, understand him, without execrating the prostitution of his fine, though far from profound talents, to his one sole object, of sacrificing society to those in possession of power, by proving that "whatever is right." Bentham execrated his selfish design, and shunned his lectures. Were they to be delivered now, they would be shunned by many, even in the heart of Toryism. By the reports of law cases in newspapers, the public mind has been instructed in monstrous vices and absurdities in our laws

and law courts, and has been prepared for those great changes which have already commenced, and which will soon produce such mighty and beneficial effects throughout society. In this case, as much as in any other, the press—the reporting branch of the press—has proved itself the fourth and most potent estate of the realm, compelling kings, lords, and commons, to bow to the public sense which it has created.

The next, and highest branch of the reporting business, is that of giving to the people reports of the debates and proceedings in both Houses of Parliament. In this, reporting is carried to an astonishing degree of perfection. It exhibits, beyond all precedent or existing example, the excellence which is produced, as a matter of course, or in natural and almost unavoidable result, from competition in a free and open market. It is essential to lay great stress upon this fact, for many persons, chiefly vain and disappointed members of the Commons, now entertain the idea that the House could take the reporting of its debates and proceedings into its own hands. No notion could be more preposterous in theory, or more futile if attempted to be put into practice. The scheme, however, has been already formed, conned, and digested. The first attempt to reduce it to operation, would afford a most remarkable illustration of the bad effects of monopoly, and of its inability to compete with a collision of intellect and exertion in an open arena. The monopoly, moreover, would be of the very worst class; for it would be exposed to the incessant variations produced in it by the vanity, the ignorance, the selfishness, the local interests, party designs, and personal objects of a whole legion of directors, all pulling different ways, and not one of them pulling the same way for two months consecutively.

To pursue the subject, let us suppose the scheme carried into effect, and the House of Commons furnished with its regular establishment of reporters, seated behind or around the Speaker's chair, as they were in the French National Assembly. The House, in the first instance, would be obliged to resort to the old and barbarous law of rendering it a penal breach of privilege for any stranger to take a note of what occurred or was said within the walls of parliament. If this law of parliament, so utterly repugnant to the spirit of the age, so utterly subversive of the reigning principle of the stewardship of representation—could not be strictly enforced, the parliamentary corps would be soon reduced to ciphers, by the flux of vigorous antagonists, stimulated by competition in the gallery. The public would fly to the reports of the latter corps, and would reject the others as *ex parte* statements, influenced by interested speakers—a mere got-up and partial report by *employés*, instead of a fair communication to the people of the conduct of their representatives. But let me suppose this scheme of the House reporting its

own debates, in full enjoyment of its monopoly. What would be the effects?

The first consequence would be the incalculable increase of speaking, and the impossibility of the House getting through the business of parliament, even if the session were to last the whole year. Much of this effect has already been produced by the Mirror of Parliament. Members who speak so badly, that they now despair of appearing in print, and therefore abstain from annoying the House, would be on their legs upon petitions, upon every thing relating to their local interests, and upon every subject that could obtain for them popularity in their neighbourhoods, or general notice. This would have its effect of multiplying petitions from every village large enough to give an attorney hopes of the job of drawing up a petition, and procuring signatures; and to use the hyperbole of St. John, nor the world itself would be large enough to hold the books or journals, if *verbatim* reports were to be printed of such debates.

It is almost superfluous to add, that the printing of such reports would be totally incompatible with the size and with the nature of a newspaper. Each paper would have to keep an establishment in order to abridge, select, alter, and put in form the polygraph reports which might be supplied to it by the House. The speeches would thus pass through two hands, or a double process, instead of coming, as at present, fresh from the reporter's slips to the compositor. The chances therefore of inaccuracy, and of losing all the spirit of the originals, would be multiplied, and neither the members nor the public would be much benefited. The debates, by no possibility of contrivance, could be given by a newspaper at their present length, unless the publication were delayed till mid-day.

The complaints against reporting, and the idea of this mode of remedy, have arisen from the disappointment of certain members, at not being reported *verbatim*, or at a length commensurate with their own estimates of their oratorical importance. I have personally known some of the greatest speakers, and especially Mr. Canning, to declare their astonishment at the perfection to which reporting is now carried, and their admiration at the accuracy with which their speeches have appeared in the papers; but except such stars, I have seldom known a member to be satisfied with a report of his speech: their longing, lingering look is after *verbatim* reports.

Than this wish, nothing can be more posterous. The public would indeed be surprised at a *verbatim* report of a night's debate. They would construe it into a hoax, or imagine that some imp of frolic had been throwing words and sentences into most admired disorder.

The scheme of *verbatim* reporting has been tried, and with the failure it merited. When Dr. Stoddart commenced the "New Times,"

one promised improvement upon the old system of newspapers was *verbatim* reports of debates. For this purpose he hired, later about the first short-hand law reporter in London (Mr. Gurney of course excepted).

It happened that the *coup d'essai* was made upon a speech of Lord Castlereagh, the most confused speaker within the memory of man, and the most difficult for a reporter to reduce to order, or to render at all legible. His lordship scarcely ever closed a sentence. He ran them all into one, was full of tautology, wandered from his subject into something analogous, then reverted to his subject, and at a tangent flew off to something totally unconnected with it. His parentheses were as numerous as Sancho's proverbs, and unless they were well managed by the reporter, they often had the ludicrous, or sometimes the mischievous, effect of making his lordship say directly the reverse of what he intended. However, the *verbatim* report of his Lordship's speech appeared in the "New Times;" and "Laughter, holding both his sides," could scarcely have read it without bursting. His lordship conceived that some enemy had played him this "*mauvaise plaisanterie*." He sent a friend to the editor with bitter complaints: the thing was explained, and the idea of *verbatim* reporting was abandoned.

No speaker, however excellent, is without tautologies, ellipses, and sentences redundant, deficient, and confused, or occasionally unintelligible. Here and there a screw will be loose; the train of ideas will be lost, and all intended order and arrangement will wander from the mind, leaving it for a short time a chaos. It is here that a reporter's art is put to the test, to reduce every thing to order, without departing from identity—and it requires a man of intellect, of superior education, and of tact, to go along with the speaker, to identify minds with him, and to fix what he has thought rather than what he has said, by the context, and a deduction from the tenor of the particular division of the subject of the speech. The statement applies even to such men as Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, Lord Grey, Sir Francis Burdett, and all our best speakers. Without disparagement to the excellent speeches of Sir Francis, I may observe, that he puts reporting to a severe trial, for one of his sentences would fill at least a column without a full stop, and his parentheses are as numerous as the colours of the rainbow, and like them run one into the other without line of demarcation.

Manual dexterity, or rapid stenography, is not therefore the only or even the first qualification of a reporter. His pen must be that of a ready writer, but his mind must be clear and vigorous; he must have a classical education, be well versed in literature, familiar with the business of the House, and with the public affairs, and above all things, he must be well acquainted with the subject he reports. His

labour is excessive in quantity and duration, and it is of a nature to exhaust the strongest constitution, and to afflict by diseases the old age which it prematurely brings on, and leaves in a state of destitution.

If we reflect upon these facts, nothing can be more curious than the very perfect machinery of a reporting establishment; its perfection being the mere effect of the law of supply and demand in an open market.

An establishment consists, or ought to consist, of at least twelve persons, who take serially each a three-quarter's of an hour turn at the bar of the Lords, or in the gallery of the Commons. With the notes of the speeches he may have made in this period, he hastens to his office, where he writes them out in full upon slips of paper, and, as fast as each is finished, it is conveyed to the compositors. The maximum of the notes taken in this turn of three-quarter's of an hour, by the best reporter, from the most rapid speaker, if written out to the full, will fill rather more than two columns of a newspaper. To write a column occupies about two hours and a half. The reporter having thus been at the full stretch of exertion for five hours, and having occupied an hour in passing to and fro between the House and the newspaper office, is ready to take a second turn of three-quarter's of an hour, and to write out the new notes at the desk. He is called upon "*renovare dolorum*;" but this is the extreme labour of very heavy turns upon a very heavy debate. It may be the great fortune of a reporter during his "turn" to find upon his legs a slow, hesitating, dull speaker, whose speech for three-quarter's of an hour may be thrown into a half or quarter of a column, or to find a member who is inaudible in the gallery, or one whom the corps is determined shall be inaudible, or a member who is voted a bore by the House, and is deemed not worth "taking" by the reporters, or a member who is obnoxious to a particular paper, and whom the reporters of that paper are directed by the editor not to take, or to cut down as much as possible.

Notwithstanding all such abridgments and God-sends, the labour of reporting throughout a session is worse than slavery. The establishment of each paper works in a sort of revolving series, or in the manner of a cycloid. If A throws lots at the commencement of a session, and finds his turn at twelve at night, he keeps that turn during the whole week. The next week he takes a turn earlier by three-quarter's of an hour, until he progresses downwards to four o'clock, the hour at which the House meets. The succeeding week he resumes his first place at twelve o'clock, and again works down the series. By this mathematical order labour is equalized, and a perfect fairness and absolute discipline preserved. No discipline in the army or navy is so admirably strict, and it is preserved from a sense of duty and a consciousness of fair play, with the utmost harmony and the most perfect gentlemanly manners.

The most complete reporting establishment that ever existed in London, was that of the "*Morning Chronicle*" up to a few years ago; and so inimitably did the system work, that throughout the arduous labours of six sessions, with sometimes from twelve to twenty reliefs in both Houses on a night, not six instances occurred of a gentleman being after his turn more than the fraction of a minute. On other papers, where the ignorance of an editor, or perhaps his mistakenly benevolent wish to lighten the toils of those around him, or where the presumptuous insolence of pretending to know better than others, and disdaining to copy an excellent example from a paper deemed inferior, or where the perverse and malignant nature of an editor established a different order of things, confusion became interminable, imposition disgraceful, with broils and quarrels which degraded the whole service.

The greatest and most extraordinary anomaly in society is the condition of the reporters. It would puzzle all the heralds of the college to find in the kingdom any class, order, or condition of men bearing the slightest affinity to them.

Their functions are of the most important in society. They are the filters through which all the intellect and information of the country must pass—the glass through whose pure or discoloured medium the whole nation must view the greatest part of all which most deeply interests it. Talent, and a high degree of education, are essential to their duties; they must be men of integrity and of gentlemanly feeling, for their responsibility is great, and their functions often require a delicate discernment, and a nice sense of propriety. Notwithstanding this, no class of men is so little regarded—none so completely out of the pale of respectable society—none so impoverished, or so subject to mortifications, insult, and gross impositions. They owe their evils entirely to themselves.

Their power as individuals is contemptible; as a body it is, or might be, immense and irresistible. They resemble, however, the lunatics of an asylum, whose keepers derive an absolute impunity from the total want of the faculty in their patients to cohere as a body, and act in union for a common object. Grievously do they suffer for this want of instinct.

Their labours, at best destructive of health, are rendered more fatal by their want of union for common defence. On one paper (the "*Morning Chronicle*") these gentlemen toil like slaves throughout the night, in a room the pestiferous stench of which exceeds that of a dissecting room. They are assailed by the effluvia of a steam-engine, a gasometer, and the two furnaces belonging to them. At one corner of the room is a most offensive passage, and at the other, the only window by which they are ventilated, or receive direct light, opens upon an uncovered drain, through which pass the cleansings of several neighbouring

houses. The most unwholesome and decreed manufactory is fit for the dwelling of Hygeia, compared to this compound of all villanous smells. On another paper ("the Times") the night is passed in a loft, without any ceiling or covering, except the sloping tiles, and the succession of heat and cold is beyond physical endurance. In the first of these cases, by far the strongest, the mind is perplexed in the difficulty of estimating the *morale* which subjects human beings to such a lot, and that which submits to it, without a resistance which is in the power of the sufferers.

In all countries, but certainly in England more than in any other, the respectability of a class depends in the greatest degree upon the incomes to be made in it. The army or navy, law or physic, however glorious the one, or honourable the other, would sink into contempt, if the heads of it could not make more than two or three hundred per annum. Even the church, though a profession *sui generis*, would partake of this common lot. The maximum of a reporter's hire is five guineas a week.—The employment leads to nothing, except in a few instances to editorships, the tenure of which is more insecure, the duties more onerous, and the incomes still contemptible in the scale of gentility. But this paltry, wretched salary, is not the only degradation of the reporter.—He is often hired only for the session, and when the Houses are prorogued, he is cast adrift with less ceremony than a gentleman dismisses a stable-boy or body servant. If he refuse this seasonal engagement, some proprietors will agree to take him by the year, and what is the result? As the session draws to a close, they contrive to pick a hole in his coat for some error, real or imaginary, and thus get rid of him; or as agreements are only verbal, the proprietor contrives to make the contract without a witness, and puts the ill-used party upon his proof. Not a session terminates without five or six of such instances, and although they excite the utmost indignation in every individual of the corps, and although the reporters might protect themselves by acting in a body, they continue to suffer the fraud, notwithstanding it involves the whole of them in risk and degradation. The weaver or other manufacturing labourer, if he be dismissed by one master, may find employment from one of the hundred, or many hundred, master manufacturers within a few miles around him, but the market of the press is so circumscribed, that if the hapless reporter lose one engagement, he is thrown out of employ at least till the ensuing session.—Reporters altogether are underpaid, and yet the reporting market is now, as it has been for many years, the only market in England, in which the supply of labour falls short of the demand. The corps therefore have it in their power to put themselves upon a respectable footing. Their employers are absolutely at their mercy, but, as I have already observed, the reporters are for ever at shift, they there-

fore act from impulse, and are destitute of the instinct of union for self-defence.

So great is the dearth of labourers in the vineyard, that a class of persons has been introduced into the gallery of the House of Commons scarcely able to write a sentence of grammar; and the evening papers have adopted a system of employing persons altogether of an inferior description. It may afford an illustration of my meaning, when I relate that on one occasion the gallant colonel, the member for Lincoln, became poetical, and evinced his erudition by quoting the line, "We better bear the ills we have," &c. "Hills," asked the reporter of one of the first of the morning papers, "what hills can he mean?" "I don't know," replied a wag, "for he comes from a flat country—there are not many hills in Lincolnshire." "Evils, he means evils," replied a good Samaritan, who wished to put the wanderer in the right way. "Ho, evils, he means evils, does he?" rejoined the reporter; "then I better put evils, that there may be no mistake;" and thus was the gallant colonel's quotation reported in one of the principal morning papers of the metropolis, the printers having merely converted the "hills" into "evils." This is a fair specimen of a class of cheap reporters, which some of the morning, and almost all the evening papers, are introducing into the corps, some of them from the "wilds of Canaught."

Nor is this state of things at all surprising, or easily to be cured. The press of France comprises in its body men of title, of the highest rank in the empire. The proprietors and editors of the journals of France, and the *littéraires* who contribute to them, are often men of large property, of the first connexions and society in the country, and of literary celebrity. With a few exceptions, and they are very few, the political press of England is in the hands of a totally different order of men. One paper is owned by a tailor, another by a plumber and glazier, another by the son of a gentleman's footman, another by a footman, afterwards a common sailor, and another by an itinerant news-vender, who used to blow the horn about the streets. These are men absolutely illiterate, and possessing no talents. They have no idea of literary pretensions, or of mental desert, and their only idea is to get cheap labour, and to take every advantage of the employees whom poverty throws in their power, and this comprises the whole class. There are honourable exceptions to this statement, and some of the papers are both possessed and managed by men of a higher sphere of life, and of unalloyed integrity.

The better class of reporters now comprises, as it ever has done, men of a very superior character. The first of the old school were Dr. Johnson, and his successors Guthrie and Woodfall. But the present generation has had among them men of eminence—such as Mr. Stevens, the late Master in Chancery, Sir James Mack-

Mr. John Campbell, the member for Stafford, Mr. Horace Twiss, &c. &c. One of the greatest geniuses which our country can boast, once told me, that before his talents had made him affluent, he had thought of reporting for support. "And why did you not try it?" I asked. "I did," he replied, "but I could make no hand of it whatever." I may here observe, that editors have an idea that shorthand reporters are by no means the best; that they report too servilely, and lose the spirit of the speaker. My experience has not been small, and I have scarcely ever known any reporter capable of approximating to accuracy, who did not avail himself of shorthand.

This most anomalous body consists chiefly of young men studying for the bar, who eke out their means of study and of sustenance by the more humble and decried occupation of reporting. A second class consists of gentlemen at the bar who have not as yet obtained any briefs, or not at least a number sufficient for their support; or of barristers, whose total failure has made them revert to their old occupation on the press. A third class is of a very miscellaneous description: "the ruined spendthrift," "the discarded heir," the renegade priest, the half-pay officer, and the wayward gentleman, who is loose in the world, and can find nothing better to do.

Of the reporters individually, or as a body, the members of Parliament have nothing to complain. It is true that they combined not to report Mr. Spring Rice, in a session upon his speeches in which greatly depended his fate at the impending Limerick election. They likewise combined not to report Mr. Wyndham, whose excessive vanity and morbid sensibility upon the subject of his speeches were so preyed upon by the neglect, that it embittered his latter days and hastened his dissolution. Mr. Spring Rice was more manly and independent, and the unworthy combination yielded to his firmness. Such shameful combinations can never be formed again. They have not been formed against Colonel Sibthorp and Mr. George Dawson, the impugnors of the corps, and even when a malignant and unprincipled editor of a paper wished the reporters to "cut down" or to "cut" Mr. Hume, his power was honourably resisted. Nothing can possibly be more impartial than the system with respect to the members of both the Lords and Commons.—There is not throughout the kingdom any profession whatever, even if we include the most humble and obnoxious, the members of which collectively and individually are so impoverished as the reporters. Each man acts under the impulse of hard necessity, with the consciousness that he is at the mercy of the caprice, the avarice, and unfeeling, ungrateful selfishness of a task-master. The whole process of reporting is a sort of steam-labour at the highest pressure. A set of vigilant rivals are always competing in the task of making the longest, if not the best report; and if one or

more be inclined to "cut" or "cut short" a member or a subject, his neighbour has some inclination or compulsion to "take him full," and a dread of comparison in the columns of the next morning obliges the reluctant reporter to work in competition. Here, then, we find the vigour and fairness of a market thoroughly open and free; and it would be utterly vain to attempt to compete with it by a close body of House reporters, perpetually interfered with by the members.

The reporters, for want of union, are at present subject to great and real degradation, and to ludicrous insult. I know no instance of a single member of the corps leaving it for the bar, who has not at a tangent given the cut direct to all his old associates—passing them, one and all, as if he had never seen their faces—as if his new profession was really so much more honourable than his old. It seems almost impossible to add respectability to the corps, for the better members segregate themselves as individuals, and leave the general interests to be swayed by the most vulgar. The last Speaker did all in his power to treat the corps with respect, and an arrangement was made which accommodated them in the gallery of the House of Lords, free from the hustling, the turmoil, and confusion to which they are exposed in their railed crib at the bar. One reporter, however, never felt himself of so much importance as when he was spluttering and jostling in a mob. He was proud of his vocation, and fond of showing it, and under the pretence that the gallery of the Lords was not favourable to hearing, he contrived that the reporters should resume their crowded and exposed station at the bar.

In one respect, a feeling not very honourable to the body does prevail, and even among some of its most honourable members. With regard to hearing and seeing, they do not wish for better accommodation than they now possess, on the principle that greater facilities of reporting correctly would throw upon them greater responsibility, and deprive them of the excuses of a member being inaudible in the gallery, &c. &c. The House of Commons ought immediately to give to the reporters the front instead of the back row in the gallery with greater facilities of ingress and egress; and it ought to check the shameful practice, which amounts to fraud, of the door-keeper crowding the gallery to excess for the sake of his half-crown fees, taking the money for accommodation which the gallery does not afford.

The whole system of reporting is one of extreme vigour and talent. The manner in which the parliamentary reporters are sent to distant parts of the kingdom, and the rapidity with which they bring up or transmit their accurate reports of provincial proceedings, is astonishing. In the days of Dr. Johnson, a reporter sat in the gallery through a whole debate, and related from memory the heads of the speeches which the doctor put into "proper

language." Even in the time of Woodfall, one reporter sat through the whole debate and reported from memory, and yet I never knew a reporter who could report from memory even half a column worthy the name of reporting, though the affectation of reporting from memory exists to this day. During all the splendours of Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, and Grey, and whilst Wyndham, Tierney, and Whitbread, were at their zenith, no regular system or machinery of reporting existed. The reporters quarrelled among themselves as to taking turns, and avoided the most difficult speakers. They tossed up for the evil task, and these mighty giants of our oratory were reported at hap-hazard.

For the present perfect machinery of reporting, accurate and regular as the most delicate and complex piece of mechanism, the public are indebted to a reporter of the "Morning Chronicle"—a gentleman whose high breeding and delicacy, whose liberal spirit and unsullied integrity through every change and difficulty of the press, have conferred on the reporters, and upon newspaper establishments in general, a respectability which every person connected with them most highly appreciates, and is proud to acknowledge.

The reporters now include among their body men of high literary attainments, and even of literary eminence. Many of them, by all the higher distinctions of the gentleman, (in the only sense of the word in which it has any useful meaning,) would be an ornament and honour to any society of the kingdom. Their incomes, and the introduction of cheaper and more vulgar labourers among them, must be regulated by the laws of supply and demand, which regulate all open markets; but they have it in their power to regulate better a classification of their duties, and to protect themselves from those gross frauds and ungrateful returns which a few unprincipled proprietors practise upon them at the close of every session. The intellectual character of their labour, the high importance of the objects to which it is directed, and the perfect acquaintance which they acquire with all subjects of vital interest or ingenious speculation, might constitute the anomaly of a profession—the worst paid, but the most respected in the kingdom.

From the London Literary Gazette.

DISCOVERIES OF THE NORMAN NAVIGATORS, IN AFRICA, THE EAST-INDIES, AND AMERICA;

FOLLOWED BY OBSERVATIONS.

By M. Estancelin, Deputy for the Department of the Somme.

THE author of this curious volume has raised a monument to the honour of Normandy, which will draw from unjust oblivion the ancient glories of the town of Dieppe. Every Frenchman will with pleasure accompany M. E. in his la-

borious researches. We say laborious; for our local archives being all dispersed and partly destroyed during the storms of the Revolution, it is necessary to search in private collections, and even in foreign countries, for documents relative to our cities.

Our histories state that the Portuguese discovered the west coast of Africa, and were the first that visited the East-Indies, doubling the Cape of Good Hope. This is not fact: the Normans had passed the formidable Cape Horn, and had formed establishments on the Senegal, at Sierra Leone, &c., sixty years before the arrival of the Portuguese. One of the first Norman expeditions is of the year 1303: at the head of this expedition were Vallard of Dieppe, and Denis of Honfleur. This same Denis discovered a great part of Brazil.

It was the Normans who first settled in the Canary Islands. One of them governed there, with the title of king. Jean de Bethencourt, this king of the Canaries, was a native of the environs of Dieppe.

But there is something better still. A seaman of that town, Captain Cousin, anticipated by some years the celebrated discovery of the route to the East-Indies by Vasco de Gama. Cousin sailed in 1488, and returned three years afterwards. This glorious voyage was not without advantage to Normandy. Angus, a merchant of Rocan, perhaps the richest private individual of the 16th century, partly owed his fortune to the spice trade with the islands of Sunda, before other nations had pushed their mercantile speculations beyond Cape Comorin.

The collection of proofs is the really curious part of the book. Almost a century after the discoveries of Vallard, and Denis of Honfleur, on the coasts of Africa, the Spaniards sent Pietro Guirino, an experienced mariner, to see whether there were any inhabitable countries beyond Cape St. Vincent. Guirino was driven far into the ocean; he was tossed about for forty-five days in the Canary seas; and in his narrative, he says, "*Luoghi incogniti e spaventosi à tutti marinari.*" Yet the Normans reigned quietly in these unknown and frightful countries.

Another remarkable particular is the following:—In our own times, Capt. Sabine, who seems to have undertaken to study the currents of the Atlantic, mentions, as something new, that the equatorial current and that of Guinea offer the phenomenon of two parallel currents in contact with each other, running with great rapidity in opposite directions. Precisely the same remark was made 150 years earlier, by M. Carolus, agent for our African Company.

The author takes care not to forget that a Norman ship was the first that penetrated to Australia, passing through the Strait to which Magellan gave his name seventeen years afterwards. He also reminds us, that we are indebted to his countrymen for the discovery of

Newfoundland, and consequently for the little that we still possess in those seas.

Lastly, he adduces a Norman, J. B. de la Feuillade, as the first European who performed the voyage round the world, at least from west to east. The expedition of La Feuillade was in 1667.

France derived no advantage from the glorious discoveries of the Normans. The author thinks that his countrymen, desiring to keep to themselves the profitable commerce with Africa and India, refrained from publishing their discoveries, for fear of competition.—*From a French Review.*

From the Examiner.

THE PHARISEES' SABBATH.

A SOCIETY has been formed for the suppression of *Sunday Trading*. The Pharisaical spirit is betrayed curiously enough in the statement of the object. It is not *labour* on the Sabbath-day which is to be prevented, but *trade*. The motive of the distinction is easily penetrated. The employment of labour on the Sunday is necessary to ease and luxury. The coachman must put to the horses and drive the carriage to Church in the morning, and the Park after lunch. The cook must bestir herself at the grate and the stewing pans in dressing the dinner,—for no saint carries the decalogue into the kitchen, or supposes that cooks have souls to be saved; and the most fervid zeal would wax faint on cold meat. In many families the cook does double duty on Sunday, especially where his Reverence honours the host with his company. Thus a law against working on Sunday would affect the comforts of the rich, and therefore it is that the suppression of *trading* is proposed, though *trading* is not the thing expressly forbidden in the commandments. But the rich may contrive, on one day in the week, to enjoy the good things of this earth without trade, though they cannot have their ease and their pleasures without the labour of others' hands; and hence it is that the Pharisees confine themselves to the prevention of trade, and not of work. The larder may be abundantly stocked on Saturday night; the fish ordered for next day; an ordinary heedfulness for the morrow provides the fowls or the turkey, the partridges or the hare; and the ice pails will not be observed after dusk. But the servants must perform their usual tasks; and, if it be wet, the carriage must be out for Church; and if fine, a drive will quicken the appetite for the good things which the cook, "fighting with the heat of the furnace," is preparing, according to the book of Ude. Or it commonly happens that the urgent occasion for journeys, especially such as are taken to Brighton, Cheltenham, and Windsor, falls on Sundays, and then post horses are to be worked, together with postillions, helpers, &c.; and innkeepers and waiters employed, and

filled with thoughts of filthy lucre. In this case money passes, but it is not called trading, or not such trading as the Society would put down. The steam boats on the river are expressly denounced, and not a word of reprobation glances off at the strings of carriages three deep in the Vanity Fair of Hyde Park.

Extremely curious it is to observe the gross partiality with which examples of offence are selected. At the meeting of the Society for the suppression of Sunday Trading,—

The Rev. David Ruell, Chaplain of the County of Middlesex, said, that during the twenty years he had filled his present office, he had come into contact with upwards of 100,000 prisoners, and that the result of his examination of them was, that he found that not one had been committed who was not a Sabbath-breaker. He never knew a convicted felon at Newgate who, upon inquiry, did not turn out to have been a notorious Sabbath-breaker.

The Court Chaplain might have said as much of the King's Cabinets. Let us suppose the Rev. Augustus Silvertongue, Chaplain of his Majesty William IV., giving evidence on the same point. Would he not say,—

That during the twenty years he had filled his present office, he had come into contact with upwards of a hundred Ministers, and that the result of his examination of them was, that he had found that not one had been entrusted with the reins of Government who was not a Sabbath-breaker. He never knew a statesman in the Cabinet who did not turn out to be a notorious Sabbath-breaker.

For the corroborating evidence it would only be necessary to read the Court Circulars. In the last reign, that pillar of the High Church, the pious Lord Chancellor Eldon, Keeper of the Royal Conscience, used always to wait on his supremely virtuous sovereign between the hours of twelve and one on Sundays! Cabinet meetings are most frequently held on Sundays, and it is the customary day for the dinners. That great example, that shining light in the land, the Duke of Wellington, has the band of the Guards to perform during the dinner of his Sunday party. The King himself chooses Sunday for his visit to the exhibition in Somerset House. Nay, to pass to the Church itself, the Bishop of London, Sabbath-breaking, for the detection of Sabbath-breakers, and committing the sin that he may cry fie on other sinners, must go prowling about to take note of green-grocers' shops and lollipop stalls; or spend his Sunday in counting the boats that pass by his Palace at Fulham.

To what purpose do we recite these instances, to which we might add a hundred others not less striking! Simply to show that the Rev. David Ruell's observation on the habits of prisoners would have held equally good on the habits of kings, statesmen, and all the false idols of a slavish and sycophantic veneration. But Mr. Ruell goes on to argue (after the clerical method of logic, *cum hoc propter hoc*.) that the prisoners were prisoners

because they were not strict observers of the Sabbath; and, with like absurdity, we should complete the parallel by contending that the King and his Ministers were exalted to their state for the same cause.

Let it not be supposed for one moment that we would defend or sanction riot, licentious indulgence, or unnecessary labour on the Sunday. We earnestly desire that it may be a day of rest, good thoughts, and innocent enjoyments; and for these purposes the labour of some few must be had for the repose and relaxation of many thousands of others. An attempt was made, some time ago, to prevent baking on Sunday. What would have been the consequence of success? That a servant, a wife, or a daughter would have been detained at home cooking in every humble dwelling; and for the one baker free to go to Church, a hundred females would have been prevented, and employed in labour.

In the instances of aristocratical Sabbath-breaking we have run through, we would distinguish that of the Duke of Wellington as example of the kind to be especially condemned. He and his company had opportunities enough of hearing bands, and it showed a selfish neglect of the happiness of others to compel the performance of the men, and to deprive them of their evening of rest. Paraphrasing the law maxim for the use of property, we would say,—so contrive for your own repose or recreation, that it shall exact the smallest possible sacrifice of the repose or recreation of others. The greatest happiness of the greatest number, with the minimum of ministration from toil, is the principle we advocate.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

"I dined with Bentham, and had the opportunity, at his hospitable board, of observing how beautifully were combined the wisdom of the sage and the simplicity and gaiety of children. I expressed the pleasure I felt in observing that years (and he was then in his eighty-third year,) had not impaired his cheerfulness. 'Sir,' said he, 'I cultivate cheerfulness as a habit. Besides, I have the consciousness of having for sixty years devoted my mind to the promotion of the happiness of my fellow men, and with this consciousness, why should I be otherwise than cheerful?' This was the very sentiment of Milton, uttered in the very spot where Milton penned it. In a sonnet addressed to his friend Cyriac Skinner, speaking of that blindness which was occasioned by the unceasing exercise of his pen in the cause of liberty, he says:—

'————— I argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward. What supports me dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend, t' have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side."

Ibid.

HOLLAND.

"O, my poor dear Emperor of Morocco!" blubbers *Quidunc* in the farce.—"O, my poor dear King of Holland!" cries the Tory—"Our ancient ally!" "Such a good old friend!"

A short time ago there was the same affecting lamentation for "the good old Turk." All this is perfectly understood. The Tory imposes on no one—What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? Any food for faction; or, as the polite proverb expresses it, "hungry dogs will eat dirty pudding."

We abhor war and detest intermeddling in Continental affairs; but we know full well that those evils would not have been avoided by a Tory Administration, and that the difference would simply have been this, that the power of England would have been engaged on the wrong instead of the right side. We cannot honestly affect to blame the Tories for their meetings to encourage the enemy; for had they retained office, taken part with Holland against Belgium, and pushed matters to a war with France, as they surely would have done, we frankly avow that our friends would have left no means unemployed of testifying to the people of France their sympathy with the just cause, and marking the distinction between the sentiment of the people of England and the abuse of its arms. We therefore blame not the Tories for showing that their feelings do not go with the British flag, but we do blame them for encouraging a feeble power in a hopeless resistance. A resistance without a prospect of success, and only fraught with bloodshed, is forbidden even by the laws of war; and what soldiers may not practice without forfeiting their claim to quarter, civilians should not prech.

Much do we wish that there had been no meddling and no war; but as we are come to the hateful extremity, we trust there will be no delay or hesitation in performing the necessary operation. Let the Dutch King be made at once to know his weakness, and awakened to modesty, and set down in peace within his limits. In the days of bag-wig, and silk stockings, little Q., a very small dwarf of a high Dutch spirit, was with great nicety beginning to pick his way at the crossing to Whitehall, when he was espied by a Life Guardsman, who, taking him for a boy, whipped him up under his arm, carried him tidily over, and set him down unspotted. Q. instantly let fly a volley of abuse, of which he was perfect master, threatened the man with the wrath of the House of Lords (in which he held an office), and heaven knows what besides; upon which, the trooper coolly observed, "If you dont like it, my little man, I will take you back again, and no harm done." And, so saying, he whipped him up again, and set him back at the place whence he came. So it should be with his High Mightiness of Holland. After all his sputtering, and bouncing, and threatening with the despots of Europe, he should only be put

quietly down on his own side of the crossing.

At the City meeting of the Tories, for the encouragement of Dutch obstinacy, one thrust was made which cannot be parried. With regard to the intermeddling, Mr. T. Baring observed—

It has been said that Earl Grey is following the footsteps of the Duke of Wellington; but I consider that Earl Grey was put into office to correct the errors of the Duke of Wellington, and not to follow them.

A very palpable hit—we grieve to admit it. *Ibid.*

THE LAST CHARGE.

"THE ruling passion strong in death" was most forcibly exemplified in the last moments of Lord Tenterden. His Lordship, it is well-known, was a great snuff-taker. A very short time before his dissolution, having his snuff-box close by his bedside, he raised himself from his pillow, without assistance, into a half-reclining position, took a pinch from the box, and shutting the lid, composedly said, "Gentlemen of the Jury, you will find"—— His Lordship then fell back, and spoke no more!—*Ibid.*

WISDOM IN THE EAST.

To have to praise the wisdom of a Lord Mayor is a new pleasure; and thoroughly do we concur in the following commendation from the Morning Chronicle of a proceeding of Sir Peter Laurie for the discovery of truth against all the technical rules for the elusion of it:—

"It gave us much satisfaction to perceive, by the Mansion House report in yesterday's Chronicle, that the Lord Mayor, in the case of three young men brought before him, charged with having broken into and entered a warehouse, and stolen therefrom several articles, obtained a confession in answer to a question avowedly put to obtain all the information his Lordship could get. Alderman Scholey was quite horror-struck. The worthy Alderman thought such a course might lead prisoners to say what was 'prejudicial to them.' O, for God's sake, let us be careful lest any thief should, by possibility, say anything against himself. Alderman Scholey may rest assured that the witness least disposed to prejudice a person is that person himself. Men charged with crimes are not much disposed, in general, to add to the evidence against them. But if they have no reluctance to make a clean breast, we do not see why a Magistrate, whose object ought to be to protect the public, should be restrained from endeavouring to obtain as much information as possible, because it may chance to *prejudice* a prisoner. Sir Peter Laurie said, "it was his determination always to question persons charged before him with offences; that he considered it very great nonsense to caution prisoners not to say anything calculated to criminate themselves, or to induce them to say they were not guilty, when

they knew in their consciences they were guilty. In his opinion such conduct was opposite to reason and common sense."

What does society want but the detection of the criminal? and what right can the criminal have to any protection against this object? The lawyers, however, who invented the maxim that the criminal should not be allowed to commit himself, have the object opposite to the public interest, of making detection as difficult as possible; for this produces the necessity for their craftsmanship. We have often likened our system of law to a fox-chase. The farmers (the people) would knock the fox on the head whenever they can catch him, but the squires (the lawyers) want the pleasure of the hunt, and in the chase they do as much mischief as the fox himself. To prevent the escape of the thief by any other course than the pursuit of the hounds, after allowing reynard the law of a good start, would be condemned and punished as unsportsmanlike.—*Ibid.*

HISTORY OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

By Thomas Gordon, F.R.S. Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1832. 2 vols. 8vo.

"BALESTO," say the Cretans, "was not a good soldier, he could not run." But to be a good soldier, in modern Greek, requires more than talents at escape: he must lie, fawn, intrigue, betray, shoot steadily from behind a wall, bear starvation, or, in case of booty, be able to line his personal garrison with provisions for a week's digestion.

The more important affairs of Europe have withdrawn attention from this singular corner of the earth. Besides, their own dissensions, and the hopelessness of their settlement, has utterly wearied out the once flourishing mania of Philhellenism. So that people care little now what is doing in this busy hive of rogues, pirates, and bandits; or, in their own language, statesmen, sailors, and pali kari. Those, however, whose tastes are not influenced by the floating topics of the day, can never regard the character of this people, or the history of its revolution, without great curiosity and interest. Beyond a doubt, the Greeks are the most singular people on the face of the earth,—a complete bundle of contrasts and incompatibilities. There is no nation whose annals—those of modern times, we mean—contain such instances of bravery and cowardice almost in a breath. Its heroes have been as much distinguished by self-devotion as panic—by patriotism as gross selfishness. Sometimes they have gone forth for liberty, and on the next occasion for plunder. They have for years struggled for freedom; and, in the very midst of a contest, have sold their stores to the enemy for money. Treachery seems an integral part of their nature, and yet we have numerous examples of the most enduring fidelity. They have all the talents of the most polished nations of Europe, and all the barbarism of the

most savage on the globe. With great cleverness and amazing ingenuity, they have never yet been able to take a large view of their national interests. They seem to be a continuation of the men who sprung out of the earth armed to the teeth, and who no sooner got sight of each other than they fell to fighting, and are to fight to the end of the chapter. And with all this, the genius of the Greek runs to commerce instead of war. He only wants honesty to make him one of the best merchants of the world.

Hundreds of books have been published about the Greek Revolution, but its history is now truly written for the first time. The Thucydides of Modern Greece is Col. Gordon of Caithness, a noted Philhellene, who has taken as decided a part in the proceedings he describes as Thucydides did in the Peloponnesian war, of which he has left us so perfect a history. All previous works on this subject have been either imperfect or partial. The imperfect works are the personal narratives, embracing the personal experience, of various Philhellenes: the partial are such histories as Pouquevilles and Blaquiere—the first being a bombastic romance worthy of a Greek, and the second a piece of rabid Philhellenism, when that passion was at its height. Here is a true, sedate, well-informed, well-weighed narrative, worthy of the reputation of the author, who carried to Greece, and brought back, strange to say, a reputation intact and exalted. Col. Gordon thoroughly understands the Greek character, and is thoroughly conversant with the complicated details of his subject. We trust steps will be taken to have it translated into modern Greek directly, that that wily nation may look at themselves as in a mirror, and learn that now at least they are thoroughly understood in Europe, and that Philhellenes, if any remain, are no longer to be bamboozled.—*Ibid.*

M. SAY.

FRANCE has this week lost another of her most distinguished writers and citizens, the celebrated political economist, M. Say. The invaluable branch of knowledge to which the greatest of his intellectual exertions were devoted, is indebted to him, amongst others, for those great and all-pervading truths which have elevated it to the rank of a science; and to him, far more than to any others, for its popularization and diffusion. Nor was M. Say a mere political economist; else had he been necessarily a bad one. He knew that a subject so "immersed in matter" (to use the fine expression of Lord Bacon) as a nation's prosperity, must be looked at on many sides, in order to be seen rightly even on one. M. Say was one of the most accomplished minds of his age and country. Though he had given his chief attention to one particular aspect of human affairs, all their aspects were interesting to him; not one was excluded from his sur-

vey. His private life was a model of the domestic virtues. From the time when with Chamfort and Ginguen  he founded the *Dicade Philosophique*, the first work which attempted to revive literary and scientific pursuits during the storms of the French Revolution—alike when courted by Napoleon and when persecuted by him, (he was expelled from the *Tribunal* for presuming to have an independent opinion); unchanged equally during the sixteen years of the Bourbons and the two of Louis Philippe—he passed unsullied through all the trials and temptations which have left a stain on every man of feeble virtue among his conspicuous contemporaries. He kept aloof from public life, but was the friend and trusted adviser of some of its brightest ornaments; and few have contributed more, though in a private station, to keep alive in the hearts and in the contemplation of men a lofty standard of public virtue.—*Ibid.*

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY CLASS.

WE deeply regret to learn that Sir John Herschel has written to the Lord Provost that his pursuits requiring him to reside abroad for some years, he could not stand for this vacant chair, which he is so eminently qualified to fill. We most anxiously desire to see the Professorships in our University occupied by the most eminent men in each department of literature and science that the country can produce, and on this ground we give the Lord Provost every commendation for the conduct he pursued on Sir John Leslie's death; and, since we cannot get Herschel, let us have some one next to him in eminence,—an Ivory—an Arnot—a Babbage, or a Brewster. Dr. Chalmers was requested to teach the class for this winter—a task for which his scientific acquirements eminently qualify him, but his own professional avocations obliged him to decline the honour. Mr. Russell, an able lecturer on Natural Philosophy, was, on Wednesday, appointed interim teacher of the class. The emoluments of the class were stated at £690 per annum in the College commission report. Herschel would probably have doubled this amount.—*Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle.*

SAVING TIME IN NATURAL OPERATIONS.

THE process of tanning will furnish us with a striking illustration of the power of machinery, in accelerating certain processes in which natural operations have a principal effect. The object of this art is, to combine a certain principle, called *tannin*, with every particle of the skin to be tanned. This in the ordinary process, is accomplished by allowing the skins to soak in pits, containing a solution of tanning matter: they remain in the pits six, twelve, or eighteen months; and in some instances, (if the hides are very thick), they are exposed to the operation for two years, or even during a longer period. This length of time

is apparently required, in order to allow the tanning matter to penetrate into the interior of a thick hide. The improved process consists in placing the hides, with the solution of tan in close vessels, and then exhausting the air. The consequence of this is, to withdraw any air which might be contained in the pores of the hides, and to employ the pressure of the atmosphere to aid capillary attraction in forcing the tan into the interior of the skins. The effect of the additional force thus brought into action can be equal only to one atmosphere, but a further improvement has been made: the vessel containing the hides is, after exhaustion, filled up with a solution of tan; a small additional quantity is then injected with a forcing-pump. By these means any degree of pressure may be given, which the containing vessel is capable of supporting; and it has been found that, by employing such a method, the thickest hides may be tanned in six weeks or two months. The same process of injection might be applied to impregnate timber with tar, or any other substance adapted to preserve it from decay; and if it were not too expensive, the deal floors of houses might thus be impregnated with alumine or other substances, which would render them much less liable to be accidentally set on fire. Some idea of the quantity of matter which can be injected into wood, by great pressure, may be formed from considering the fact stated by Mr. Scoresby, respecting an accident which occurred to a boat of one of our whaling ships. The line of the harpoon being fastened to it, the whale, in this instance, dived directly down, and carried the boat along with him. On returning to the surface the animal was killed, but the boat, instead of rising, was found suspended beneath the whale by the rope of the harpoon; and on drawing it up, every part of the wood was found to be so completely saturated with water as to sink immediately to the bottom.—*Babbage's Economy of Machinery and Manufactures.*

From the Westminster Review.

AMERICAN ZOOLOGY.

1. Fauna Boreali-Americana, or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America; containing Descriptions of the Objects of Natural History collected on the late Northern Land Expeditions under the command of Captain Sir J. Franklin, R.N. Part II. The Birds. By Wm. Swainson, Esq., F.R.S., &c. and J. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. &c., Surgeon and Naturalist to the Expeditions. Published under the Authority of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs.—London. Murray, 8vo. 1831.

2. American Ornithology; or, the Natural History of the Birds of the United States. By Alexander Wilson. With a Continuation, by C. L. Bonaparte, Prince of Musignano. The Illustrative Notes and Life of Wilson by Sir W. Jardine, Bart., F.R.S.E., &c.—London. Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnot. 8vo. 3 vols. 1832.

3. Ornithological Biography, or an Account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America; accompanied by Descriptions of the Objects represented in the Work entitled The Birds of America, and interspersed with Delineations of American Scenery and Manners. By J. J. Audubon, F.R.S.S.L. & E. &c.—Edinburgh. A. Black. 8vo. 1831.

THESE are the days of Ornithology. Truly its face, as Haji Baba would say, has been whitened in the presence of the nation. Great individual merit in the authors, public favour, and ministerial patronage, combine to recommend it. The books at the head of the article are calculated to suit all complexions of students in ornithology. The first is principally addressed to that class which delights in classification, and in tracing the interminable genealogies of birds. Those too who love to steer their bark through the rocks and rapids of a barbarous nomenclature, to which an addition of learned uncouthness could scarcely be imparted by even the splendid genius of Humboldt, will not fail of considerable gratification; yet in a degree, it must be confessed, inferior when compared with that derived from some former systems.

But though Mr. Swainson's terminology is not as popular as it might have been, the objections to other schemes of classification are not in theory applicable to his system. Viewed as natural arrangements, most of the others shocked propriety, and that love of order so pleasing when not urged with pedantic minuteness, by forcing into relation birds seen at a glance to belong to different classes; while, as helps to the memory, they frustrated their professed object, and proved an intolerable incumbrance. The end which Mr. Swainson proposes is a definite and grand one; and as it is rather the ultimate object of ornithology than the means of studying it, the minuteness it demands seems no more than, on his own principles, is proper. Whatever may be thought of its practicableness, there can be no doubt that if successful, it would unfold a noble and striking view of that part of creation. The proposal to exhibit in a descending series of nice gradations a vast scheme of 'circular' affinities,

Fold above fold, a surging maze,

where even every aberrant group should be reduced to its own fixed laws of irregularity, is what demands at least a fair and patient consideration from naturalists.

In estimating, however, the relative importance of this plan to the whole subject, there seems the same mistake, or at least neglect of the peculiar nature of this branch of natural history, which in other hands had infected with so many perplexities its nomenclature and arrangement. Without meaning to depreciate the value of such an exhibition of being, in one great continuous order, whether of lines or circles, it were well that the object and grounds of ornithology were always kept in view. This would tend to check those *fungi* of names and unnatural classifications which the best authors are labouring to remove from its trunk, and by suiting it to its obvious purposes, promote that general refinement and humanity which it was plainly intended to advance. In truth ornithology is essentially po-

pular. It has no abstract principles on the one hand, nor has it, like botany, any direct or immediate use. Its chief end is to enlarge, soothe, and purify the mind, by giving nobler and juster notions of the great Author of nature; and, of course, any classification which is not a mere artificial help to the memory, is only a part of this. But as it is a branch of science eminently fitted to soften and refine the mind, its influence, which is powerful, lies much upon the surface. It affords a great deal of pleasure terminating in itself, or rather, without any direct result beyond that of disposing us to the reception of all noble, humane, and generous thoughts. Accordingly it addresses itself to all ages, sexes, and conditions. The eye and the ear are equally affected by it; the savage and the scholar, the child and the old man, alike admire the eagle, are delighted with the voice of the nightingale, and charmed with the brilliant plumage of the humming-bird. It was the same four thousand years ago. Men gaze now at the 'peacock and the ostrich,' as they did in the time of Job, and marvel at the migrations of the 'hawk.' For the greatest portion of the pleasure it communicates, no previous knowledge is requisite. Without any aid from classification, we are arrested by the appearance of the eagle in the sky, and admire the strength of his flight; the whole scene is animated by his presence, and the soul, as always happens from viewing the noble works of nature, unconsciously acquires a relish for everything that is great. Without any knowledge of the structure or arrangement of birds, the farmer, in the serene cool of the morning, or

'The deep twilight's purple charm,'

hears their concert ascend to heaven, and feels a true piety fall like the dew around him upon his heart. If to be conducted to the loftiest ideas by this branch, requires any beyond the rudest knowledge of system, then the greatest poets, who have drawn so many affecting images from it, are inferior in elevation of thought to every naturalist who can run through two or three hundred genera and species. But how immense a field of delight, instruction, and piety, lies in the simple description of the lives, habits, and migrations of birds, and the most obvious parts of their wonderful structure, and what noble ideas may be received of the variety, extent, and beauty of the creation, with little or no help from system, is evident from the books that have been cited. To dwell at length on its humanizing influence is unnecessary. Wilson says, with his usual truth of observation, 'I cannot but think that an intercourse with those innocent little warblers is favourable to delicacy of feeling and sentiments of humanity; for I have observed the rudest and most savage softened into benevolence while contemplating the inoffensive manners of these interesting little creatures.' It may, however, be briefly observed, with what care

as it were nature has surrounded the study, in addition to its own intrinsic recommendations, with so much of what is beautiful and noble. In the gloom, silence, and depth of the forest alone, how many elements of sublimity are there. And whether the ostrich be pursued on the boundless Pampas, the condor observed among the Andes, the eagle on the shores of the Mississippi, or the smaller species amidst the curtains of brilliant flowers that adorn a tropical forest, all the associations are grand, and when reflected, as they ought to be, by the descriptions of a good ornithologist, communicate their colour to the feelings of the reader.

'Within the Arctic Circle the woods are silent during the bright light of noon day; but towards midnight, when the sun travels near the horizon, and the shades of the forest are lengthened, the concert commences and continues till six or seven in the morning. Even in these remote regions, the mistakes of those naturalists who have asserted that the feathered tribes of America are devoid of harmony, might be fully disproved. Indeed the transition is so sudden, from the perfect repose, the death-like silence, of an Arctic winter, to the animated bustle of summer,—the trees spread their foliage with such agreeable accession of feathered songsters to swell the chorus,—their plumage as gay and unimpaired as when they enlivened the deep green forests of tropical climes,—that the return of a northern spring excites in the mind a deep feeling of the beauties of the season, a sense of the bounty and providence of the Supreme Being, which is cheaply purchased by the tedium of nine months of winter. The most verdant lawns and cultivated glades of Europe, the most beautiful productions of art, fail in producing that exhilaration and joyous buoyancy of mind which we have experienced in tracing the wilds of Arctic America, when their snowy covering has just been replaced by an infant, but vigorous vegetation. It is impossible for the traveller to refrain at such moments from joining his aspirations to the song which every creature around is pouring forth to the great Creator:—*Fauna B. A.* p. 178.

It is not meant by the above remarks, to deny the uses of classification, which have already been admitted, but simply to keep before the view, that even the very best system is only a part, and that by no means the largest one, of the pleasure or utility to which a knowledge of birds contributes. Indeed it is fast finding its level. Some of the best recent works are giving to the whole subject the popular air that suits it. Nor has the nomenclature quite escaped. The French have, with inhuman common sense, begun to make it intelligible, and the example will probably be followed on this side the channel. It will not indeed be easy to dislodge an enemy ensconced behind such rocks as *Platyrhynchus Leucophaius*, *Milvago Ochrocephalus*, *Myiobates Melanothorax*, *Pipra Erythrocephala*, *Sarcoramphus Californianus*, *Coccygus Erythro-*

thous; but the *tirailleurs* of our neighbours are enterprising, and though no doubt the Great Carolina Wren will cut a poor figure, 'aborn of his beams,' when he has lost the title of *Troglodytes Ludovicianus*, as will the *Caprimulgus Vociferus* reduced to Whip-poor-Will,—the reader probably wishes them success. Mr. Vigors complains of this Gallic innovation, and attributes it to some dream of universal empire. But a sounder reason may be found. It is hard to condemn a course which removes one of the most repulsive parts of ornithology, and thereby contributes to spread pleasure, knowledge, and refinement among thirty millions of people. The improvement of a nation is of more weight than the inconvenience which may be occasioned to a few learned foreigners; and if an acquaintance with so beautiful and noble a branch of creation, has, as few will doubt, a strong tendency to advance such improvement, every step towards rational nomenclature and order ought to be applauded.

The Fauna is as free from the evils of terminology, as perhaps could easily have been expected under a vicious system. A good deal also of popular matter, chiefly extracted, has been scattered through it, and the accompanying drawings are excellent. The application of any part of the public money to purposes of public utility and national civilization, demands acknowledgment.

The next is Wilson's work, in an enlarged and improved form, with well-executed drawings. Of Wilson, the poor Paisley weaver, pedlar, and American ornithologist, or of his book, to speak in praise were superfluous. At the moment of its appearance, it was stamped with universal approbation, nor is that opinion likely to be reversed. He touched nothing that he did not adorn. The most unpromising subject grows interesting under his hands. Some curious unnoticed habit, some striking incident connected with it, or some reflection of simple beauty, continually charms the reader. But what is most pleasing, is his true love of nature, and flowing from this, a healthy kindliness of feeling which renders it impossible for any person to read his book, without conceiving a personal regard for himself. There are several very pleasing traits of disposition in these volumes. In one of his letters he says,

'One of my boys caught a mouse in school a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that same evening; and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl, but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake,

while the fire and instruments of torment are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse, and insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty.'

In short, for accurate observation, clear and eloquent description, united to a true benevolence of feeling, he may perhaps be said to have been unrivalled, until Mr. Audubon appeared. This author has also sprung at once into popularity. He belongs to the same school as Wilson. Both reflect nature just as they saw her, without distorting her by theories, or oppressing and disfiguring her by savage terms. They have equal vividness of description and healthiness of tone; but Audubon seems to have more breadth, and Wilson more dignity of manner. A peculiar feature in Mr. Audubon's book is, that he has mingled with the accounts of birds several delightful sketches of the country and the people.

But the reader should have an opportunity of forming his own judgment on these points; and in selecting extracts, it is natural to turn first to the eagle.* Here is Wilson's description of the Bald Eagle, the armorial emblem of the United States.

'This bird has been long known to naturalists, being common to both continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude, to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold; feeding equally on the produce of the sea, and of the land; possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by anything but man; and from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad, at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean, deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons; as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is therefore found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits; but prefers such

* Some may be offended at this. 'A change has come over the spirit of the dream' in certain naturalists. They are above admiring the lion or the eagle. Thus a writer in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, looks down on all who attribute superior magnanimity or courage to the lion; and at the same time quotes passages from Barrow and Pringle which confute himself. Another author, running into extremes, affirms that the eagle is not to be disliked for any of his habits, because they are natural ones; and yet he abuses the vulture for his, though they are probably just as natural in him as in the king of birds. These things are scarcely worth mentioning, but it is evident men like the one bird and dislike the other, because they cannot help it. And they will continue to do so, until their noses and eyes are altered. The author last alluded to, was right in the case of the vulture, because his sense of smelling was stronger than his philosophy. People in all ages, have agreed to admire the eagle, not for his killing weaker birds, but for the noble beauty of his form, the brightness of his eye, the strength of his flight, the courage with which he defends himself when wounded, and the proud obstinacy with which he resists all attempts at domestication.

places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish.'

'In procuring these he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring and tyrannical; attributes not exerted but on particular occasions; but when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white Gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy *Tringa* coursing along the sands; trains of Ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful Cranes, intent and wading; clamorous Crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one, whose action instantly arrests all his attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in the air, he knows him to be the *Fish-Hawk*, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself, with half-opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surge foam around. At this moment the eager looks of the Eagle are all ardour; and levelling his neck for flight, he sees the *Fish-Hawk* once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the *Fish-Hawk*, each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these recontres the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unincumbered Eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when with a sudden scream probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the Eagle poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.'—*Wilson*, Vol. ii. p. 93.

To make a fair estimate of Mr. Audubon's description, the difficulty of touching the subject after so admirable a picture must be borne in mind.

'To give you, kind reader, some idea of the nature of this bird, permit me to place you on the Mississippi, on which you may float gently along, while approaching winter brings millions of water-fowl on whistling wings, from the countries of the north, to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season. The Eagle is seen perched, in an erect attitude, on the highest summit of the tallest tree by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but stern eye looks over the vast expanse. He listens attentively to every sound that comes to his quick ear from afar, glancing now and then on the earth beneath, lest even the light tread of the fawn may pass unheard. His mate is perched on the opposite side, and should all be tranquil and silent, warns him by a cry to

continue patient. At this well known call, the male party opens his broad wings, inclines his body a little downwards, and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a maniac. The next moment, he resumes his erect attitude, and again all around is silent. Ducks of many species, the Teal, the Widgeon, the Mallard and others, are seen passing with great rapidity, and following the course of the current; but the Eagle heeds them not: they are at that time beneath his attention. The next moment, however, the wild trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching Swan is heard. A shriek from the female Eagle comes across the stream,—for, kind reader, she is fully as alert as her mate. The latter suddenly shakes the whole of his body, and with a few touches of his bill, aided by the action of his peculiar muscles, arranges his plumage in an instant. The snow-white bird is now in sight: her long neck is stretched forward, her eye is on the watch, vigilant as that of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body, although they flap incessantly. So irksome do her exertions seem, that her very legs are spread beneath her tail, to aid her in her flight. She approaches, however. The Eagle has marked her for his prey. As the Swan is passing the dreaded pair, starts from his perch, in full preparation for the chase, the male bird, with an awful scream, that to the Swan's ear brings more terror than the report of the large duck-gun.'

'Now is the moment to witness the display of the Eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks by various manoeuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream, were it not prevented by the Eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the Swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with his talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the Swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious Eagle strikes with his talons the under side of its wing, and with unresisted power forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.'—*Audubon*, p. 160.

But let Franklin's character of the bald eagle be heard, and his preference of the turkey as the national blazon.

'For my own part I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly; you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where too lazy to fish for himself he watches the labours of the fishing-hawk, and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues and takes it from him. With all this injustice, he is never in good case, but like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally poor and often very lousy. Besides he is a rank coward; the little king-bird

not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district. He is therefore by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the king-birds from our country; though exactly fit for that order of knights whom the French call *chevaliers d'industrie*. I am on this account not displeased, that the figure is not known as the bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For in truth the turkey is, in comparison, a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey was peculiar to ours. He is besides (though a little vain and silly 'tis true, but not the worse emblem for that) a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards, who should presume to invade his farm yard with a red coat on.'

As the drawing of a bird possesses a greater interest when it is represented in some of its usual haunts, it is with much propriety that Mr. Audubon has given sketches of the most striking parts of American scenery. A flood on the Mississippi is an occasion of great rejoicing to the eagle and other birds of prey, and there is accordingly a description of that magnificent feature.

'It will easily be imagined that a wonderful spectacle must present itself to the eye of the traveller, who for the first time views the enormous mass of waters, collected from the vast central regions of our continent, booming along, turbid and swollen to overflowing, in the broad channels of the Mississippi and Ohio, the latter of which has a course of more than a thousand miles, and the former of several thousands.'

'To give you some idea of a *Booming Flood* of these gigantic streams, it is necessary to state the causes which give rise to it. These are, the sudden melting of the snows on the mountains, and heavy rains continued for several weeks. When it happens that, during a severe winter, the Alleghany Mountains have been covered with snow to the depth of several feet, and the accumulated mass has remained unmelted for a length of time, the materials of a flood are thus prepared. It now and then happens that the winter is hurried off by a sudden increase of temperature, when the accumulated snow melts away simultaneously over the whole country, and the south-easterly wind which then usually blows, brings along with it a continued fall of heavy rain, which, mingling with the dissolving snow, deluges the alluvial portions of the western country, filling up the rivulets, ravines, creeks and small rivers. These delivering their waters to the great streams, cause the latter not merely to rise to a surprising height, but to overflow their banks, wherever the land is low. On such occasions, the Ohio itself presents a splendid, and at the same time an appalling spectacle; but when its waters mingle with those of the Mississippi, then, kind reader, is the time to view an American flood in all its astonishing magnificence.'

'There the overflow is astonishing; for no sooner has the water reached the upper part of the banks, Museum.—Vol. XXII.

than it rushes out and overspreads the whole of the neighbouring swamps, presenting an ocean overgrown with stupendous forest trees.'

'The river itself rolling its swollen waters along, presents a spectacle of the most imposing nature. Although no large vessel, unless propelled by steam, can now make its way against the current, it is seen covered by boats, laden with produce, which running out from all the smaller streams, float silently towards the city of New Orleans, their owners meanwhile not very well assured of finding a landing-place even there. The water is covered with yellow foam and pumice, the latter having floated from the Rocky Mountains of the north-west. The eddies are larger and more powerful than ever. Here and there tracts of forest are observed undermined, the trees gradually giving way, and falling into the stream. Cattle, horses, bears and deer, are seen at times attempting to swim across the impetuous mass of foaming and boiling water; whilst here and there a Vulture or an Eagle is observed perched on a bloated carcass, tearing it up in pieces, as regardless of the flood, as on former occasions it would have been of the numerous *sawyers* and *planters*, with which the surface of the river is covered, when the water is low. Even the steamer is frequently distressed. The numberless trees and logs that float along break its paddles and retard its progress.'

'Unlike the mountain-torrents and small rivers of other parts of the world, the Mississippi rises but slowly during these floods, continuing for several weeks to increase at the rate of about an inch in the day. When at its height, it undergoes little fluctuation for some days, and after this subsides as slowly as it rose. The usual duration of a flood is from four to six weeks, although, on some occasions, it is protracted to two months.'

'Every one knows how largely the idea of floods and cataclysms enters into the speculations of the geologist. If the streamlets of the European Continent afford illustrations of the formation of strata, how much more must the Mississippi, with its ever-shifting sand-banks, its crumbling shores, its enormous masses of drift timber, the source of future beds of coal, its extensive and varied alluvial deposits, and its mighty mass of waters rolling sullenly along, like the flood of eternity!—Audubon, p. 155.

The following lively description of the Mocking-bird is from Wilson.

'The ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the Wood Thrush to the savage scream of the Bald Eagle. In measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted No. 129.—2 N

on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to *his* music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables; generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity; and continued, with undiminished ardour, for half an hour, or an hour at a time.

'In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; *Cæsar* starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings, and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood.—The barking of the dog, the mewling of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow, with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the Canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia Nightingale, or Red-bird, with such superior execution and effect that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent; while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.'

'This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the Brown Thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the Blue-bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens; amidst the simple melody of the Robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the Whip-poor-will; while the notes of the Kildeer, Blue Jay, Martin, Baltimore, and twenty others, succeed, with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular concert is the admirable bird now before us.'

The comparative merits of the mocking-bird and the nightingale, have long been a vexata questio. Wilson having never heard the latter, quotes authorities, and reasons on the subject. Mr. Audubon declares roundly for the mocking-bird; and Mr. Griffith seems to think that the matter really admits of no dispute,—it being all hollow for the nightingale. It is not hard to see that the question will never be settled, between the naturalists, poets, and ladies of both continents.

Perhaps however no species of birds is calculated to impress the imagination with stronger ideas of the magnificence of the feathered creation, than the insignificant one of the pigeon, multiplied to such an amazing extent as it is in America. It would be one of the last kinds in

which to look for sublimity, and yet what an idea of grandeur and beauty is it not capable of communicating! How great must be that power in whose hands weakness itself swells into such an object of wonder!

'In passing over the Barrens a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, I observed the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an eminence, and began to mark with my pencil, making a dot for every flock that passed. In a short time finishing the task which I had undertaken impracticable, as the birds poured in in countless multitudes, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, found that 163 had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with Pigeons; the light of noon-day was obscured as by an eclipse; the dung fell in spots, not unlike melted flakes of snow; and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose.'

'Whilst waiting for dinner at Young's inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beech-wood forests directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alighted; for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighbourhood. They consequently flew so high, that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual; nor did the reports disturb them in the least. I cannot describe to you the extreme beauty of their aerial evolutions, when a Hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other towards the centre. In these almost solid masses, they darted forward in undulating and angular lines, descended and swept close over the earth with inconceivable velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and, when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent.'

'Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh, 55 miles. The Pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession.'

'It is extremely interesting to see flock after flock performing exactly the same evolutions which had been traced as it were in the air by a preceding flock. Thus, should a Hawk have charged on a group at a certain spot, the angles, curves, and undulations that have been described by the birds, in their efforts to escape from the dreaded talons of the plunderer, are undeviatingly followed by the next group that comes up. Should the bystander happen to witness one of these alarms, and, struck with the rapidity and elegance of the motions exhibited, feel desirous of seeing them repeated, his wishes will be gratified if he only remain in the place until the next group comes up.'

'It may not, perhaps, be out of place to state

tempt an estimate of the number of Pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and of the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The inquiry will tend to show the astonishing bounty of the great Author of Nature in providing for the wants of his creatures. Let us take a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate mentioned above of one mile in the minute.—This will give us a parallelogram of 180 miles by 1, covering 180 square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have 1,115,136,000 pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be 8,712,000 bushels per day.

As soon as the Pigeons discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below. During their evolutions, on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure, when the backs of the birds come simultaneously into view, and anon, suddenly presenting a mass of rich deep purple.

These passages are fully corroborated by Wilson's lively account. But it is not to be imagined that the pleasure of witnessing such sights has not its alloy. It is not all plain-sailing with the naturalist in the woods.

—a pig of lead

May hurt, God knows, the soundest head,"

and the lover of nature may be sometimes taken aback when he sees her in the shape of 'immense solitary pine savannahs, through which the road winds among stagnant ponds, swarming with alligators; dark sluggish creeks, of the colour of brandy, over which are thrown high wooden bridges, without railings, and so crazy and rotten as not only to alarm one's horse, but also the rider, and to make it a matter of thanksgiving to both when they get fairly over, without going through enormous cypress swamps which to a stranger have a striking desolate, and ruinous appearance.'

The great heron is a picturesque looking bird, but he has a villanous taste in the choice of his habitation, a cedar swamp, which Wilson sketches.

'A front of tall and perfectly strait trunks, rising to the height of fifty or sixty feet without a limb, and crowded in every direction, their tops so closely woven together as to shut out the day, spreading the gloom of a perpetual twilight below. On a nearer approach they are found to rise out of the water, which, from the impregnation of the fallen leaves and roots of the cedars, is of the colour of brandy. Amidst this bottom of congregated springs, the ruins of the former forest lie piled in every state of confusion. The roots, prostrate logs, and in many places the water, are covered with green mantling moss, while an undergrowth of laurel, fifteen or twenty feet high, intersects every opening so completely, as to render a passage through laborious and harassing beyond description; at every step you either sink to

the knees, clamber over fallen timber, squeeze yourself through between the stubborn laurels, or plunge to the middle in ponds made by the up-rooting of large trees, and which the green moss concealed from observation. In calm weather the silence of death reigns in these dreary regions; a few interrupted rays of light shoot across the gloom; and unless for the occasional hollow screams of the Herons, and the melancholy chirping of one or two species of small birds, all is silence, solitude and desolation.'—Vol. 3, p. 57.

Let the reader now turn to Audubon, and observe the result of such studies upon the outward and inward man.

'Returning as I then was from a tedious journey, and possessing little more than some drawings of rare birds and plants, I reached the tavern at Niagara Falls in such plight, as might have deterred many an individual from obtruding himself upon a circle of well-clad and perhaps well-bred society. Months had passed since the last of my linen had been taken from my body, and used to clean that useful companion, my gun. I was in fact covered just like one of the poorer classes of Indians, and was rendered even more disagreeable to the eye of civilized man, by not having, like them, plucked my beard, or trimmed my hair in any way. Had Hogarth been living, and there when I arrived, he could not have found a fitter subject for a Robinson Crusoe. My beard covered my neck in front, my hair fell much lower at my back, the leather dress which I wore had for months stood in need of repair, a large knife hung at my side, a rusty tin box containing my drawings and colours, and wrapped up in a worn-out blanket that had served me for a bed, was buckled to my shoulders. To every one I must have seemed immersed in the depths of poverty, perhaps despair. Nevertheless, as I cared little about my appearance during those happy rambles, I pushed into the sitting-room, unstrapped my little burden, and asked how soon breakfast would be ready.'

I breakfasted amid a crowd of strangers who gazed and laughed at me, paid my bill, rambled about and admired the Falls for a while, saw several young gentlemen *sketching on cards* the mighty mass of foaming waters, and walked to Buffalo, where I purchased new apparel and sheared my beard. I then enjoyed civilized life as much as, a month before, I had enjoyed the wildest solitudes and the darkest recesses of mountain and forest.'—Audubon, p. 362.

The following extract, which paints some of the privations and pleasures ornithologists are heir to, it is impossible notwithstanding its length, to omit. It is worth twenty such books as Mrs. Trollope indites; and he ought not to excite envy, who is untouched by the picture of kindness, generosity and affection it presents. Mr. Audubon, his son, and guide, had lost their way.

'The rain fell in torrents; the thunder bellowed; the lightning blazed. It was now evening, but the storm had brought perfect night, black and dismal. Our cart had no cover. Cold and wet,

we sat silent and melancholy, with no better expectation than that of passing the night under the little shelter the cart could afford us."

At length, they reach a small cabin, a tall fine-looking young man receives them at the door, and puts his young wife and their negro servants into motion to give them a welcome.

"For my part, kind reader, knowing my countrymen as I do, I was not much struck at all this; but my son, who had scarcely reached the age of fourteen, drew near to me, and observed how pleasant it was to have met with such good people.—The young wife was already stirring with so much liveliness, that to have doubted for a moment that all she did was not a pleasure to her would have been impossible. The woodsman remarked that it was a pity we had not chanced to come that day three weeks; "for" said he, "it was our wedding-day, and father gave us a good house-warming, and you might have fared better; but, however, if you can eat bacon and eggs, and a broiled chicken, you shall have that. I have no whiskey in the house, but father has some capital cider, and I'll go over and bring a keg of it." I asked how far off his father lived. "Only three miles, Sir, and I'll be back before Eliza has cooked your supper." Off he went accordingly, and the next moment the galloping of his horse was heard.—The rain fell in torrents, and now I also became struck with the kindness of our host."

"To all appearance, the united ages of the pair under whose roof we had found shelter did not exceed two score. Their means seemed barely sufficient to render them comfortable, but the generosity of their young hearts had no limits.—The cabin was new. The logs of which it was formed were all of the tulip-tree, and were nicely pared. Every part was beautifully clean. Even the coarse slabs of wood that formed the floor looked as if newly washed and dried. Sundry gowns and petticoats of substantial homespun hung from the logs that formed one of the sides of the cabin, while the other was covered with articles of male attire. A large spinning-wheel, with rolls of wool and cotton, occupied one corner. In another was a small cupboard, containing the little stock of new dishes, cups, plates, and tin pans. The table was small also, but quite new, and as bright as polished walnut could be. The only bed that I saw was of domestic manufacture, and the counterpane proved how expert the young wife was at spinning and weaving. A fine rifle ornamented the chimney-piece. The fire-place was of such dimensions that it looked as if it had been purposely constructed for holding the numerous progeny expected to result from the happy union."

"The black boy was engaged in grinding some coffee. Bread was prepared by the fair hands of the bride, and placed on a flat board in front of the fire. The bacon and eggs already murmured and spluttered in the frying-pan, and a pair of chickens puffed and swelled on a gridiron over the embers, in front of the hearth. The cloth was laid, and every thing arranged, when the clattering of hoofs announced the return of the husband. In he came, bearing a two-gallon keg of cider. His eyes sparkled with pleasure as he said,

"Only think, Eliza; father wanted to rob us of the strangers, and was for coming here to ask them to his own house, just as if we could not give them enough ourselves; but here's the drink—Come gentlemen, sit down, and help yourselves."

"The wife now resumed her spinning, and the husband filled a jug with the sparkling cider, and, seated by the blazing fire, was drying his clothes. The happiness he enjoyed beamed from his eye, as at my request he proceeded to give us an account of his affairs and prospects, which he did in the following words:—"I will be twenty-two next Christmas day," said our host; "My father came from Virginia when young, and settled on the large tract of land where he yet lives, and where with hard working he has done well. There were nine children of us. Most of them are married and settled in the neighbourhood. The old man has divided his lands among some of us, and bought others for the rest. The land where I am he gave me two years ago, and a finer piece is not easily to be found. I have cleared a couple of fields, and planted an orchard. Father gave me a stock of cattle, some hogs, and four horses, with two Negro boys. I camped here for most of the time when clearing and planting, and when about to marry the young woman you see at the wheel, father helped me in raising this hut. My wife, as luck would have it, had a Negro also, and we have begun the world as well off as most folks, and, the Lord willing, may—but, gentlemen, you don't eat; do help yourselves."

"Supper over, we all neared the fire, and engaged in conversation. At length our kind host addressed his wife as follows:—"Eliza, the gentlemen would like to lie down, I guess. What sort of bed can you fix for them?" Eliza looked up with a smile, and said: "Why, Willy, we will divide the bedding, and arrange half on the floor, on which we can sleep very well, and the gentlemen will have the best we can spare then." To this arrangement I immediately objected, and proposed lying on a blanket by the fire, but neither Willy nor Eliza would listen. So they arranged a part of their bedding on the floor, on which, after some debate, we at length settled.—*Audubon*, p. 384.

The next morning the strangers are detained for breakfast, and then shown to the high road by their good-natured host, Mr. Speed.

Even among birds, corruption though swallowed, is not certain of digestion. It may be read with interest, how the vulture is pursued by the eagle, and compelled to disgorge his booty.

"Near the city of Natchez on the Mississippi, many vultures were engaged in devouring the body and entrails of a dead horse, when a white-headed eagle accidentally passing by, the vultures all took wing, one among the rest with a portion nearly swallowed, and the remaining part about a yard in length dangling in the air. The eagle instantly marked him and gave chase. The poor vulture tried in vain to disgorge, [consenting, it would appear, to give up his vested interest], when the eagle coming up, seized the loose end of the gut and dragged the bird along for twenty or thirty yards, much against its will, until both fell to the

ground, when the eagle struck the vulture, and in a few moments killed him, after which he swallowed the delicious morsel."—*Audubon*, p. 163.

Observe moreover, the similarity to conservative tactic in the following trait. There is nothing new under the sun; and Delaware might stand for Middlesex.

A man in the state of Delaware, a few years since, observing some Turkey-buzzards regaling themselves upon the carcass of a horse, which was in a highly putrid state, conceived the design of making a captive of one, to take home for the amusement of his children. He cautiously approached, and springing upon the unsuspecting group, grasped a fine plump fellow in his arms, and was bearing off his prize in triumph; when lo! the indignant Vulture disgorged such a torrent of filth in the face of our hero, that it produced all the effects of the most powerful emetic, and for ever cured him of his inclination for Turkey-buzzards.—*Wilson*, vol. iii. 238.

Neither are birds without their political unions and a sort of press. The fish-hawks unite to chase the bald eagle from their haunts. The little birds adopt a system of exposure to guard against the depredations of their foe, the owl. On these occasions, the blue jay takes the lead.

‘Of all birds he is the most bitter enemy to the Owl. No sooner has he discovered the retreat of one of these, than he summons the whole feathered fraternity to his assistance, who surround the glimmering *solitaire*, and attack him from all sides, raising such a shout as may be heard, in a still day, more than half a mile off. When in my hunting excursions I have passed near this scene of tumult, I imagined to myself that I heard the insulting party venting their respective charges with all the virulence of a Billingsgate mob; the owl, meanwhile, returning every compliment with a broad goggling stare. The war becomes louder and louder, and the owl at length forced to betake himself to flight, is followed by the whole train of his persecutors, until driven beyond the boundaries of their jurisdiction.’—*Wilson*, vol. i. p. 5.

Extracts as lively and instructive as any quoted, might continue to be given. Pages might be yet filled from *Wilson*, and from Mr. Audubon’s notices of the people and the scenery. Enough however has been done to enable the reader to form an opinion of the pleasure he may expect from these books. The sense of their merit will not be the less, when it is considered, that they must contribute to produce still kindlier feelings towards a people so nearly allied to us by blood, and with whom it is our interest to cherish every affectionate relation.

From the Spectator.

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

This is a made book; but the manufacturer was in possession of ample materials, and has not been unskilful in working them up. He has refrained from casting his experience in

the form of a novel, after the illustrious examples of Cooper, Marryatt, and some others, but has thrown his scenes and anecdotes together in the most miscellaneous form possible. The outline approaches to autobiography—at least this is the peg on which the author suspends his stories. A British naval officer of education must necessarily have enjoyed admirable opportunities of seeing both nature and the external foreign world; and if he has a happy command of narrative, fearful are the accidents by flood and field that present themselves for description. Captain Chamier, the reputed author of this work, has had a full share of adventure, and undoubtedly possesses a facility of style and a playful manner that may in some measure make up for the want of that genius which may be said to characterize the autobiographical anecdotes of Basil Hall, or the spirited sketches of Marryatt.

One advantage which a writer of miscellaneous naval sketches has over the naval novelist is, that he is not obliged to introduce love into his book. A sailor is but a bad hand at a heroine: she is as much like a real woman as the figure-head of his ship,—unless, indeed, she too closely resembles the ladies of the Point: a sailor on this head is utterly ignorant of the *juste milieu*. Captain Chamier scarcely mentions the sex from one end of his work to the other. Sailors find women in port just as they find fresh water and fresh provisions, and there’s an end of their speculations. When they attempt to romance on the subject, as in Newton Forster or Cavendish, we know no two combined epithets that so well describe the effort, as bitter-bad.

No persons in England in private society are listened to with so much eager delight as seamen of experience. The transfer of their conversation to paper is the most natural thing in the world; and yet, from some cause or other, it has been but very lately effected. One of these causes is, undoubtedly, the superstitious dread which sailors have of critics: how it may have crept into the Navy we know not, but so it is, that critics, attorneys, and sharks, seem always to go in the same category. It is quite a mistake, however: towards no possible writer does a critic feel more kindly than to a sailor, partly from his natural unacquaintance with literary niceties, partly from the richness and novelty of that which he has to tell, and partly for the dangers he has risked and the service he has done. If a regular critic has a weak side, it is when a sailor gets under his lee, and begins to twist a yarn. We have had many naval novels lately—what critic has been hard? We hope we shall have hundreds more; and less is to be dreaded by their authors than any other author-paladins sallying forth in quest of adventures. The fact is, that seamen only can criticize seamen: we can feel when the crisis of a nautical scene arrives, and understand that preparations are being made for it, but the precise process lands-

men cannot be expected to understand. When Cooper's Pilot, the first sea novel, appeared, we remember putting it into the hands of an old Master in the Navy—himself, by the way, given to scribbling; and his criticism was this—"In all the manœuvres in these three volumes, there is but one mistake, and it is in the handling of a particular small sail on a particular occasion"—we forget what the sail was: "but," added our warrant-critic, "the author is not a naval officer; he must have been either a purser or a doctor, for there is something about his style of handling a vessel that seems to imply task-work." Hear, ye seamen! this is the criticism to be dreaded; but where else will you find an old sailor dressed up in the robe of Aristarchus? No—altogether, sailors have less to apprehend in the shape of censure than any other writers. We at least have always given a proof of this peculiar leniency, and shall not fail now.

Our extracts shall be strictly specimens. They are not jewels taken out of inferior setting, but truly examples of the sort of entertainment the reader may expect to find.

A squall on the African coast.

"We were progressing fairly in our work, when an enemy in the shape of the elements began to appear. It was a beautiful starlight night, the moon shone brilliantly, the wind was gentle, and the sea as smooth as a duck-pond: about ten o'clock, a small black speck in the east soon extended itself into an awful thunder-cloud; it seemed an instant only, and the whole horizon was darkened.—The sky was changed; and such a change! The brightness of the night had passed away like a dream, and a tornado was about to supply its place. We knew not the force of the foe; but the cheering cry of, 'Bear a-hand, lads, before fore the squall comes!' indicated too certainly the presages of the officer's mind. It fell to my lot to be ordered to land the powder in the yawl, having as few hands only as were absolutely requisite for the labour required. My orders were to place it in an empty house which the crew of the brig had inhabited; and seeing that the darkening cloud increased apace, and was rapidly approaching, I was anxious to get clear of my charge, or, at any rate, to reach the shore before the squall burst. We had not a hundred yards to go, and scarcely had we 'shoved off,' when the forked lightning began to show itself in quick and vivid flashes, while the loud roar of the thunder increased in force as it neared the ship. We had a tarpaulin in the boat to cover the powder-barrels; but this was no security against the lightning. The boat appeared not to move. No sooner did I look with eager eye to the shore, than an anxious glance was cast at the coming enemy; then would I double bank an oar, and pull and tug with all my strength, whilst I cheered my little crew to an additional exertion. We landed the very moment the

storm burst. Heavens!—no poetical imagination could convey the hurried and varied feelings of that moment! To secure the boat was our first endeavour, which we effected by placing her firmly on the beach, and taking the painter to a neighbouring log. The trees groaned as the whirlwind whistled through the long branches; and the rain fell, or rather came from the clouds, with the force of water ejected from a fire-engine. The long coconut bent like a bow its branchless trunk, surging about its leafy head in the storm; and the lightning, which flashed around us in horribly quick succession, only showed us the wreck of ruin which surrounded us, leaving us in tenfold darkness. The ship, which we saw through the momentary flame of fire, appeared a mass of ropes; the yards were hanging in different directions; the fierce wind swung her about with the ease that a cradle is moved; and the flash, which showed her broadside, only would be succeeded in the moment by another which showed her bow to the shore. The instant lull, before the loud wind and hoarse roaring of the elements resumed their fury, only bore upon its wings the confusion on board the ship and the brig; and the succeeding flash exhibited its own power, as it rent the mainmast from top to bottom: a prolonged existence of a moment's light showed us the fishes of the mainmast rent from their iron fastenings. The time elapsed since the commencement of the squall was about ten minutes, when a calm, as tranquil as an infant's sleep, succeeded the storm. The sky assumed its former serenity, the moon and stars again shone, and few could imagine, who had not witnessed a hurricane, the desolation and ruin of an African tornado. We imagined our miseries at an end, and cheerfully resumed our labours. Delusive hope! for soon, too soon, we found the evil had but commenced, and that Fortune, already unkind, only smiled for the moment, to make her frown more severely felt. In the mean time we availed ourselves of the calm. The Negroes still worked at the pump, and our nautical term of 'Spell oh!' gave way to some elegant word in the black vocabulary. A party of hands were employed to thumb a sail—a process by which canvass is converted into a mat; and this was intended to be hauled under the ship's bottom to stop the leak, or at any rate to be so far sucked up into the holes as to block up in some degree the unwelcome apertures. The quarter-deck guns were transferred to the brig; the ship was made a little more snug aloft, and the launch despatched with ten men and a lieutenant to Sierra Leone, to desire the attendance of any man-of-war there, and to urge them to use all possible despatch in coming to our assistance. The powder was safely landed, and we returned to the ship as wet and as tired as rain and labour could make us. Every man in the ship was turned to some use; the servants were taken

from the lieutenants and midshipmen, and all on board put their shoulders to the wheel in good earnest.

"Our men worked hard and in silence; but the Blacks sung some of their outlandish songs, as they laboured at the pumps and kept the winches at a rapid rotatory movement. This singing soon gave way to fatigue; and from their surly looks and sulky dispositions we argued no very flattering degree of obedience, if they were at all oppressed by labour. Every thing was going on favourably: the different requisite works were progressing towards a termination, and we anticipated some hours' sleep, notwithstanding our misfortune.

"At one o'clock in the morning, another black cloud showed its head above the horizon, and soon spread its sable wings over the whole sky. We knew what was coming, fast enough: the other bower and sheet-anchor were let go, the ropes all properly belayed, for nothing can impede work more than wet ropes eternally dabbling in one's face. The main-topmast, or rather its wreck, had been struck, and the fishes of the mainmast removed; the quarter-deck guns had been hoisted into the brig, and we had done prodigies in the way of labour. The instant the squall was observed, the brig was cast off, towed some small distance, and well secured, as far as anchors could secure her; and we were soon prepared for the coming squall. It came howling and whistling in all the fury of the former one, accompanied by the rain, the thunder, and the lightning; the wind moaned through the rigging, coming from all quarters at once, and heeling the ship, first on one side, then the other, like boys on a see-saw. The Blacks, who seem rather partial to a squall on shore, began to manifest considerable uneasiness when they heard the unusual roar of strange sounds; and it was with some difficulty and gentle violence that they were made to continue their work. They toiled sullenly and silently, until a flash of lightning struck the ship, and ran along the decks. This fatal flash left three men dead at the pumps; the Blacks hid their faces in their hands, and threw themselves on the deck, roaring and howling as dismally as the wind, creating a confusion quite beyond description. A report that the lightning had gone through the ship below occasioned an instant search: the monotonous sound of the water, as it bubbled through the leak forward, was audible enough; but we could not trace any further damage, or discover any other mischief. During this interval the leak gained upon us, for the Blacks disregarded all threats of punishment or all promises of reward: the removal of the dead operated like a charm; it is quite "out of sight, out of mind" in Africa; so the Blacks forgot the danger in the removal of their friends, and went to work again. Our men were kept at work, as many as possible, on the sail, and the rest were sent to their hammocks to steal a few hours' sleep, for we

had plenty to do, without intermission, for at least a week. The squall passed over us, and left us the same calm and beautiful night which had preceded its coming. Day dawned, and what a sight presented itself! No longer the dashing Arethusa, in all the trim neatness of a well-ordered ship! No longer the tall mast and the squared yard, the tight rope, and the man-of-war's appearance. She was as much altered in one night, as the face of a beauty after an attack of small-pox. A wreck—a palpable wreck; the crew jaded and fatigued; the Blacks nearly exhausted; the rigging more like a Russian frigate's under repair, than the boasted neatness of an English man-of-war; around us a scene of desolation and destruction, without a prospect of further assistance; and with an African sun rising, to scorch us into sickness and fever. From the shore, the ship's appearance was by no means flattering. The mainmast was standing; but here and there were pieces rent by the lightning: the long fish in front of the mast was lying in the booms, with its end on the quarter-deck. It was a sight to humiliate any pride, such as Nelson felt when his fleet was dispersed in a gale. One night had reduced us from the most powerful adversary the French had on that coast, to the level of the most insignificant cruiser. Alas! our sufferings were but begun, for hitherto the rain had kept us cool; but heat and thirst, and sickness and fever, were yet to follow up the disaster; and there is no calamity like a hot sun and a parched throat, when fatigue and indisposition are to be endured. It was useless prognosticating misfortunes; it was the business of men and officers to remedy what had befallen us. The sail was completed and placed under the bottom, and it afforded no small gratification to find it answered its purpose effectually: it so far relieved the men, that the hand-pumps kept her free, and we got rid of a great part of our Black assistance: had they not been on board, the Arethusa would have sunk."

A naval war-incident on shore—

"We were about ten miles to the eastward of Marseilles, when we saw a vessel at anchor in a narrow bay. Prize-money to a sailor is like blood to a blood-hound; once tasted, never relinquished, unless indeed superior force interfere. To see this little vessel, small as she was, and to know that a certain sum, however significant, would result from her capture, were sufficient excitements. Sir Peter Parker, who closely watched the position of this miserable settee, and who had satisfied himself of her very defenceless situation, manned the boats, and desired one of the lieutenants to bring out the prize, for so we named her, long before we had her. On this expedition we had only three boats employed; for, as we could not distinguish the slightest fortification, or any thing like a battery, or numerous men assembled, the small force was deemed amply sufficient, and we left the ship just as certain of a bloodless

prize as we were of our existence. Three marines had been placed in each boat, in order to attract notice, in the event of one or two French soldiers being in the neighbourhood. We approached the land about noon, and shortly were within pistol-shot. It was a fine calm day, the shore looking attractive beyond measure to our long-wandering eyes; the wood which overhung the right-hand entrance of the bay cast a calm and beautiful shade over the landscape. At the extremity of the bay stood a low hut, which could scarcely be dignified by the name of cottage, near which an old woman sat spinning, and who continued her toil without bestowing the slightest notice on the approach of her nation's enemies. It was a dead calm, and 'ocean slumbered like an unweaned child.' The boat almost silently sprang through the water; and war and all its horrors seemed far distant from this pretty, retired spot. The bowman was a corpse. A musket-ball had been fired from behind a rock on the left-hand entrance, and that first shot was fatal: it was succeeded by another from the same place, and one marine was disabled; a third tore the cravat from the lieutenant's neck, but otherwise was harmless; a fourth, and the cocksawin lost his arm. Still no one was visible; and the distance of time between each shot convinced us that we had not more than two people opposed to us at the most. This deliberate murder was by no means pleasant. Concealed behind the rock, the Frenchmen fired in perfect security; and so small were the apertures from which they issued their destruction, that they were imperceptible to us. We gave three cheers, and pulled right for the place. Only one more shot was fired, and that struck an already wounded man. A small sandy cove offered a landing, and one and all, saving the wounded, jumped on shore, and commenced a search for the enemy. The lieutenant, myself, and a marine, took one direction; the other marine and the boat's crew began to examine the rock near which we had landed. In the mean time the other boats pulled to the vessel, cut her cable, and began to tow her out. To this there was not the slightest opposition, and not a man was to be seen in the vicinity of the bay. After examining every place with the utmost precaution, we had well nigh declared the search as fruitless; but, in turning a narrow point of rock which led to a wider path, another shot convinced us we were close to our enemy. We pushed on, one after the other, for the path was rugged and narrow, until coming into a broader and more open view, we perceived a man and boy retreating with all speed. The instant we hailed him to stop, he turned around and fired. It was a harmless shot. The lieutenant instantly fired, but missed his mark; and the marine who levelled his musket was desired to do the same, but to be cautious not to hit the child. The Frenchman, who had loaded his musket as he retreated, turned

round and fired again. It was so completely a running fight and fire, that little harm was likely to occur. The marine now stopped, and resting his gun over a small projection of a rock, fired, and shot the child: he fell in the act of offering another cartridge to the French soldier. The father instantly dropped his musket, and fell by the side of his son. Of course we made a rush to the spot, and both were prisoners at a moment. The soldier seemed as insensible to our movements as if we were miles from the spot: he perfectly disregarded our approach: he had seated himself in the centre of the road, and having placed the boy's head upon his lap, began to wipe away the blood as it oozed from a wound in the child's forehead. On being desired to get up and follow us, he paid not the least attention. The world and the world's light were shut to him: he saw not—thought not—spoke not; but, with a kind of mechanical motion, apparently involuntary, he wiped and wiped the blood, as the increasing flow gushed through the wound. The eye rested upon the spot; but with such inanimation as almost made it a mockery of sight. There were no tears, no sighs; and save now and then a gurgle in the child's throat, as he made an endeavour to breathe, the stillness of death itself could not have been more profound. At last a shivering seized the boy: the eye became fixed and glassy; and the opened jaw, gradually distending, marked the rapid approach of death;—then came one short convulsive sigh, and the boy was a corpse. My voice, like the death-raven's, croaked out the miserable truth; on which the father sprang from his seat, the marine brought his bayonet to the charge, and the Frenchman endeavoured to throw himself upon its point; but the marine, as the father rushed on, dropped his musket and encircled him in his arms. We immediately secured his hands, and desired him to lead us to the beach near the cottage. The marine carried the dead boy; and the father walked by the side, his eyes riveted on the corpse, in perfect silence, without a tear, and apparently without a thought. We certainly did not return the way we advanced, for we had passed our boat before we came suddenly upon the rear of the cottage. The woman was still at her wheel; she was very old, and apparently childish. She never raised her eyes from her employment until we were within about two yards of her, when, lifting her head, she fixed her eyes upon her son, bound, and in the custody of strangers: she gave a violent shriek; and, after gazing a short second, she turned the wheel again and began to spin out her thread. The shriek was not ineffectual; for a fine woman, about thirty, immediately rushed from the hut, and there saw, in painful reality, her husband a prisoner, her child dead, and her mother an idiot. She looked first at her parent, and then rushed to seize her dead child from the arms of its murderer. She kissed it, hugged it, gazed on it;

then, giving one deep and audible sigh, fell at the feet of her mother. The husband had been unbound, and looked at the scene in perfect stone-like apathy; the grandmother still turned the wheel and pinched the thread with all the indifference of mechanism; the wife still clung to the dead child, which she convulsively grasped; and we, the cause of all this ruin and desolation, remained with fixed eyes upon the melancholy sight before us."

A tale of sharks. The following is a complete sea novel in itself, and has not been outdone for skill in the management of effect. The only writer of the present day who has been down in the great waters, that can pretend to write any thing better, is the author of the *Younger Son*: he would have taken less space, and shortened some of the points: nevertheless, if ever there was a story to excite sympathy and interest the feelings, and awake the imagination of the reading world, it is the following. The story is of the *Magpie* schooner—

"A squall of wind, which must have been fearfully strong, seemed to burst from the cloud alongside the schooner; it reached her before the mate could call the watch into activity. The vessel was taken aback; and Mr. Smith, as he put his foot upon the last step of the ladder, found his schooner upset, and scarcely time had he to reach the deck before she sunk, to rise no more.

"The crew, amounting in all to twenty-four, happened luckily to be on deck, with the exception of two who were drowned in the schooner; and in one minute they found themselves struggling in the water—their home, their ship, and some of their companions lost for ever. The wild cry for assistance from some, of surprise from others, and fear from all, seemed to drown the wind; for, as if sent by Providence to effect this single event, no sooner had the schooner sunk, than the wind entirely ceased, a calm came on, and the bright rays of the moon fell upon the wet faces of the struggling crew—most fortunately, as some would think, but in reality the most painfully unfortunate from what followed; the boat on the booms of the schooner floated clear of the sinking vessel, and seemed prepared for their salvation; the foreyard-arm had somehow got fixed on the gunwale, and as the schooner sunk, it naturally heeled the boat, until she was nearly upset and half full of water, when the yard got disentangled, the schooner sunk, and the boat floated.

"The only ark of their safety was amply large enough to have saved the twenty-two men who instantly swam to her; and such was the impetuosity occasioned by their fright, that prudence was overlooked; and in the hurried exertion of eight or ten endeavouring to scramble in, all on one side, the half-filled boat heeled below her gunwale in the water, and rolled over and over; some got across her keel, the

others held on by her, and all were safe from drowning.

"Mr. Smith, who appears to have been a man of most consummate command and coolness, began to reason with his crew on the impossibility of their being saved, if they continued in their present position; for those who were on the keel would shortly roll off, and exertion and fatigue would soon force the others to relinquish their holds, or urge them to endeavour forcibly to dislodge the possessors from their quiet seats. He pointed out the necessity of righting the boat, of allowing only two men to get in her to bale her out, while the others, supported by the gunwales which they kept upright, might remain in the water until the boat was in such a condition as to receive two more; and thus by degrees to ship the whole crew in security.

"Even in this moment of peril, the discipline of the navy assumed its command. At the order from the lieutenant, for the men on the keel to relinquish their position, they instantly obeyed, the boat was turned over, and once more the expedient was tried, but quite in vain; for no sooner had the two men begun to bale with a couple of hats, and the safety of the crew to appear within the bounds of probability, than one man declared he saw the fin of a shark. No language can convey the panic which seized the struggling seamen; a shark is at all times an object of horror to a sailor; and those who have seen the destructive jaws of these voracious fish, and their immense and almost incredible power—their love of blood, and their bold daring to obtain it—alone can form an idea of the sensations produced to a swimmer by the cry of 'a shark! a shark!'

"Every man now struggled to obtain a moment's safety. Well they knew that one drop of blood would have been scented by the everlasting pilot fish, the jackals of the shark; and that their destruction was inevitable, if one only of these monsters should discover the rich repast, or be led to its food by the little rapid hunter of its prey. All discipline was now unavailing, the boat again turned keel up: one man only gained his security to be pushed from it by others; and thus their strength began to fail from long-continued exertion. As however the enemy so much dreaded did not make his appearance, Smith once more urged them to endeavour to save themselves by the only means left, that of the boat; but as he knew that he would only increase their alarm by endeavouring to persuade them that sharks did not abound in those parts, he used the wisest plan of desiring those who held on by the gunwale, to keep splashing in the water with their legs, in order to frighten the monsters at which they were so alarmed.

"Once more had hope begun to dawn; the boat was clear to her thwart, and four men were in her hard at work: a little forbearance and a little obedience, and they were safe. At

this moment, when those in the water urged their messmates in the boat to continue baling with unremitting exertion, a noise was heard close to them, and about fifteen sharks came right in amongst them. The panic was ten times more dreadful than before; the boat again was upset by the simultaneous endeavour to escape the danger; and the twenty-two sailors were again devoted to destruction.

"At first the sharks did not seem inclined to seize their prey, but swam in amongst the men, playing in the water, sometimes leaping about and rubbing against their victims. This was of short duration—a loud shriek from one of the men announced his sudden pain: a shark had seized him by the leg, and severed it entirely from the body. No sooner had the blood been tasted, than the long-dreaded attack took place; another and another shriek proclaimed the loss of limbs: some were torn from the boat, to which they vainly endeavoured to cling—some, it was supposed, sunk from the fear alone—all were in dreadful peril.

"Mr. Smith even now, when of all horrible deaths the most horrible seemed to await him, gave his orders with clearness and coolness; and to the everlasting honour of the poor departed crew be it known, they were obeyed: again the boat was righted, and again two men were in her. Incredible as it may appear, still however it is true, that the voice of the officer was heard amidst the danger, and the survivors actually, as before, clung to the gunwale, and kept the boat upright. Mr. Smith himself held by the stern, and cheered and applauded his men. The sharks had tasted the blood, and were not to be driven from their feast; in one short moment, when Mr. Smith ceased splashing, as he looked into the boat to watch the progress, a shark seized both his legs, and bit them off just above the knees. Human nature was not strong enough to bear the immense pain without a groan; but Smith endeavoured to conceal the misfortune; nature, true to herself, resisted the endeavour, and the groan was deep and audible. The crew had long respected their gallant commander; they knew his worth and his courage: on hearing him express his pain, and seeing him relinquish his hold to sink, two of the men grasped their dying officer, and placed him in the stern sheets. Even now, in almost insupportable agony, that gallant fellow forgot his own sufferings, and thought only on rescuing the remaining few from the untimely grave which awaited them; he told them again of their only hope, deplored their perilous state, and concluded with these words: "If any of you survive this fatal night, and return to Jamaica, tell the Admiral (Sir Laurence Halsted) that I was in search of the pirate when this lamentable occurrence took place; tell him, I hope I have always done my duty, and that I"—here the endeavour of some of the men to get into the boat, gave her a heel on one side; the men who were supporting poor Smith, relinquished him for a moment, and he rolled

overboard and was drowned. His last bubbling cry was soon lost amidst the shrieks of his former companions—he sunk to rise no more. Could he have been saved his life would have been irksome; and, but for the time which even the best desire to make atonement for the sins and errors of early life—to offer their contrite prayers to the throne of grace—to implore that salvation we all hope for, and none of themselves can claim—he had better have died, as he did, than live to be dependent on others; to hear the peevish complaint of his attendants, or to sigh for pleasures he could never enjoy, or for comforts he could never obtain. With him died every hope; all but two of the crew gave way to loud execrations and cursings. Some, who had not been so seriously injured by the monsters of the deep, endeavoured to get upon the keel of the boat, which was again upset; but worn out with excessive fatigue, and smarting under the keen pain, they gave up the chance of safety, and were either eaten immediately by the sharks, or courted death, which appeared inevitable, they threw themselves from their only support, and were drowned.

"At eight o'clock in the evening the *Magnie* was upset; it was calculated by the two survivors that their companions had all died by nine. The sharks seemed satisfied for the moment; and they with gallant hearts resolved to profit by the precious time in order to save themselves: they righted the boat, and one getting over the bows, and the other over the stern, they found themselves although nearly exhausted, yet alive, and in comparative security; they began the work of bailing, and soon lightened the boat sufficiently not to be easily upset, when both sat down to rest. The return of the sharks was the signal for their return to labour. The voracious monsters endeavoured to upset the boat: they swam by its side in seeming anxiety for their prey; but, after waiting some time, they separated—the two rescued seamen found themselves free from their insatiable enemies, and by the blessing of God, saved. Tired as they were, they continued their labour until the boat was nearly dry, when both lay down to rest, the one forward and the other aft: so completely had fear operated on their minds, that they did not dare even to move, dreading that an incautious step might again have capsized the boat. They soon, in spite of the horrors they had witnessed, fell into a sound sleep; and day had dawned before they awoke to horrible reflections, and apparently worse dangers.

"The sun rose clear and unclouded, the cool calm of the night was followed by the sultry calm of the morning; and heat and hunger, thirst and fatigue, seemed to settle on the unfortunate men, rescued by Providence and their own exertions from the jaws of a horrible death. They awoke and looked at each other—the very gaze of despair was appalling: far as the eye could reach, no object could be discerned;

the bright haze of the morning added to the strong refraction of light; one smooth interminable plain, one endless ocean, one cloudless sky, and one burning sun, were all they had to gaze upon. The boat lay like the Ark, in a world alone! They had no oar, no mast, no sail—nothing but the bare planks and themselves, without provisions or water, food or raiment. They lay upon the calm ocean, hopeless, friendless, miserable. It was a time of intense anxiety; their eyes rested upon each other in silent pity, not unmixed with fear. Each knew the dreadful alternative to which nature would urge them. The cannibal was already in their looks, and fearful would have been the first attack on either side, for they were both brave and stout men, and equals in strength and courage.

"'Tis a bad business this, Tom," said the man on the bow—"a very bad business, indeed; I think I am sorry I was not eaten by the sharks with the rest of the poor fellows, and then I should never have known the misery of this moment."

"I have been," replied Jack, "in many a heavy squall before now, but I never felt such a gale as this—no hope, Tom, none! Here we are, doomed to die of thirst and hunger!—nothing to eat you know, Tom, nothing!" The word "nothing" was repeated by Tom, who afterwards continued the conversation:—"Well now, many's the ship that passes through the Gulf of Florida, and which must come nearly within hail of us; so that if we, or one of us, can but live a little—and I dare say we can find food for one—why, then, you know, the whole of the story will be told, and that will be something."

We regret we cannot give the conclusion: the poor men are saved by a brig heaving in sight,—which, however, did not observe them. One of the gallant fellows jumped out among the sharks, and swam two miles to catch it. The circumstances all came out on a Court-martial at Kingston.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LITTLE LEONARD'S LAST "GOOD NIGHT."

"GOOD-NIGHT! good-night! I go to sleep,"
Murmur'd the little child;—
And oh! the ray of heaven that broke
On the sweet lips that faintly spoke
That soft "Good-night," and smiled.

That angel smile! that loving look
From the dim closing eyes!
The peace of that pure brow! But there—
Aye—on that brow, so young! so fair!
An awful shadow lies.

The gloom of evening—of the boughs
That o'er yon window wave—

* These were the dying words of a little child, related to the author, uttered at the moment of its departure.

Nay, nay—within these silent walls,
A deeper, darker, shadow falls,
The twilight of the Grave—

The twilight of the Grave—for still
Fast comes the fluttering breath—
One fading smile—one look of love—
A murmur—as from brooding dove—
"Good-night."—And this is Death!

Oh! who hath called thee "Terrible!"
Mild Angel! most benign!
Could mother's fondest lullaby
Have laid to rest more blissfully
That sleeping babe, than thine!

Yet this is Death—the doom for all
Of Adam's race decreed—
"But this poor lamb! this little one!—
What had the guiltless creature done?"—
Unhappy heart! take heed;

Though He is merciful as just
Who hears that fond appeal—
He will not break the bruised reed,
He will not search the wounds that bleed—
He only wounds to heal.

"I et little children come to me,"
He cried, and to his breast
Folded them tenderly—To-day
He calls thine unshorn lamb away
To that securest rest!

C.

From the same.

AN IRISH GARLAND.

I.

YE GENTLEMEN OF IRELAND.

Ye gentlemen of Ireland,
In country and in town,
Whose honour'd flag in ninety-eight
Put foul rebellion down;
That glorious standard raise again
To face the Tricolor,
Where it waves on their graves
Who put it down before—
Oh, face it as your fathers did,
"Twill shame your skies no more.

The glories of your fathers
Shall start from every fold
Of the fair and ample banner
In orange and in gold:
The British Lions rampant,
And the golden Harp, shall soar
Through the black stormy track
Of treason gathering o'er
The Isle of evil destiny,
(To burst in rain of gore.)

You need no frantic orators,
No riots in the cause;
Your strength is in the sacred might
Of Truth's eternal laws:
With lessons from God's living Word,
You need no other lore,

Though lies should arise
From traitors by the score;
When they yell their noonday blasphemies,
And ruffians round them roar.

Did not your flag of honour
Around the welkin burn,
Till the gathering storm be scared and gone,
And skies of blue return!
Then, then, ye true Conservatives,
The wine cup shall run o'er,
When ye fill, as ye will,
To the manly hearts who bore
The rampant Lion of the North
First o'er the Tricolor.

II.

YE JACKASSES OF IRELAND.

Ye jackasses of Ireland,
In stable, shed, and lane,
Whose ears, though cropp'd in ninety-eight,
Now flout our skies again;
Prick up your hairy standards,
Come, take a roll and fling,
And bray, while ye may,
While your dust is on the wing,
"Ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-aw!"
Down, down with State and King!"

You need no College pedants
To reason in the cause;
Your brains are in your free-born heels,
Your strength is in your jaws:—
With horrible noises loud and long,
The steeples down you'll bring,
As ye bray, night and day,
(And the chapel bells shall ring.)
"Ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-aw!"
Down, down with Church and King!"

The gibbets of your fathers
Shall wave you to be free—
(For worthily they played their parts
On many a gallows-tree;)
Where Murphy and great Emmet swung,
The Judges all shall swing;
As ye bray, night and day,
(And the Newgate birds shall sing.)
"Ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-aw!"
Down, down with Law and King!"

The divine voice of Freedom
From east to west shall sound,
Till neither Parson, Judge, nor Lord,
In Ireland shall be found:—
Then, then, ye long-eared lawgivers,
How College Green shall ring,
As ye bray, night and day,
(And Dan shall be the King.)
"Ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-aw!"
Down, down with every thing!"

III.

SONG TO BE SUNG AT THE LIFTING OF THE CONSERVATIVE STANDARD.

Come shake forth the Banner, let loyal breath
fan her;
She's blazed over Erin three ages and more!

Through danger we'll hold her, the fewer the
bolder,
As constant and true as our fathers before.

See, see, where the rags of the Tricolor brave us;
Behold what a crew 'neath its tatters advance—
Fools, tyrants, and traitors, in league to enslave us,
A rabble well worthy the ensign of France!

But up with the banner, let loyal breath fan her,
She'll blaze o'er the heads of our gentlemen still;
Ho, Protestants, rally from mountain and valley,
Around the old flagstaff on Liberty's hill!

Through the Broad Stone of Honour the flagstaff
is founded

Deep, deep, in the sure Rock of Ages below;
It stood when rebellion's wild tempest resounded,
'Twill stand, by God's will, though again it
should blow!

Then up with the Banner! the ensign of honour!
Let loyal breath fan her up, up, and away—
To slave and to faitour, to tyrant and traitor,
Shake forth the old Flag of defiance—hurrah!

IV.

SONG TO BE SUNG AT THE LIFTING OF THE REVOLUTIONARY STANDARD.

Bray, Asses, bray for the pride of the levellers;
Stretch your long jaws to the Tricolor's praise—
Oh for a chief of Parisian revellers

'Mong us the standard in earnest to raise!

Oh for a hangman bold,

Worthy our flag to hold,

Onward to lead us 'gainst order and law!

Loud would Clan Donkey then

Ring from its deepest den,

Glory and freedom for ever!—ee-aw!

Ee-aw!

Plunder and pillage for ever!—ee-aw!

Hang out your rags on the infidels' Upas tree,
Root and branch dripping with poison and blood;
Blasphemy, treachery, treason, and sophistry,
These are its fruits, and they prove the true good!

Routed in sin and lust

Deep in our hearts, it must

Flourish, while strength from a vice it can
draw;

Virtue shall all around

Pine o'er the poison'd ground,

While we sing Reason for ever!—ee-aw.

Ee-aw!

Reason and rapine for ever!—ee-aw!

When last to the banquet we gather'd around her,
The Seine for three days with our feasting was
dyed;

Blest Paris we left more enslaved than we found
her,

And Bristol in flames to our revel replied.—

Up with her here, my sons,

Silly and wicked ones!

Britain's old Lion who values a straw!

If the poor brute should roar,

Bay round your Tricolor,

Donkeys o'er Lions for ever!—ee-aw!

Ee-aw!

Donkeys o'er Lions for ever!—ee-aw!